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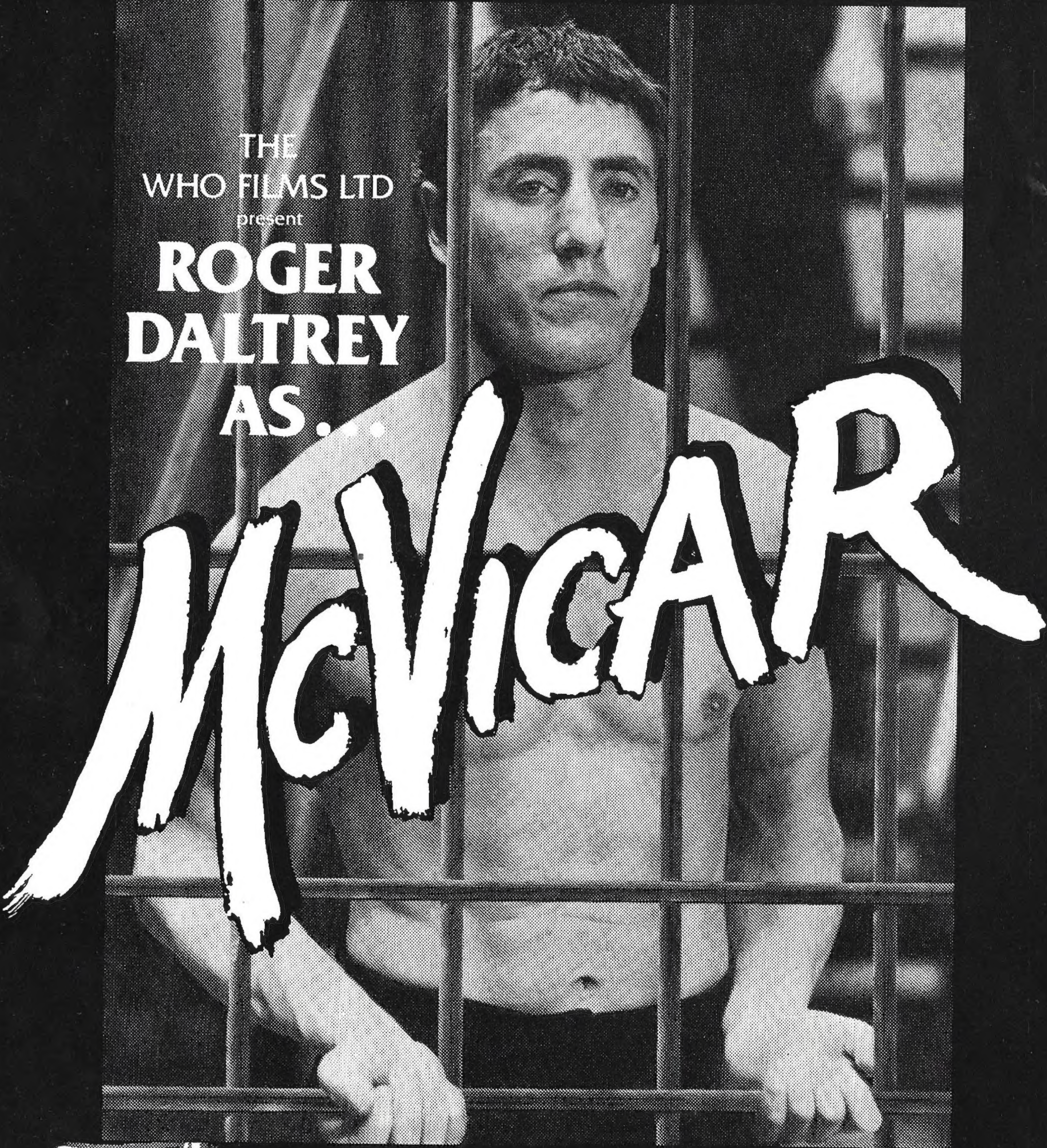

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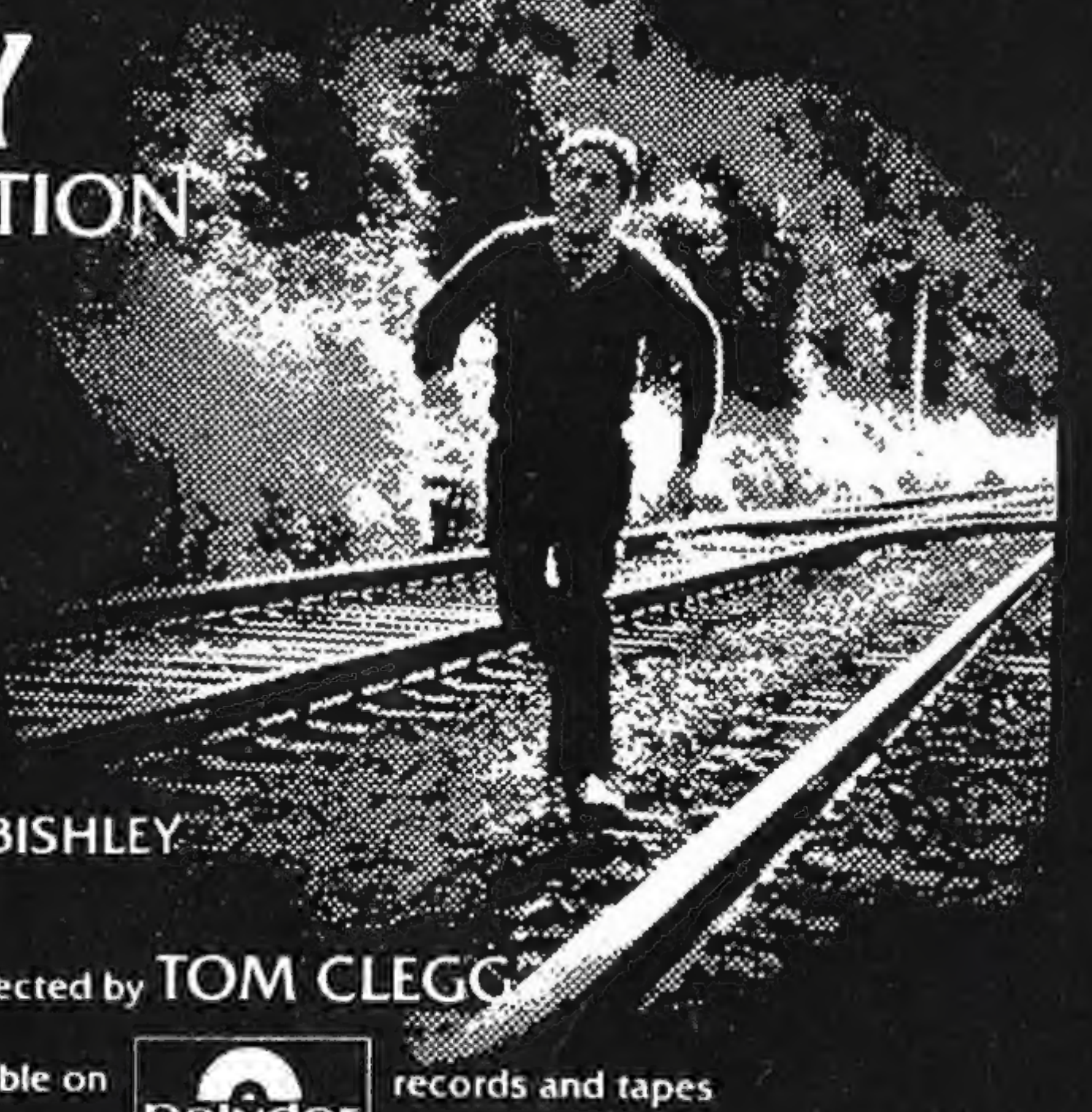

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EDITORIAL: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR

The job of editor may be perceived as a desk job, but, in this case, it's a bit more. The kind of exclusives I go after don't materialize in an air-conditioned office or come out of a press kit. They are the result of extensive travel, personal contacts, long hours and hard work.

A couple weeks of Hollywood research is a necessity for every issue, and not as pleasant as it may sound. In LA, you're *always* 20 miles away from where you want to be, and a half dozen appointments every day puts you in touch with a *lot* of smog. Between interviews, screenings, photo sessions, luncheons and observations on location and studio back lots, there's always time for at least a few hours sleep. Generally, that's a luxury.

The final day of my last stay on the coast is a classic example. It was a Friday—but it really started on Thursday, about ten in the evening, to be precise. I was at Warner's Burbank Studios to watch Ridley Scott shoot the climactic scene of his futuristic thriller **Blade Runner**. Scott was fighting against time to wrap the film before the pending director's strike only a few days away.

There was plenty to see because Scott shot two scenes simultaneously. Conversation with old friends passed the time between camera set-ups. Harrison Ford made sushi at his trailer. The shoot went on until dawn.

A few hours later, around nine, a series of phone calls confirmed the day's appointments, which began with Bo Derek. It was the last of a series of interviews with her, and I continued to fill in areas I felt were necessary for a major feature on her and her new film. I left Bo just after noon to keep a rendezvous in downtown LA with Michael Winner, who was shooting **Death Wish II**. A vacant floor in a bank building was serving as the offices of NY cop Vince Gardenia. Between takes, Winner was amazingly facile and did a two-hour interview about the new production. Then, back to Bo for a wrap-up.

More calls at the close of the afternoon, and a quick meeting with a screenwriter over dinner. Earlier in the week, my schedule had prevented me from visiting director Sam Fuller, who was shooting **White Dog** for Paramount. That night was not only my last in Hollywood, it was also the last for the film. Though I've interviewed Fuller before, I had never seen him at work, a privilege I could not pass up easily.

When I arrived at the Culver City site, the technicians had already set up their equipment. The night's shooting centered around the dog's attack of a driver of a street cleaning machine, and the subsequent crash through a storefront window. I made my way through several hundred bystanders, found the assistant director, and was, in turn, introduced to Jon Davidson, the producer—whom I had spoken with over the past ten years but never actually met. We made up for lost time while the scene was readied.

Fuller (who made **The Big Red One** and a score of other powerful dramas) showed up shortly afterward. He was dressed, as usual, in an old grey jacket, a shirt (worn outside his pants), army boots and his ever-present stogie. Sam ran through the scene with the actor who plays the driver, showing him exactly what was required. The dog (one of five used in the film) was brought in by his trainer, and prepared for the scene.

Two close-up camera set-ups were rigged. Crimson rivulets were carefully daubbed across the dog's face, while the man got equivalent raking bite marks. An almost-invisible appliance was placed on the animal's muzzle, drawing the skin into a constant teeth-baring snarl. Sam looked into the lens of the camera and called for action

The driver struggled with the dog, pretending to be warding off a violent attack while really pulling him *into* tight proximity. The effect was very realistic. About a half dozen takes were enough. The crew quickly moved their equipment to a spot around the corner.

At that point, Davidson introduced me to Curtis Hanson, who co-wrote the script with Fuller. We were surprised to discover so many mutual friends—and that we hadn't crossed each others path before. After the next scene, where the dog leaps into the moving sweeper, the crew broke for a midnight lunch. Sam, his wife Christa Lang (who starred in Fuller's **Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street**), Curtis and I sat down to eat and chat, during which time the director regaled us with a dozen wry stories about his experiences.

The break ended too quickly, and Sam vanished to work on the next scene. We heard, during the conversation, that **Death Wish II** was shooting a few blocks down Pico, and decided to stroll over during a lull. Winner and crew were in full force, shooting a scene where Charles Bronson gets off a bus to follow a gang of punks. I renewed acquaintances after the shot, then found myself being recruited, along with Christa and friends, as extras in the next scene.

During the following half hour, we rambled down Pico as Vince Gardenia tailed Bronson, at one point, getting out of his car. Winner told me earlier he was using as many LA street people as possible. Now, I had proof: a five dollar bill for my part in the film.

As we walked back to catch the final scene on **White Dog**, a battered sedan raced by at 70 mph, skidded wildly out of control and crashed spectacularly into a storefront *not 50 yards* from the one the street sweeper was scheduled to demolish only a few minutes later. The police, who stood nearby for crowd and traffic control, cuffed the driver and dumped him on the curb until the scene was over.

Seven camera set-ups covered Oscar's *Le Boutique*, a pre-fabricated store erected on a vacant lot, complete with every detail from mannequins to jewelry display counters—except for the roof. After several trials to determine how fast the sweeper could go (hoping for 60 mph, 40 was all it could do), the final run was made. The juggernaut roared down La Jolla, across Pico and into Oscar's amidst a shower of rubble and sparks from broken electrical fixtures.

Applause hailed the stunt's success, and goodbyes were said as the crew dismantled their equipment. In another few minutes, dawn broke. Back at my hotel, I packed my bags and headed for the airport, a few hours ahead of the looming controllers' strike.

There has to be a balance between the good and the bad, and the good was over. I knew it when I discovered the car rental office was closed. I left the car in front of the terminal because my flight was imminent. Checking in, I learned they had booked me in error on an airline different from the one I had arrived on, and re-ticketing took forever. By the time I ran to the departure gate, it was closed. *Locked!*

But, I could still see the plane, so I stopped a terminal executive, had him open the door, and made it to the plane seconds before take-off.

As I settled into my seat, I wondered what the day would bring. Running a magazine is a tough job, but somebody's got to do it.
STERANKO

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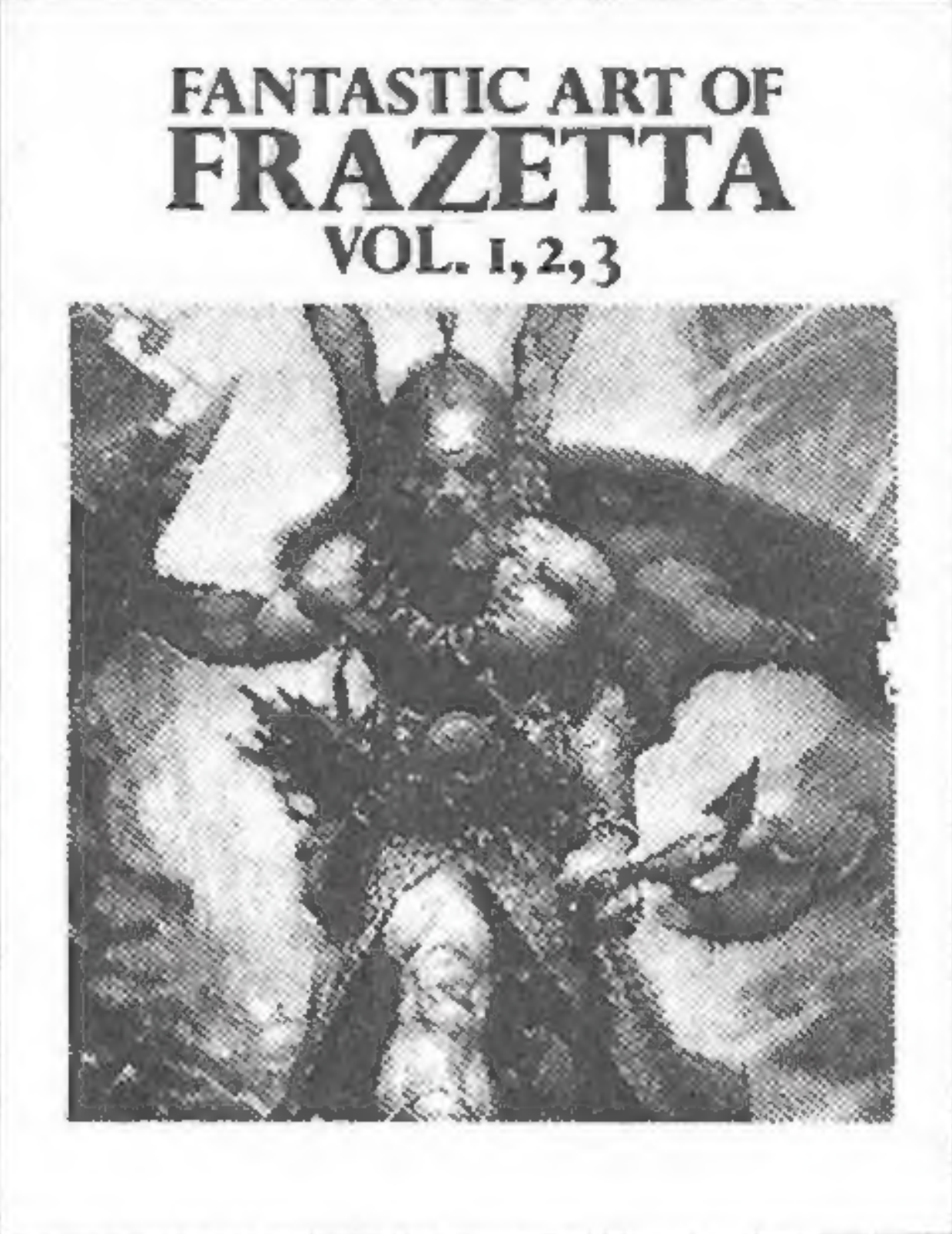

FANTASTIC ART OF
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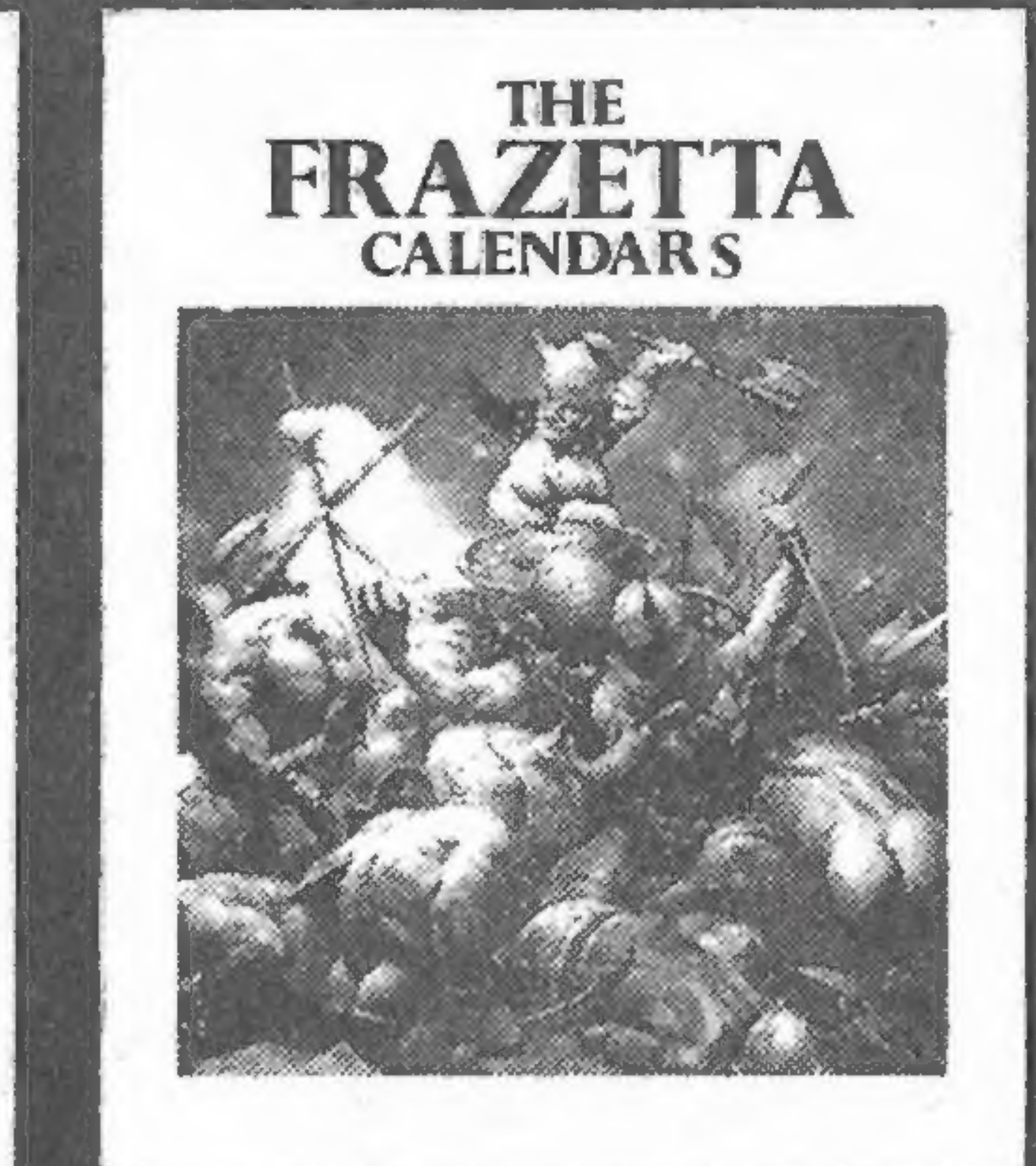
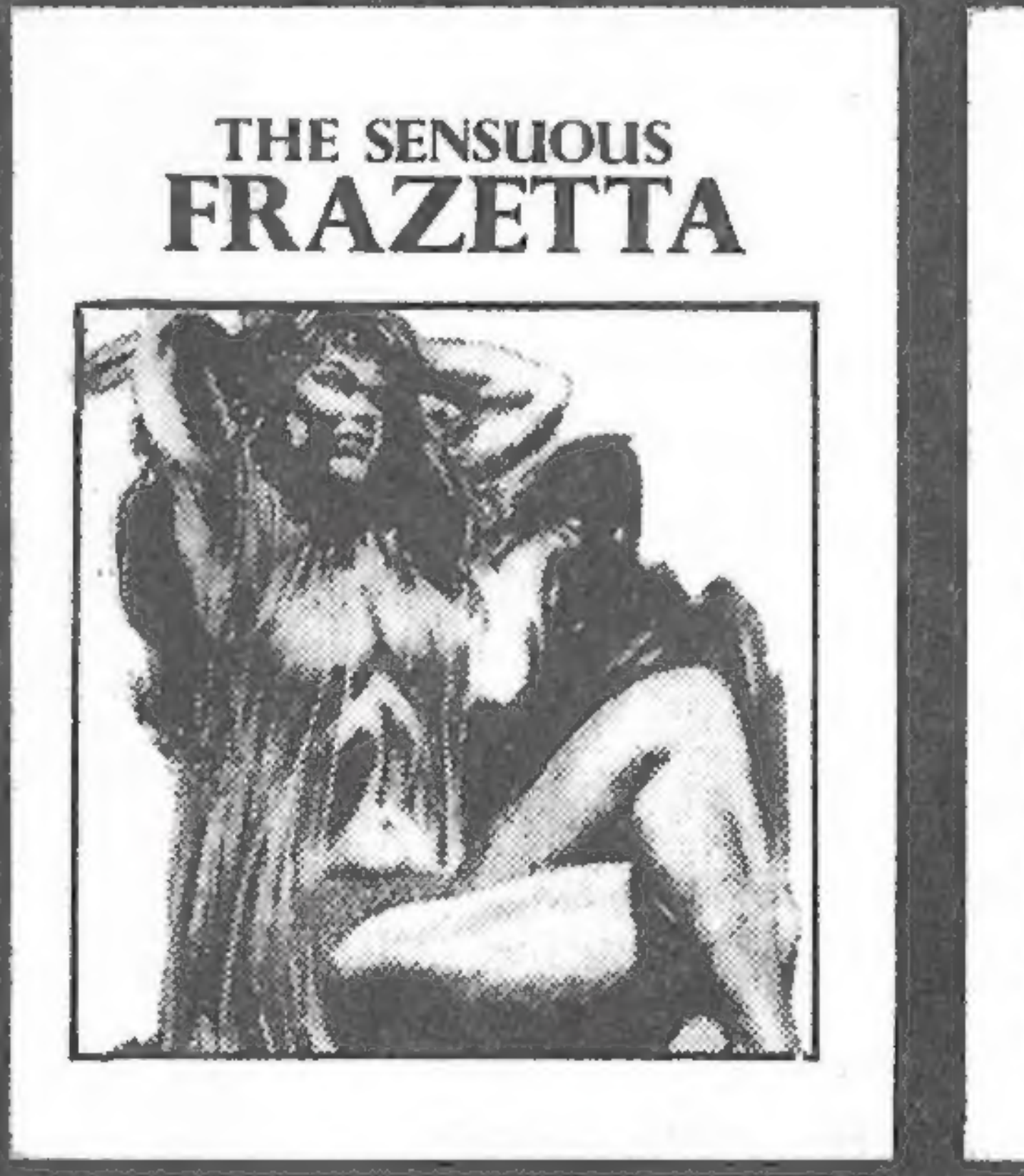
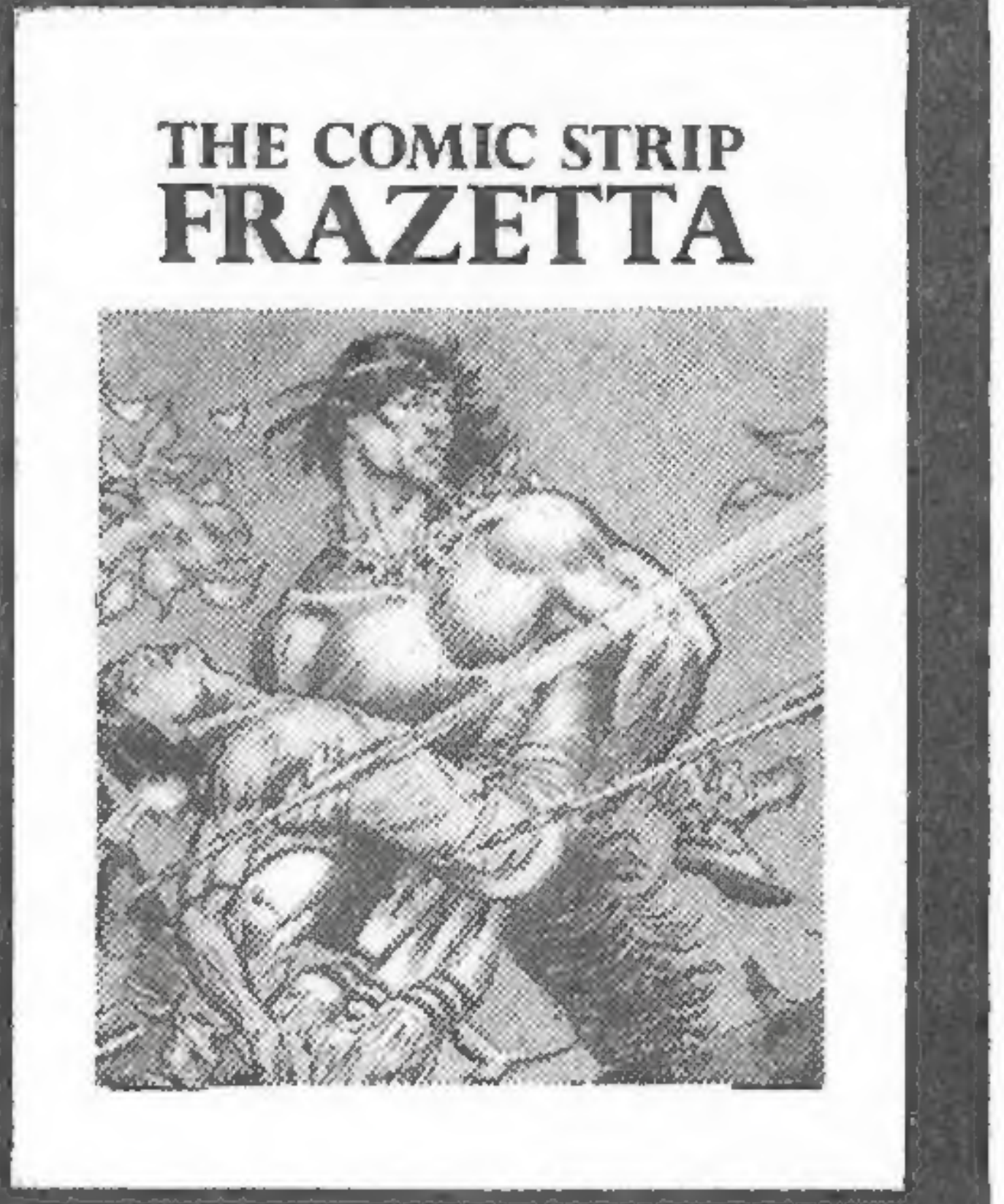
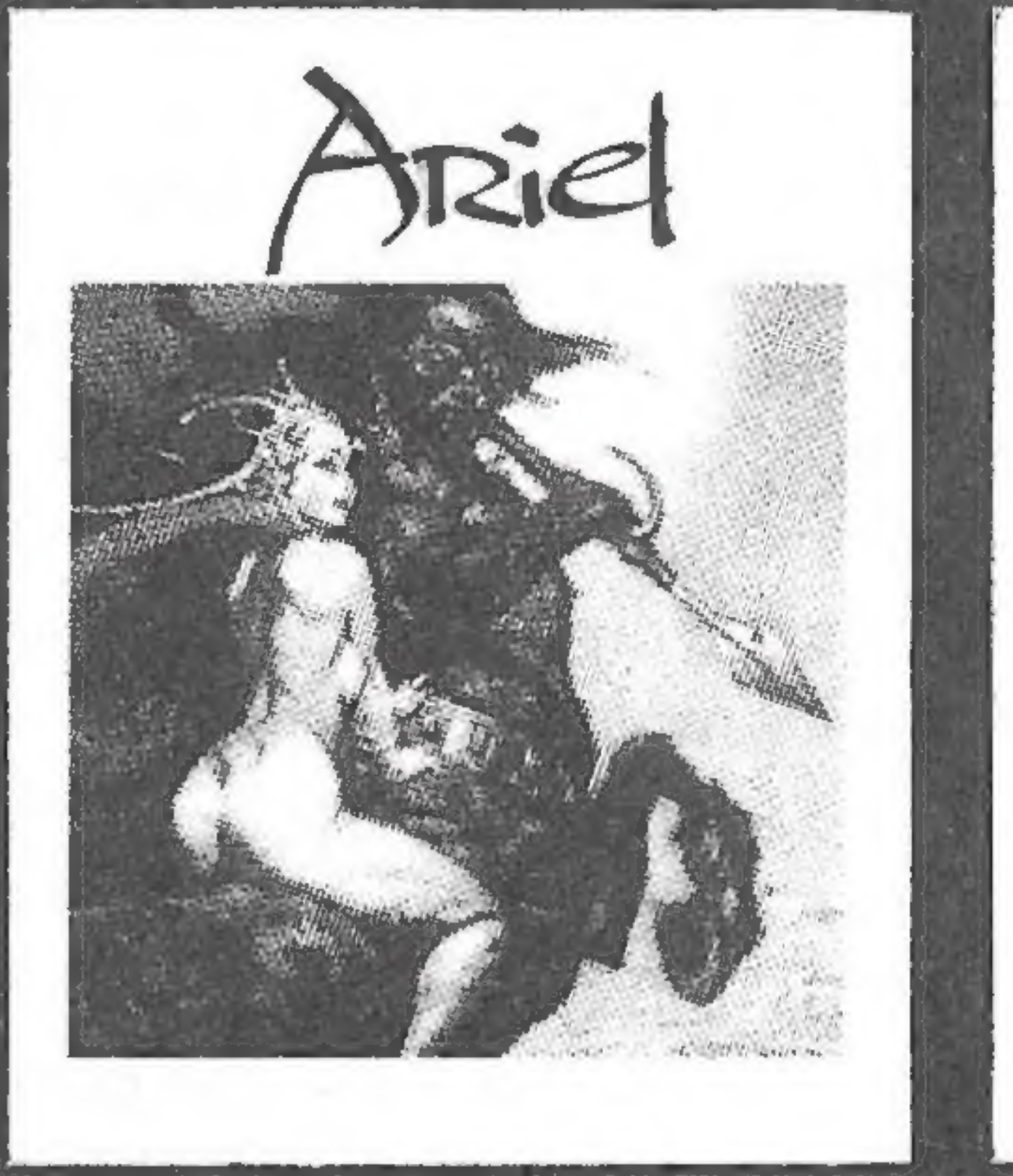




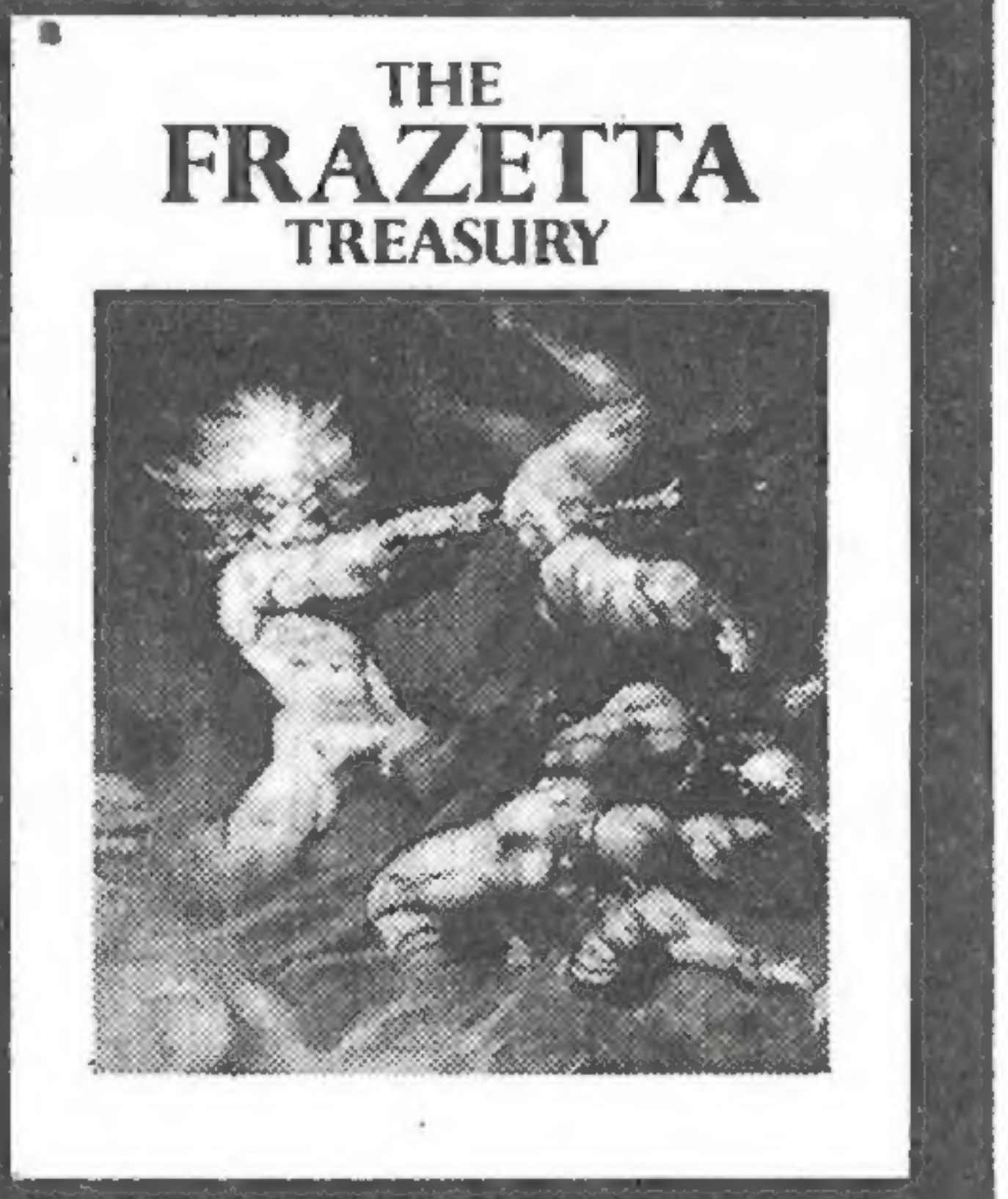




THE MAGIC OF
FRAZETTA

MORE MAGIC OF
FRAZETTA

THE
FRAZETTA
WOMEN OF THE AGES



Ariel 1 is a high-quality fantasy magazine that takes you on an odyssey into the worlds of heroic adventure. A lengthy, informative *Frazetta interview* starts off the issue, fully illustrated with paintings and photos. A 16-page Richard Corben story in full-color follows, along with essays on Hogarth, Conan, Batman and sci-fi pulps. $5.95.

The Magic of Frazetta is the first and *the rarest of the Frazetta folios*, long out-of-print. We've secured a limited quantity of these books, available on a first-come first-served basis. Tarzan, David Innes and an army of Edgar Rice Burroughs' heroes, villains and beasts are masterfully interpreted on 52 black-and-white, 8½ × 11″ pages. $2.50.

More Magic of Frazetta is a follow-up collection of Frazetta's most difficult to find work, including Conan sketches, John Carter illustrations, men's magazine art and obscure record album covers. 58 pages of Frazetta black-and-white illustrations, most out-of-print for over a decade. After these are gone, *there will be no more.* $2.50.

Women of the Ages is the *last Frank Frazetta portfolio*—a grand artistic showcase which combines barbarians and exotic women in a way certain to delight his many fans. There are seven black-and-white plates printed on heavy linen stock, 11 × 15″, limited to 1500 copies, each *signed and numbered by Frazetta*. In a heavy, protective envelope. $80.00.

The Frazetta Treasury is an invaluable addition to every fantasy collector's library, reprinting dozens of rare and previously unpublished illustrations, including a full-color cover of *the famous "stolen" Conan painting.* There is also a comprehensive checklist of Frazetta's work, an informative interview, and an early adventure story. $6.00.

PLEASE SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **FRAZETTA**

★ PREVUE

MEDIASCENE PREVUE 46 **VOLUME 2 NUMBER 46** **NOV / DEC 1981**

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE: In the past several years, few show business personalities have received more attention from the media than Bo and John Derek. The colorful and controversial couple have been the subject of countless examinations from yellow print to purple prose. Nevertheless, an accurate, lengthy, first hand account on the lives and loves of the Dereks has not been in evidence—until now. □ Because their words have been turned against them by sensation-seeking journalists, the Dereks rarely grant print interviews, preferring instead short TV interview spots that resist major manipulation. The cover feature in this issue is an exeption to their rule. □They permitted **PREVUE** an exclusive interview which was done over a period of five days. All conversations with the Dereks, both separately and together, were taped and later transcribed into a volume as thick as any metropolitan phone book. Though there was enough material to fill a book, the definitive feature this issue presents the Dereks as they really are. □ Surprisingly, neither of them refused or even hesitated to answer any question asked of them. Both were extremely straightforward and candid about personal and business matters, about love, sex, money, power and fame. The results of those meetings will surprise and startle any who have preconceptions about the Dereks at work and play. Hopefully, you'll enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed putting it together. □The rest of the issue? Enough drama, humor, action and adventure to keep you busy until next time. Until then, take care.

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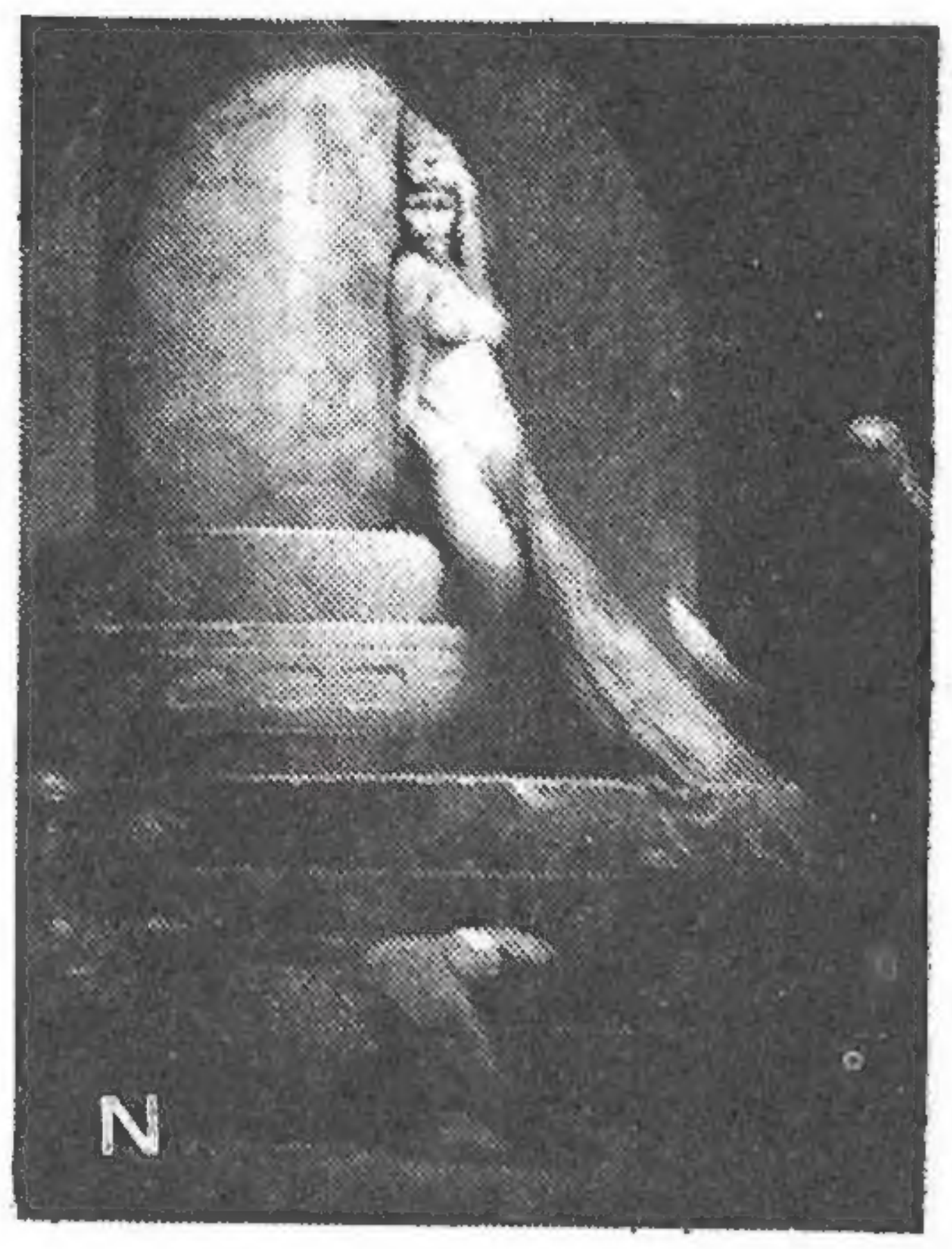
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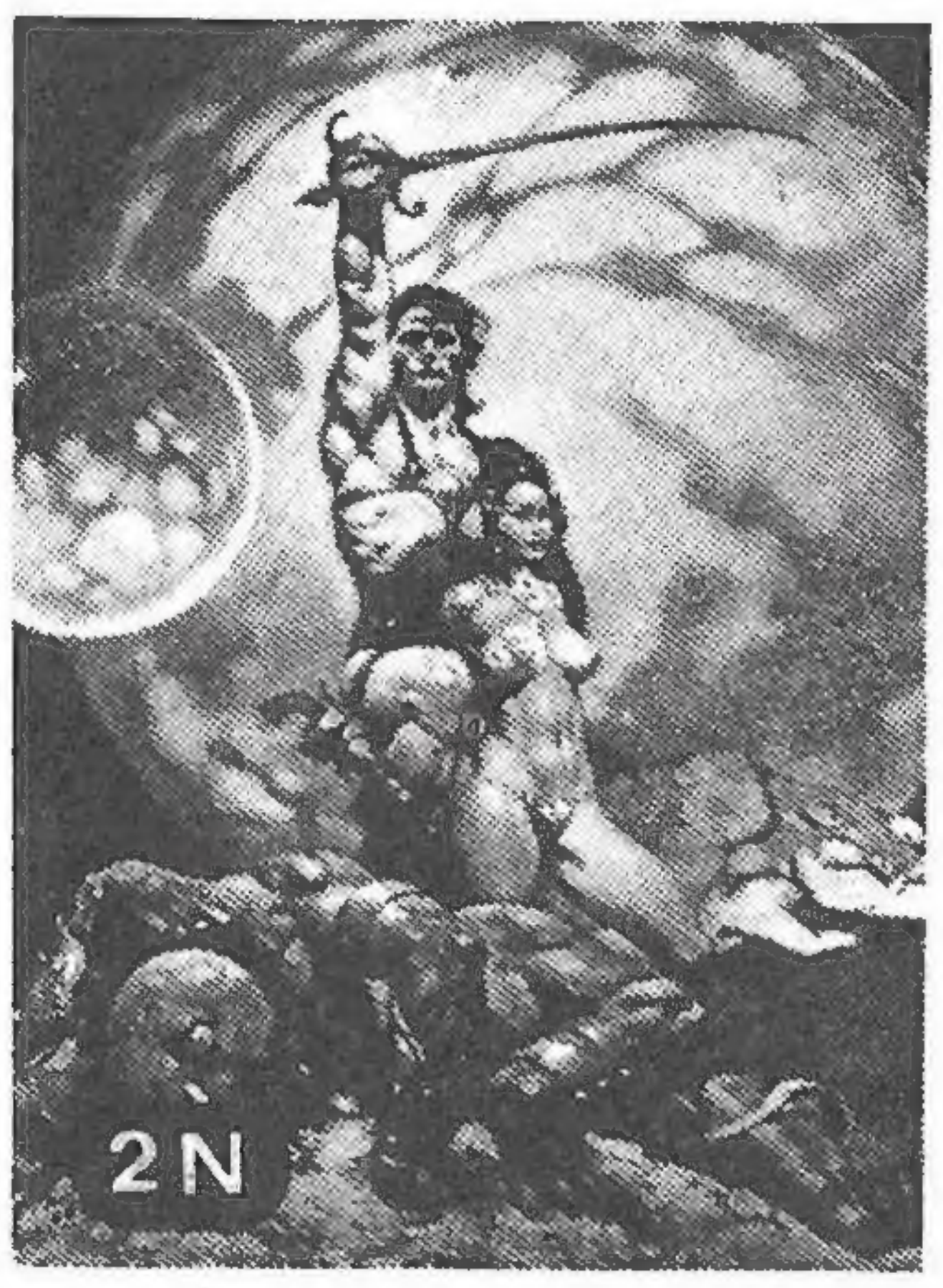
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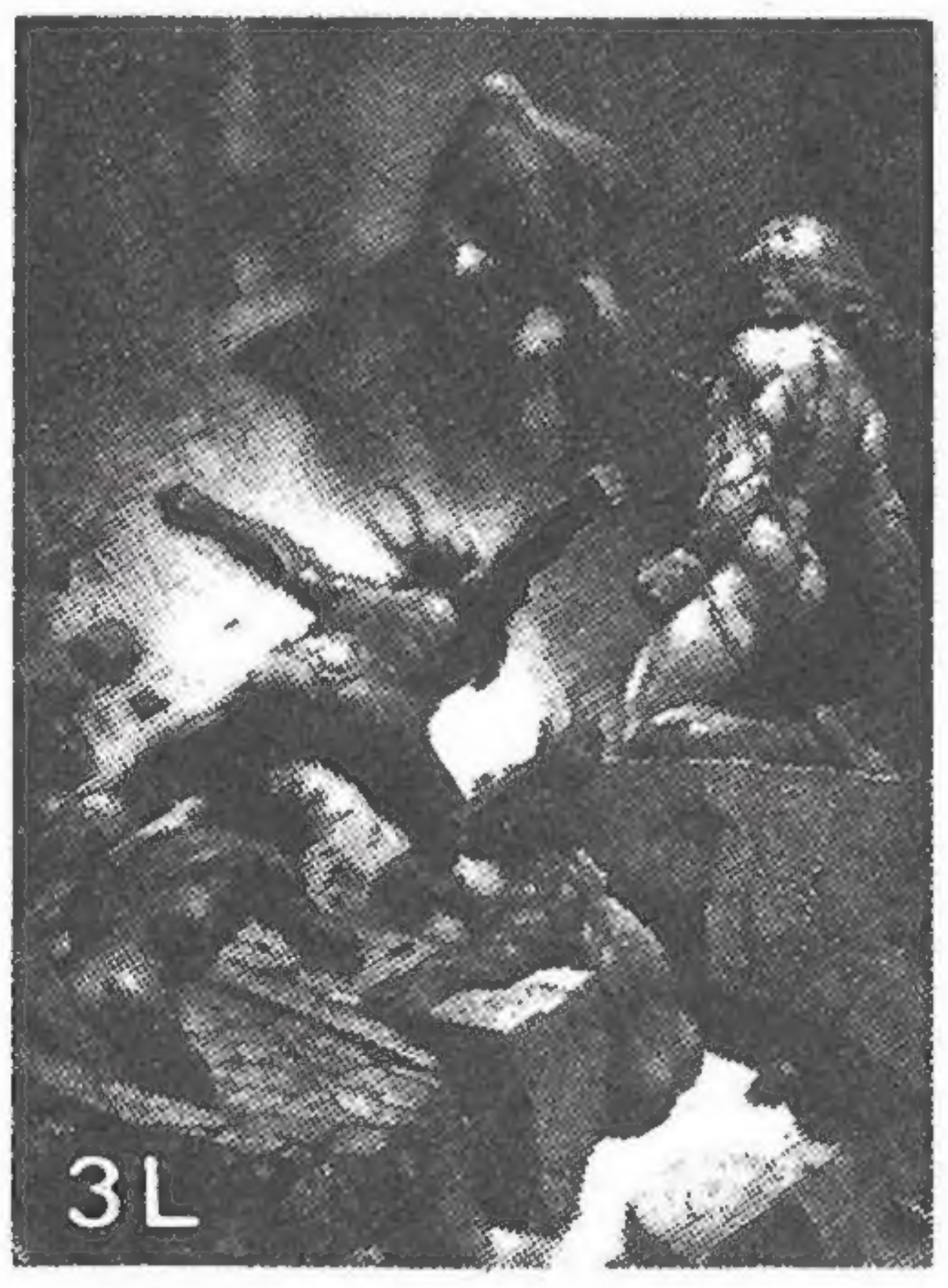
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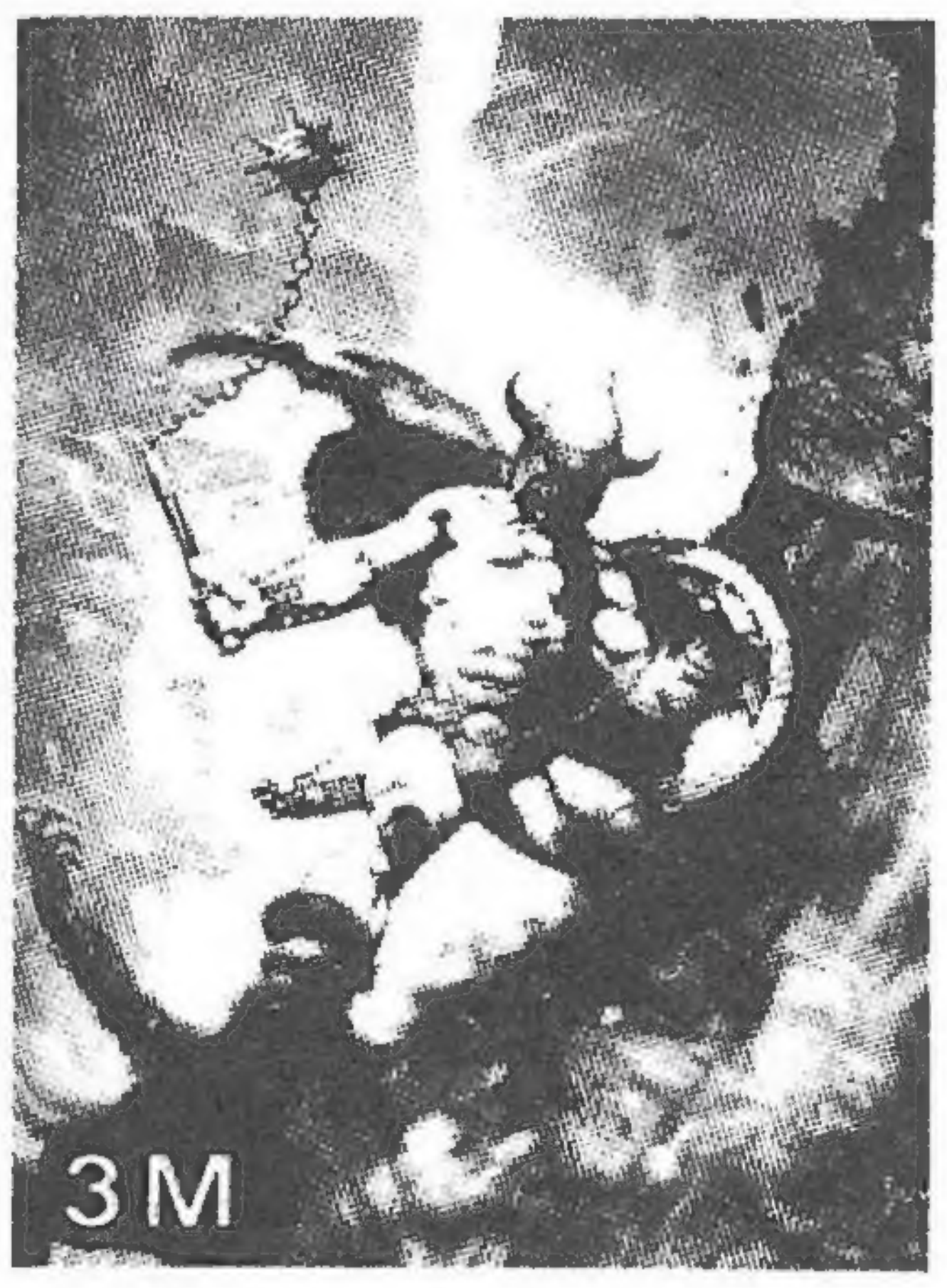
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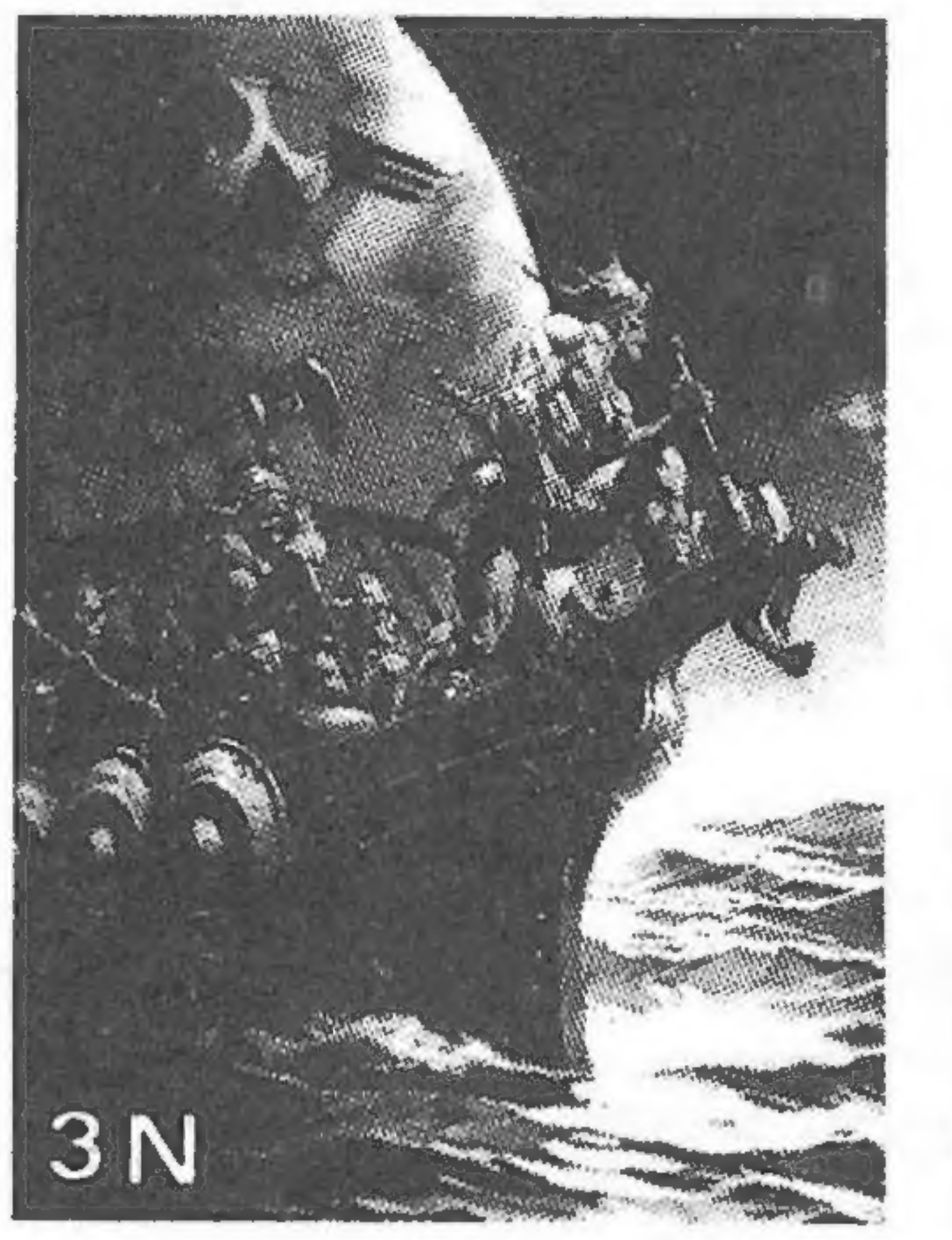
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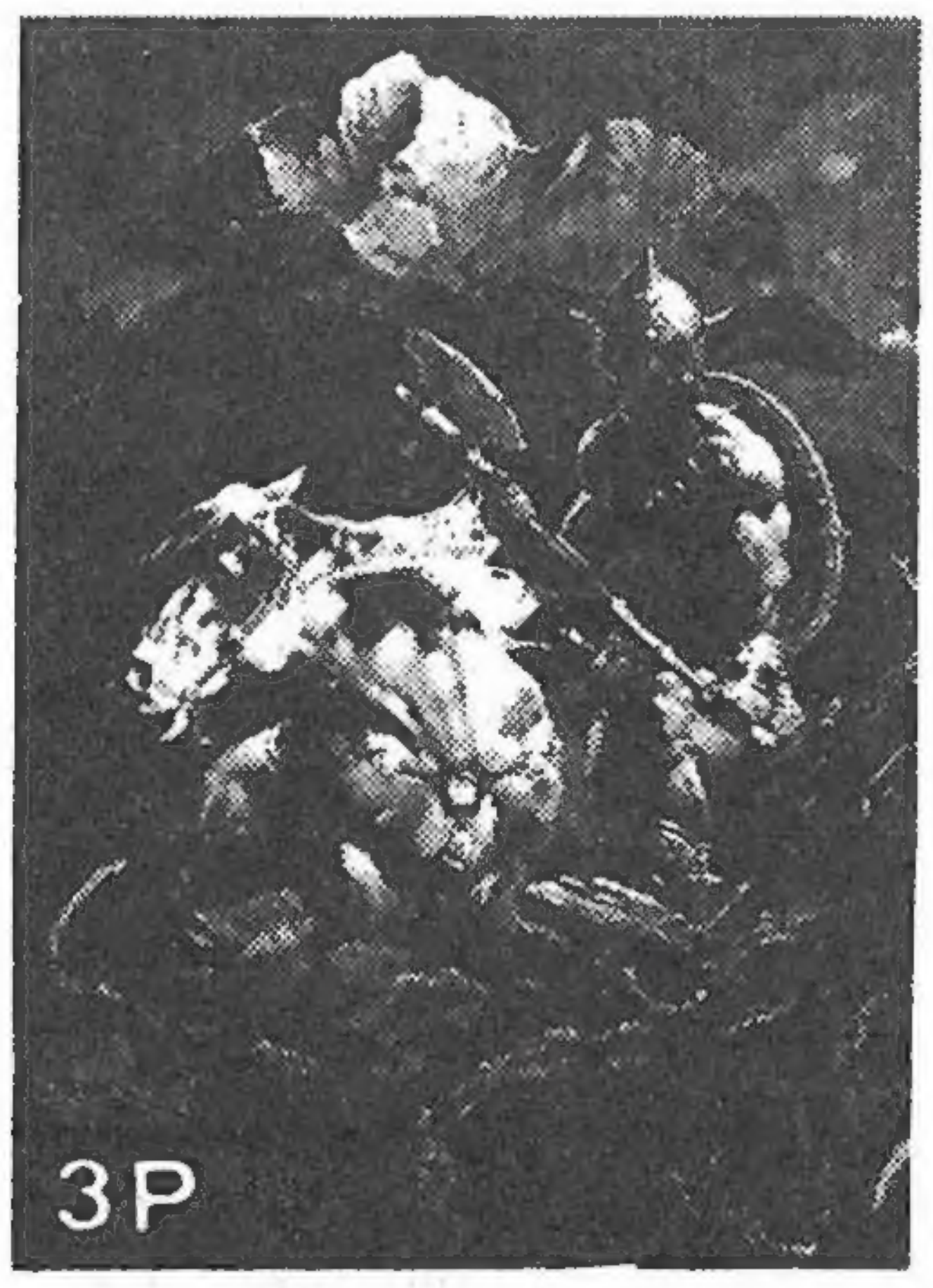
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FRAZETTA POSTERS

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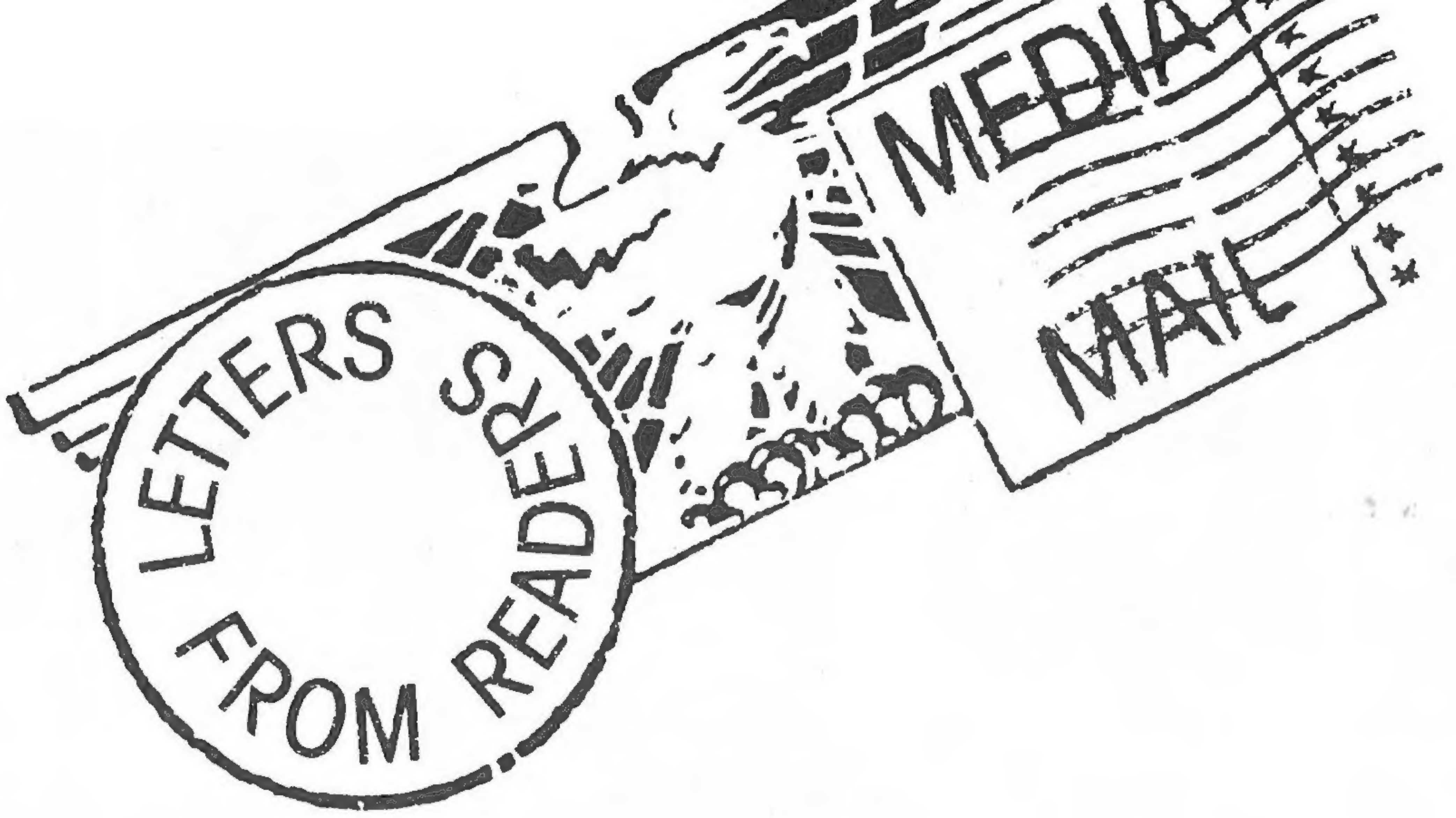


LETTERS FROM READERS
MEDIA MAIL

YES FOR BARRY'S NO

Nick Barbano's letter discrediting your data giving John Barry credit for the James Bond Theme is in error. In an interview with Barry in **File Forty**, Cary Bates wrote: "In 1962, Broccoli and Saltzman signed Monty Norman to score **Dr. No**. They were unhappy about Norman's score and offered a rising young composer, John Barry, the job of rewriting it on the condition that he would not get screen credit. Barry was hesitant, but was advised by a friend that it would probably make him first choice as composer for the Bond sequels. Much of the **Dr. No** track was composed by Norman and re-arranged by Barry; however, the James Bond Theme *was* an original composition of Barry's."

How about an interview with Barry? And Jerry Goldsmith? And more covers and articles on Hollywood's leading actresses?

Roger Caldwell
Kingston TN

You want actresses? This issue's got 'em! We've planned features on film composers for quite awhile, and have been sitting on a fascinating interview with David Raksin, who scored ***Laura*** *and* ***The Bad and the Beautiful*** *and countless other films. Look for it sometime in the near future.*

INSIDE BLOW OUT

I thought I'd share a few of my experiences on the filming of **Blow Out** with your readers. It was through the Talent Store that I auditioned for a speaking part, and, even though I didn't get it because of my light coloring, I felt privileged to have made a call-back. It gives me hope that I just *might* make it as an actor.

Brian DePalma is interesting to watch, and very exacting as a director. I first observed him during the ballroom scene when Nancy Allen meets the governor. It was quipped among the extras about how healthy he looked, considering his death scene was filmed the week before.

DePalma spent several hours setting up every camera angle, and running through the scene with stand-ins. It was long and tiring work, but well worth it when the actual filming was done. If I had to describe DePalma, the image that comes to mind is a bear, not because of his size, but in the way he moves. There is a great sense of power in him. He's a serious worker who never smiles unless all goes exactly right.

I have to admit I was taken aback by Nancy Allen. After seeing her in **Carrie** as a foul-mouthed broad, it was difficult to adjust to the somewhat shy and very sweet person she is off camera.

I introduced myself during a lunch break by buying her a Coke, probably looking like someone out of a TV commercial in my tuxedo. She was a bit puzzled as I stood there with *two* Cokes, and I said something about not wanting to be known as a two-fisted drinker. It broke the ice. She laughed, and we talked until she was called away for the next scene. Later, I met her stand-in, Debbie Everton. As I walked around the set and saw Debbie, I thought it was Nancy because they both wore identical dresses. I expressed amazement on how fast her hair had been redone. Nancy's hair was in ringlets during the break, and now it was combed out about her shoulders. Unmercifully, Debbie led me on, pretending to be Nancy, before she explained who she really was. Their resemblance is remarkable.

Several weeks later, I met up with Debbie again. She had a very serious limp as a result of a scene she played with John Travolta. He was to drag her screaming and kicking through a door, but, as they went through it, her foot caught between the door and the frame. The more John pulled, the tighter the door closed on her leg. He told her later he thought she was a "marvelous" actress, fighting and yelling so realistically.

Oliver Lewis, a wonderful character actor, was hired to play an old derelict at the 30th Street Station. He went into the men's room to put on his outfit and torn sneakers, scribble his hair and add dirt as a final touch. He looked so real that on his way to the set, the police arrested him. DePalma had to bail him out of jail! In fact, before shooting was over, the police picked him up *two more times!!*

The same thing happened to several female extras playing hookers, who were almost booked for soliciting. One girl told me a bystander wanted to hire her for her services.

The thing that surprised me about Travolta was his build. I had the impression he was thin. Actually, he's about six foot two, with a physique that puts weekend athletes to shame. His complexion was paler than I expected. I wondered if that gave him the idea to buy the movie rights to **Interview with a Vampire** as a possible film project for himself.

Actually, we had sort of a "passing acquaintance" during **Blow Out**. In fact, during one scene, he passed over me six times, leaving *footprints* across me as he departed. It was during the fireworks celebration when John pushes his way through the crowd trying to save Nancy from the killer.

DePalma had worked out a serpentine course through the extras so the camera could stay ahead of John. As the scene began, Travolta plunged into the crowd with the idea that since he had a bad blow to the head, he should move as dazed, bumping into people for support. He apparently decided to use me as a landmark because, during each take, he shoved me completely *off my feet* and flat on my back. As I lay looking up at the stars, I recalled the words of the assistant director: "If John bumps into you, act like *nothing* happened! Keep looking at the fireworks!"

Travolta became so good at bumping into me that I wound up on my back five times out of six. It was so funny towards the end that the extras around me started to hold up invisible score cards to *grade* me on how well I hit the pavement. "9.4, 9.7, 8.9 for a total score of 9.3!"

Of course, it was all great fun, almost as much as reading the new issue of **PREVUE**. Hope you like the movie.

Geoffrey Wynkoop
Gladwyne PA

I'm certain our readers will enjoy the informal behind-the-scenes tour of ***Blow Out****, and your pick-up line. And, yes, I liked the film very much. Just remember, next time, it's your turn to run over Travolta.*

THE OLD RANGER

Your coverage of **The Lone Ranger** was interesting, but I still wish Clayton Moore played the lead. If we can have a president who is 70, why not a Lone Ranger Clayton's age?

Beverly Scozzafava
Gouverneur NY

Well...!

LUST, NOT VIOLENCE

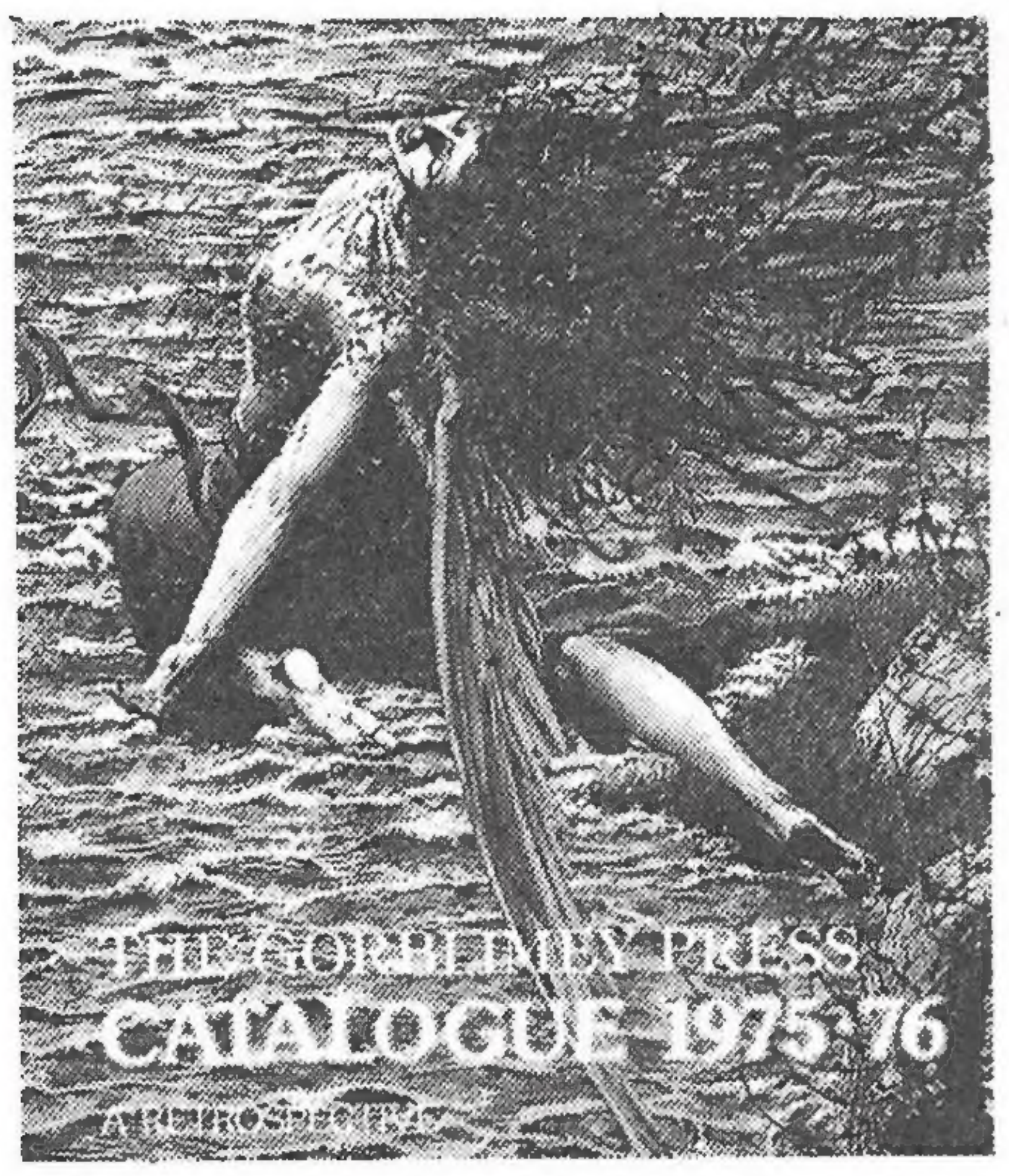
I'd like to think it was the good times I've had in the past reading **PREVUE** that made me buy issue 45. I don't like to think my buying habits are driven by pure lust, but it was that picture of Morgan Fairchild that got me.

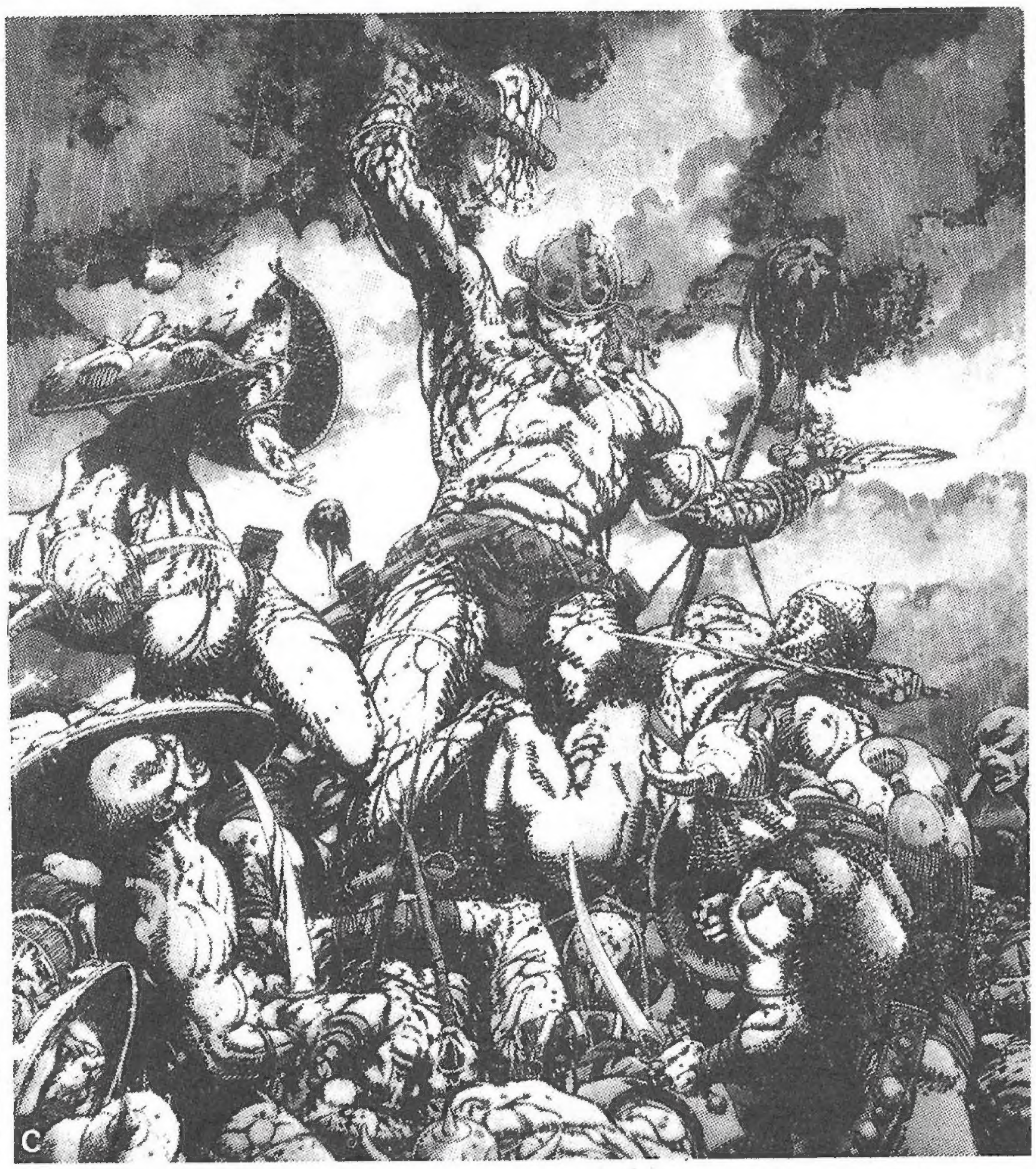
Your editorial was chillingly appropriate. It's been a week since the pope was shot. Yoko's album has John's bloodsplattered glasses on the cover, and while people are reading this letter, someone is dying of a gunshot.

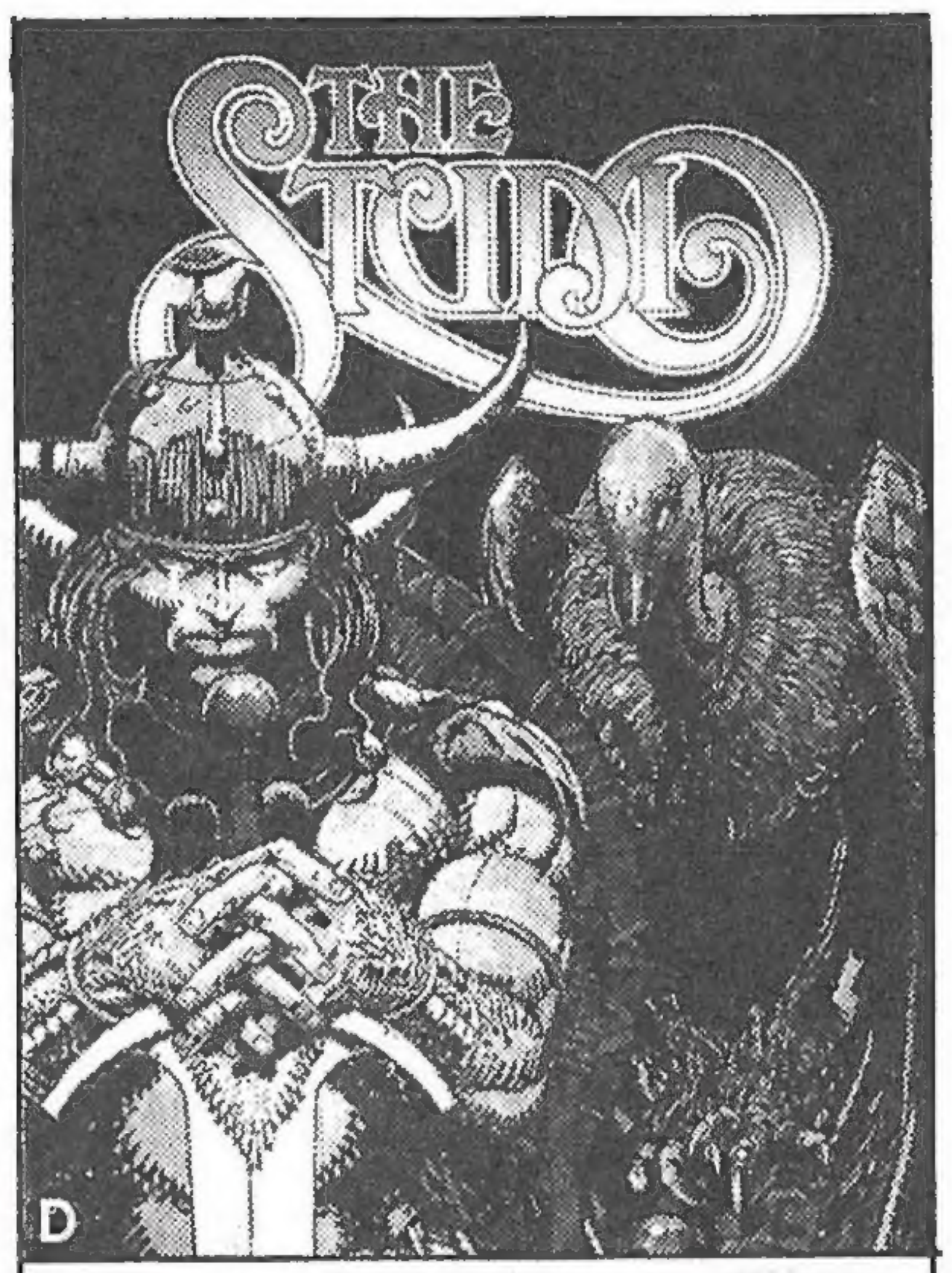
None of this can be blamed on any *one* thing; not violence on TV or in movies, not availability of guns. You are right that violence in media is filling consumer demands. I can't speak for others, but I can "cure" myself. What this world needs is less violence and more escapism. I'd settle for less violence, period. It has to stop somewhere.

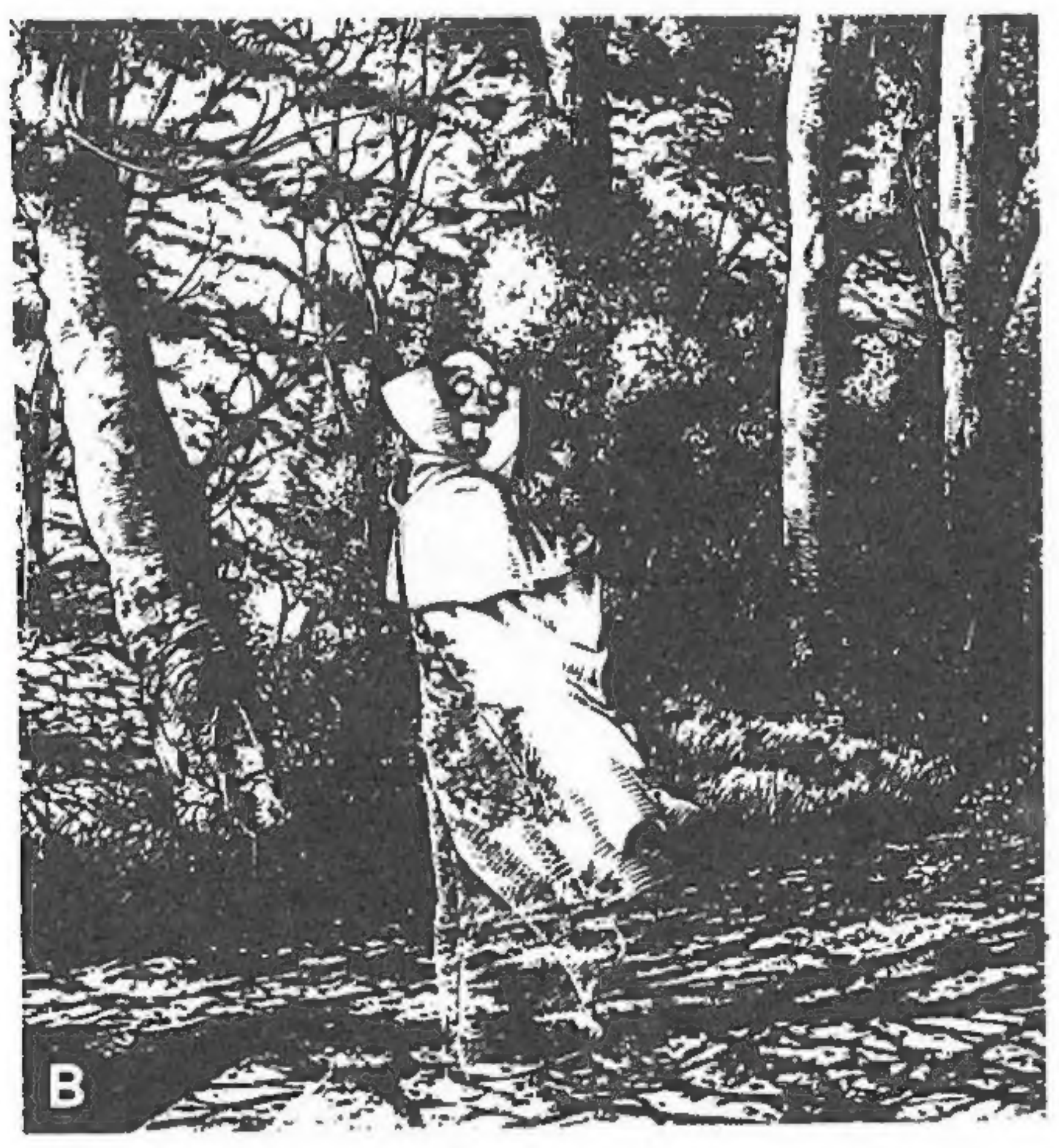
Mike Sopp
Erie PA

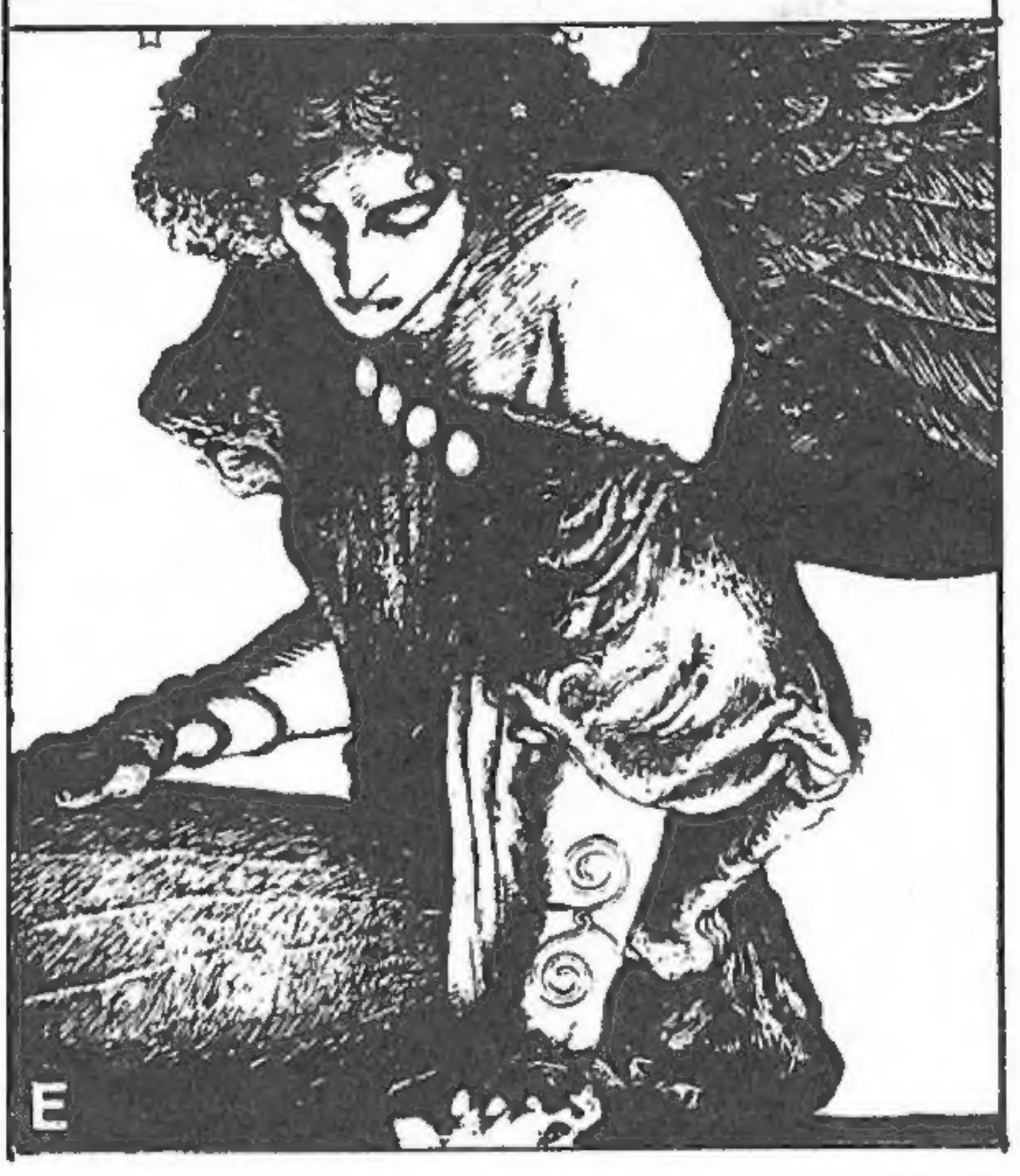
I don't blame you a bit for lusting, Mike. Morgan is indeed a knockout, with wit, humor, style and intelligence, too. As for media violence, it is everyone's concern; the responsibility must be shared. Take a look at what Nancy Allen and Maud Adams have to say about the subject this issue, then check out the following issue. Michael Winner, who directed ***Death Wish*** *and the upcoming sequel, has a startling philosophy about violence on film and in real life. As a man who is concerned about the phenomenon, you owe it to yourself to investigate every direction.*★

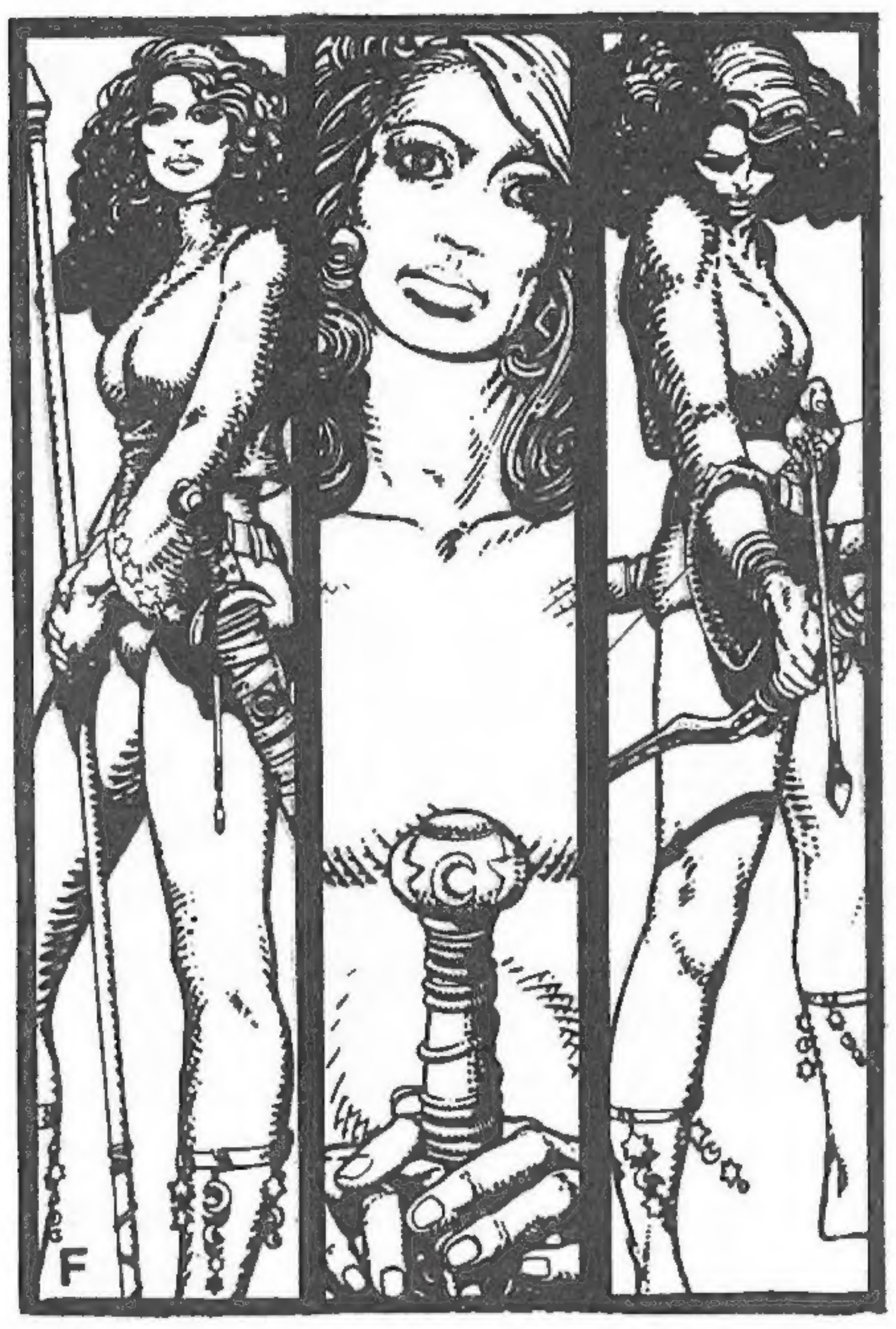


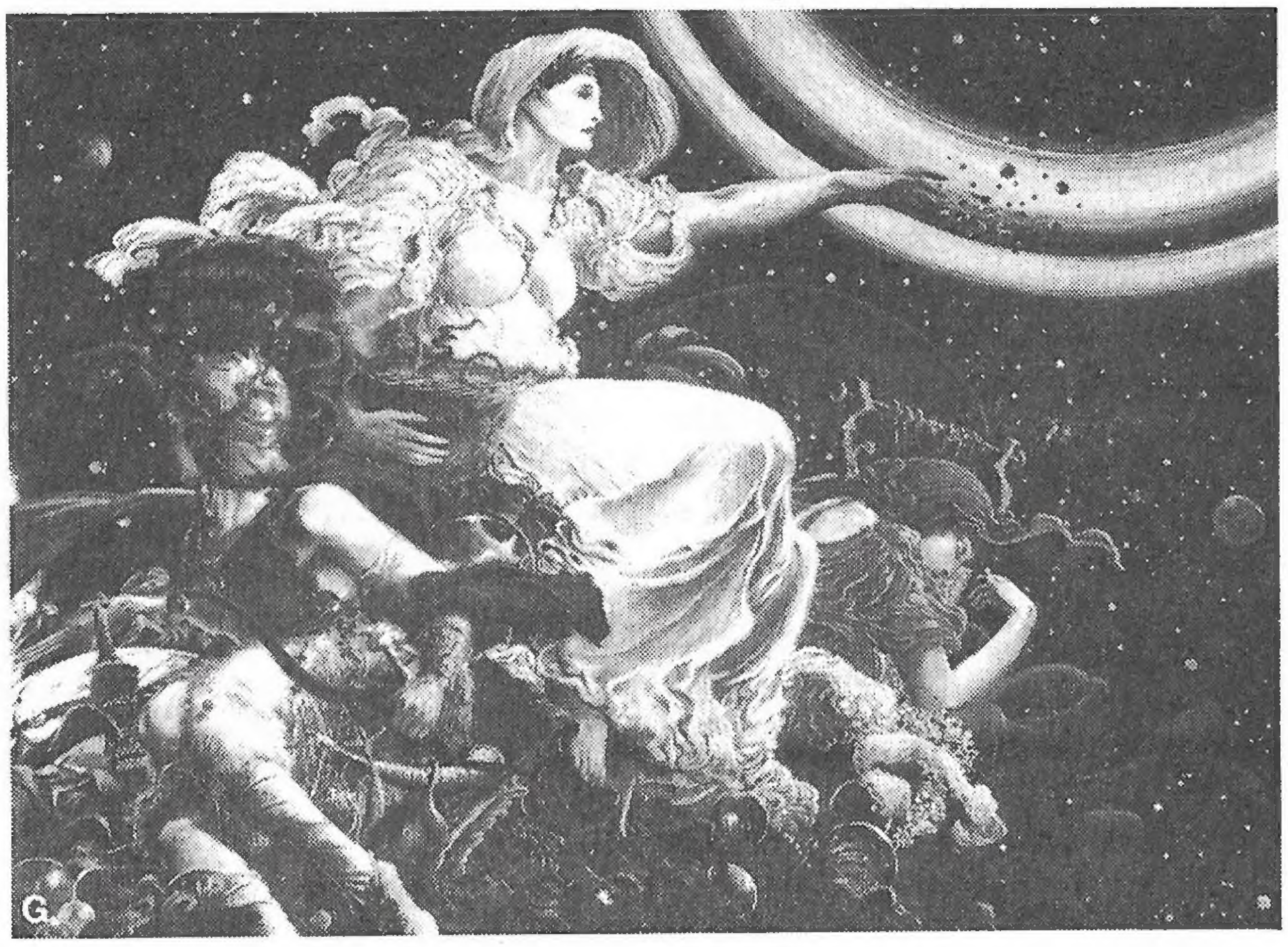


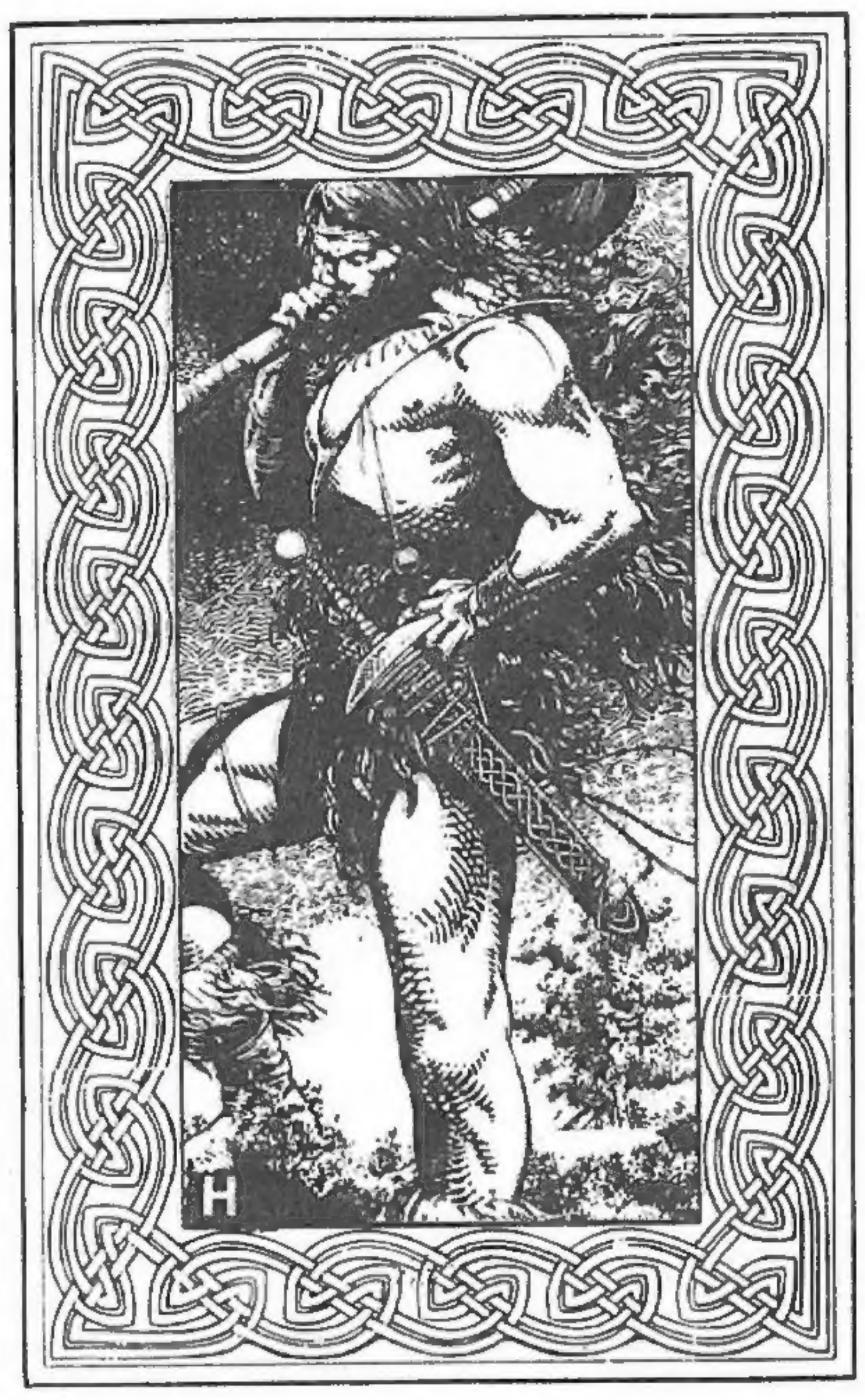












AN OUTSTANDING COLLECTION OF PRINTS, POSTERS AND PORTFOLIOS

BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH

Barry Windsor-Smith has been acclaimed world-wide as one of the foremost fantasy artists of the decade. SUPERGRAPHICS is pleased to offer the widest selection of his art available from any source. Most of the prints, posters and portfolios seen here were published by the artist in high-quality editions which were signed and numbered.

A) **The Gorblimey Press Catalog** reproduces the artist's work published during 1974 and 1975. The 8½ × 11" volume is printed throughout in two colors, and includes a 4500-word commentary on Smith's aspirations and the development of Gorblimey Press. $3.50.

B) **Whithering**, a breathtakingly realistic black and white print of a demonic deathshead vision. A superior achievement of intricate detail, 15 × 20" in size. $2.50.

C) **Lord of the Black Corsairs** recalls the artist's work on *Conan the Barbarian*. Here is Smith's ultimate sword and sorcery illustration reproduced 18 × 24" on a blazing full-color poster. You can almost hear the clash of steel. $4.00.

D) **The Studio** features the work of Barry Windsor-Smith, Berni Wrightson, Michael Kaluta and Jeff Jones in *a massive 12" square volume with 160 full-color pages* on high-quality stock. Each artist discusses his influences, theories, techniques and aspirations in separate 40-page sections which include their finest and rarest art. A milestone of beauty and quality. $10.00

E) **Sibyla** captures four women of mystery in this large, full-color portfolio which measures 13½ × 16½", and is enclosed in a specially illustrated wraparound cover. Limited edition of 1500 signed by the artist. $20.00.

F) **Moon and Star Bookmarks** are 9" high, and come in two different sets of five, with color borders. *Blue* features a naked dancing maiden. *Red* shows a beautiful warrior woman. $1.50 each. $2.50 for both.

G) **Fate Sowing the Stars** represents Smith's first major work painted in oil, and reproduced on an exceptional print, 18" square with an elegant gold border. $4.00.

H) **Fantastic Islands** conjures up four mythic barbarians from the distant past. Gods? Idols? Guardians? Their secret is captured forever in an oversized portfolio, 10 × 16½" in size. Artist's proof edition, signed and numbered. $35.00.

PLEASE SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH**

FAST FORWARD...

Robots were in attendance at the recent Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago. Still considered by many to be "Buck Rogers stuff," they are rapidly becoming commonplace—and practical. As usual, the truly fantastic is stunningly banal.

Shopped for audio components recently? The low, inflation-denying prices charged for today's unusually-sophisticated high fidelity equipment result directly from the escalating use of industrial robots and other computerized machinery in Japanese factories.

Matsushita, parent company of Panasonic, Technics, Quasar and JVC, is a leader in the use of industrial robots. As part of its spectacular "Technology Today" exhibition, the company demonstrated several robots as well as many exciting new products and concepts.

Pana-Robo is a simple industrial robot. A cybernetic creature, it is modeled after the human arm. At the show, a Pana-Robo unit busily manufactured laser etchings. Its giant arm picked up a wooden block from a tabled stack, held it under a laser to burn in either of two designs, then, gently replaced the block on the table. Not only did the robot perform the job with absolute perfection, it did it with *flair*. The Pana-Robo would show onlookers the block before the burning, and display it again afterward.

Robo Sensor proved even more charming—up to a point. It isn't a real robot, but, rather, a collection of systems normally incorporated into robots, designed only to impress humans. Robo Sensor shakes hands, then calmly informs the handshaker of its opinion of their grip. Speaking in clear English, it relays such crucial information as grip strength and hand temperature. Soon, the robot is asking to be tickled with a magnet. Robo Sensor and the radio-controlled imitation robots scurrying around other exhibits seem intended to lessen human fears by making them appear cute.

Robots are infiltrating our homes. Look around you. There! The clock radio. And there! The new microwave oven! The Attack of the Robotic Appliances has arrived.

New electronic products frequently have sophisticated microprocessor brains and are programmed to perform a variety of tricks.

Take, for instance, Panasonic's new clock radio. It not only keeps the time, wakes you with your favorite radio station (or a shrill buzzer); the RC-6800 will *talk* to you, too.

Or what about Sony's PS-X500 turntable? Many new automatic turntables are microprocessor-controlled to reduce the number of troublesome mechanical parts employed; the PS-X500 goes a step further. Its tone arm is actually an advanced cybernetic device modeled closely on living organisms. The tone arm ardently pursues its uniquely phonographic version of homeostasis, attempting to eliminate threatening tracking error, resonance and external vibration.

One of the robots at the Chicago Consumer Electronics Show.

The result is unexcelled performance, compatibility with all phono cartridges and records (even severely warped LPs are tracked with consummate ease), and a handy incidental benefit: tracking force and anti-skating bias can be dialed in from the front panel while a record is playing. This tone arm, known as the "Bio-Tracer," was first marketed in Sony's $1800 PS-B80. Now, it's available in the $350 PS-X500.

Remember the **Star Trek** episode in which the redoubtable Captain Kirk used a handheld translator to converse with an alien? Sharp's new IQ-5000 pocket electronic translator handles only Terran languages, but if you type in a mysterious word or phrase, it will tell you, *in spoken English*, what it means. And, if you type in an English phrase to be translated, the IQ-5000 will correctly pronounce it for you in a foreign language.

Somehow, the present is never as spectacular as our ancestors imagined it would be. The only human-looking robots are still in the movies and the pages of science fiction.

Did previous civilizations have robots? It's possible that extremely-advanced civilizations once existed on earth (some evidence suggests that bipedal, warm-blooded dinosaurs *could* have evolved to a higher intelligence level and destroyed other dinosaur species in germ warfare). Computer Age technology is not required for robot construction, as one Matsushita robot aptly demonstrated. The small automaton hustled around the ultra-high resolution video demonstration area, delivering drinks to attendees. The robot waiter performed splendidly; its operator had only to rewind its delicate clockwork mechanism at infrequent intervals.

The diminutive android, while far closer to the accepted stereotype of a mechanical man, is actually less of a robot than Sony's Bio-Tracer equipped turntable. Yet, the existence of the turntable—and its counterparts in other product categories—brings us much closer to the *real* robot.

Necessary components for a practical robotic helpmate are being developed and perfected now. Powerful 32-bit microprocessors will soon be pouring out of semiconductor factories; combined with magnetic bubble memories, they will allow elaborate programming to simulate intelligence. Pana-Robo, Robo Sensor and Bio-Tracer are all models for future robot limbs. New Charge Coupled Device (CCD) modules used in autofocus video cameras are perfect for use as robot eyes. Votrax's speech chip makes spoken English a snap. The list goes on...

A walking, talking, working robot can be built *now*. By the mid-80s, costs should drop so that the devices could be easily mass-marketed. Matsushita didn't unveil such a robot or other top-secret advances at the Consumer Electronics Show. The Japanese hyper-corporations tend to project many years into the future, however.

Launching an entirely new product is always extremely expensive, and general-purpose robots will *not* be cheap to manufacture. If the Japanese have prototypes in their research and development labs, they won't market them at this time.

The market won't be ready until mass anxiety in response to the introduction of advanced robots can be safely discounted. Nor will the market be ready until the business climate improves: disposable income is declining, and interest rates are far too high. However, authorities do believe the economy is due for a cyclical upswing. And, as far as public apprehension goes, *if* people accept robotic appliances—with some thanks to C-3PO and R2D2—then there is no real danger.

Are general-purpose robots necessary? That's debatable, but there's seldom a clear and pressing need for any new product. Unexpected benefits and disadvantages only become clear later.

In the meantime, get to know the new robotic appliances and stereo components. You'll be seeing more of them in the next few years.

The robots are *here*. ★

David Civan

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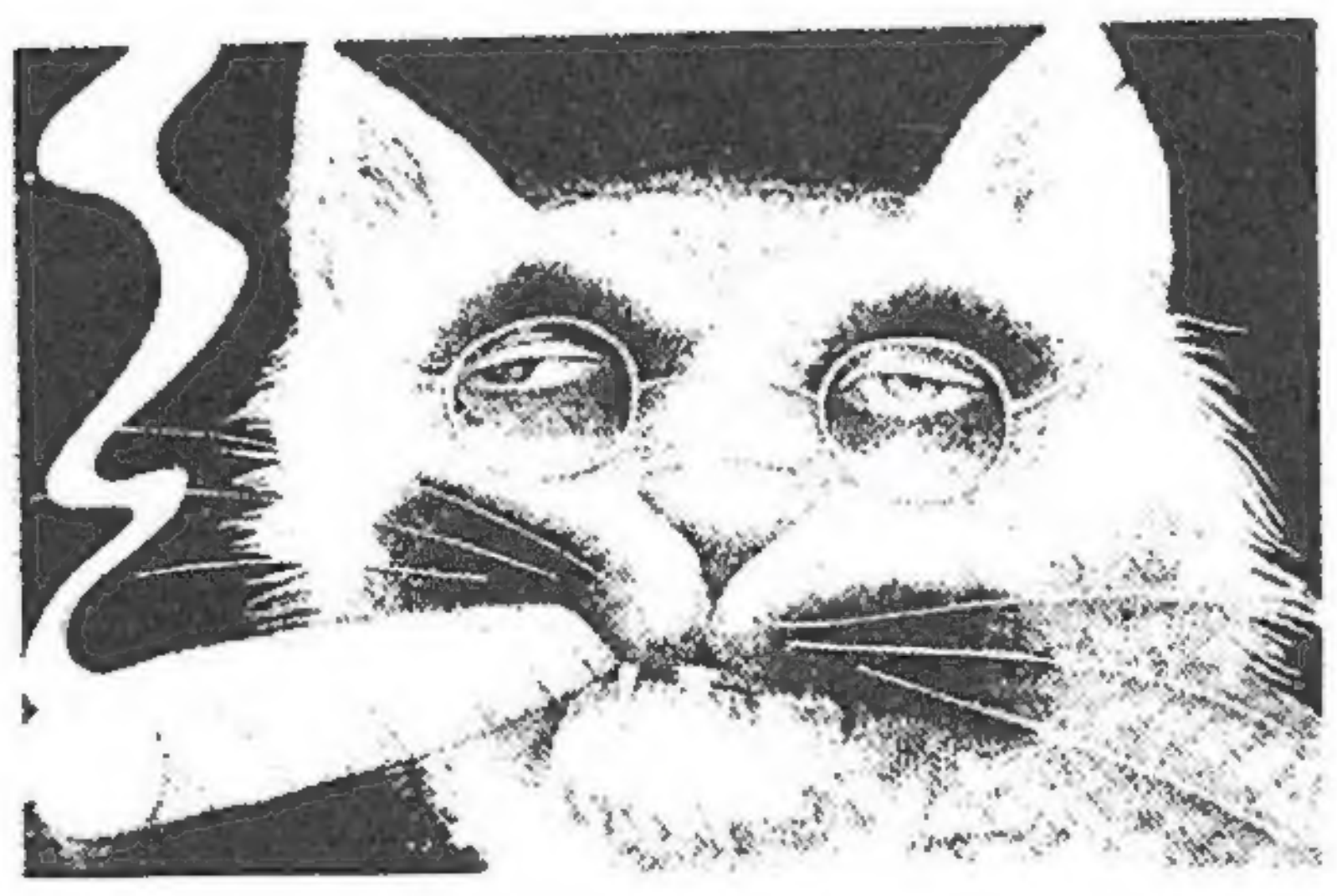
In her role as Associate Publisher and Consulting Editor, Carol Serling—whose husband created *The Twilight Zone*—has helped make this the perfect magazine for all readers who appreciate "strange beauty, fanciful humor, chilling terror, and provocative ideas to help sustain you in this less-than-perfect world that we all must inhabit."



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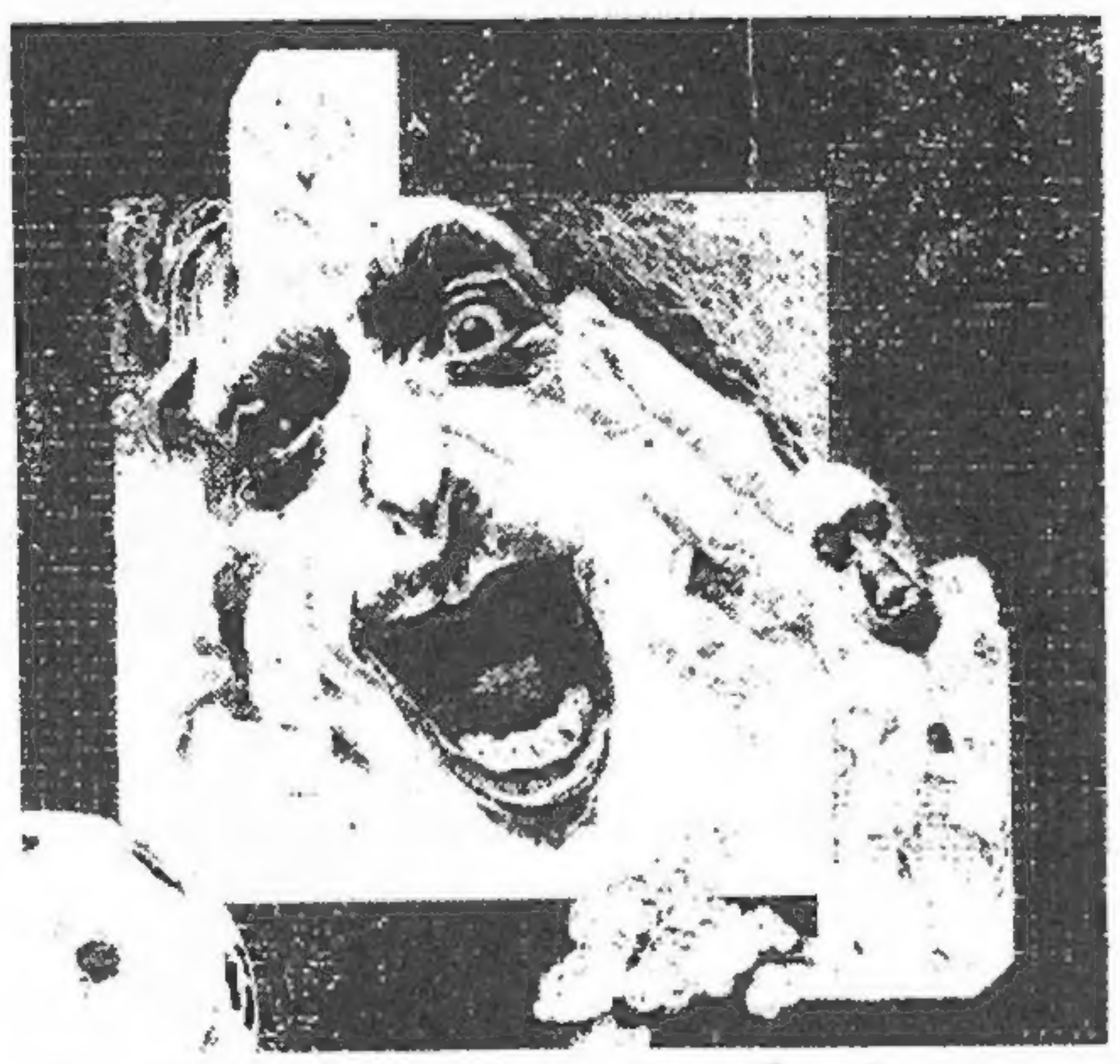

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BOOK MARKS

The Stories of Ray Bradbury
Knopf, $17.95 hardcover

For more than 40 years, Ray Bradbuy has been writing short stories. He has transported readers from the velvet lawns of midwestern childhoods to the planet Mars. Rocket men, robot grandmothers and lovesick dinosaurs wander through tales woven with that special Bradbury magic.

This 884-page collection assembles 100 of his best stories, including six never before published in book form. One might quibble with unfortunate omissions, but there are familiar friends here: *Homecoming, There Will Come Soft Rains, The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* and others meant to be read and reread. They make **Stories** a rare feast for the imagination. DM

License Renewed
By John Gardner
Richard Marek, $9.95 hardcover

It's a different James Bond who returns in John Gardner's first 007 pastiche, **License Renewed.** Since Ian Fleming's **Octopussy**, government policy has eliminated the Double-0 status, the license to kill in the line of duty, although M's top spy retains that option, off-the-record. Gardner's Bond is also slightly older, wiser and in tune with the times. He now drives an energy-efficient Saab, smokes low-tar cigarettes and drinks less. He has even begun to understand—and appreciate—feminism.

Bond's latest assignment is simple: save the world. His opponent, demented nuclear physicist Anton Murik, commands a legion of terrorists who have infiltrated power plants. Murik blackmails nations with the threat of massive meltdowns; he's raising billions to build his own *Ultra-Safe* Nuclear Reactor. Only Bond can stop him.

Besides the usual sex and sadism, Gardner has staffed this adventure with familiar faces (M, Miss Moneypenny, Bill Tanner) and gimmickly gadgets (more appropriate to the movies). There *are* Fleming touches: Murik cheating at the track, lovingly-described meals, a heroine with the improbable name of Lavender Peacock.

License Renewed is an entertaining espoinage thriller, a likeable return for Agent 007 and the first of a trio of pastiches by Gardner. Unfortunately, it's still true—nobody does Bond better than Ian Fleming. DM

Distant Stars
By Samuel Delany
Bantam Books $8.95 softcover

Any new Delany book will have a warm reception among SF readers, but this one is an amalgam of surprises in both content and format. New fiction, vintage tales, a novella, and a personal essay on writing are enhanced by over 60 pages of evocative illustrations beginning with a superb Michael Whelan cover. The weighty volume—produced with class and style—is rich in wonder and excitement, pleasingly reminiscent of the long lost pulp era. A treasure to delight the mind and eye. PB

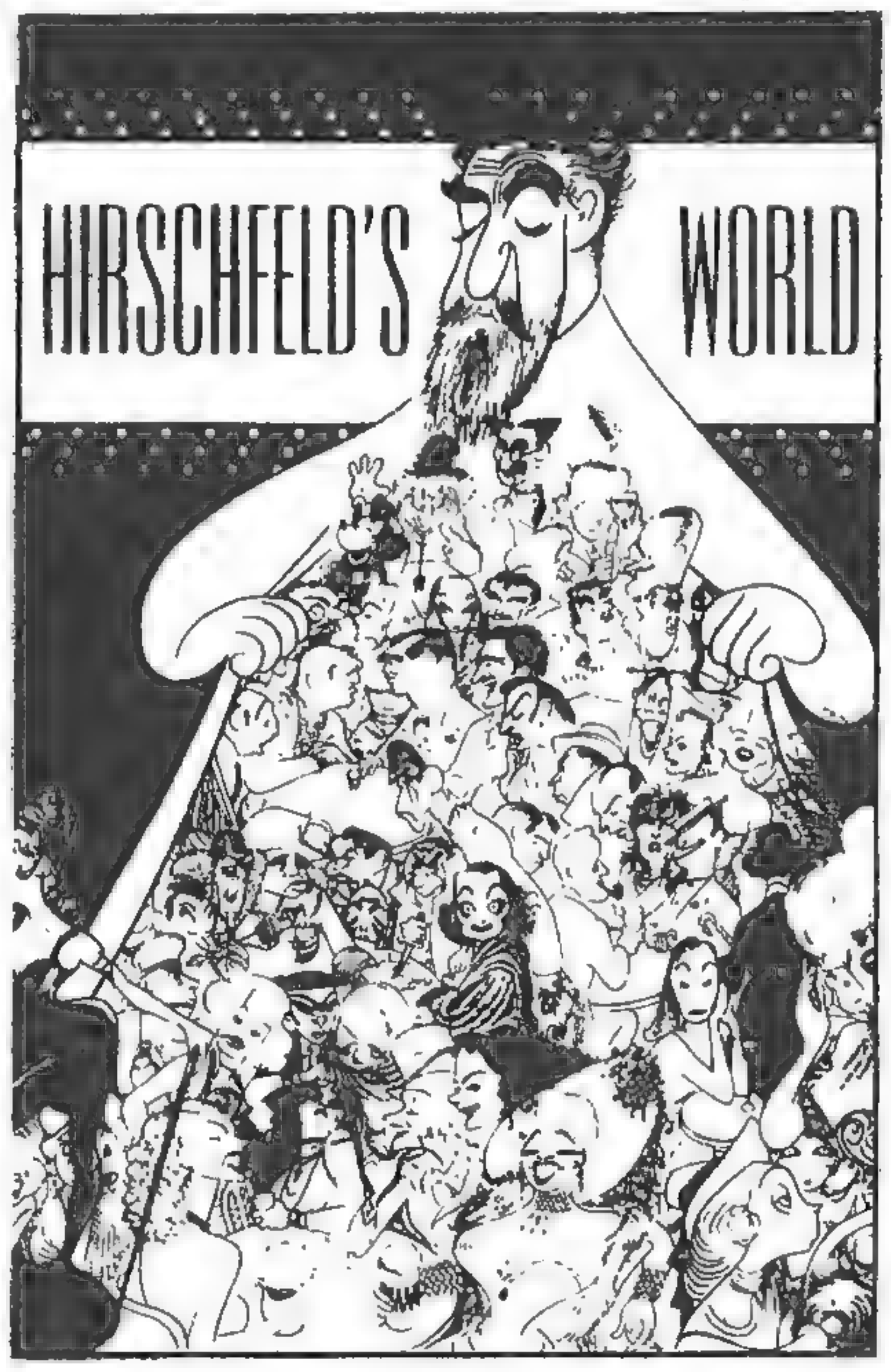
SAMUEL R. DELANY
DISTANT STARS
ILLUSTRATED

The People's Doonesbury
By G. B. Trudeau
Holt, Rinehart & Winston $10.95 softcover

Doonesbury has become as much a part of the American fabric of the '70s as Dick Tracy was to the '30s. Besides being contemporary, hip and highly addictive, Trudeau's comic strips *are* good—after all, he *did* win the Pulitzer Prize for cartooning. If you missed his running commentary of the American Dream, the volume offers a chance to catch up, if not make a total commitment. Over 500 daily strips and 80 Sundays are reproduced in a handsome format. But what difference does it make? As Boopsie might say, "It's what's inside that *really* counts!" PB

Hirschfeld's World
By Al Hirschfeld
Abrams $9.95 softcover

If caricaturists are judged by their ability to capture likeness, personality and individualism, Hirschfeld must be their king. Like the real innovators of the arts, he takes chances that are often so outrageous (spirals for Kirk Douglas eyes!), he can leave one breathless with laughter. His genius is that he *always* makes it work. The artist adds a running commentary on his life among the celebrities, how he draws, and introduces the real Nina, his daughter, whose name has been hidden in every Hirschfeld illustration for the past 35 years. His art is never vicious, but witty, entertaining and joyous. A celebration for any season. JS



Horror Literature
Marshall Tymm, editor
Bowker $29.95 hardcover

No serious student of horror fiction can afford to be without Marshall Tymm's hefty 500-page reference volume that examines and analyzes every aspect of the form, from the earliest gothic romances to the modern masters. A host of experts contribute their special knowledge (such as Robert Weinberg on the horror pulps) to a series of sections which accurately track the history and the development of the terror tale to its current lair. Checklists, awards, bios, societies and even poems are in evidence, something for everyone, more than just a chip off the ol' Bloch. JS

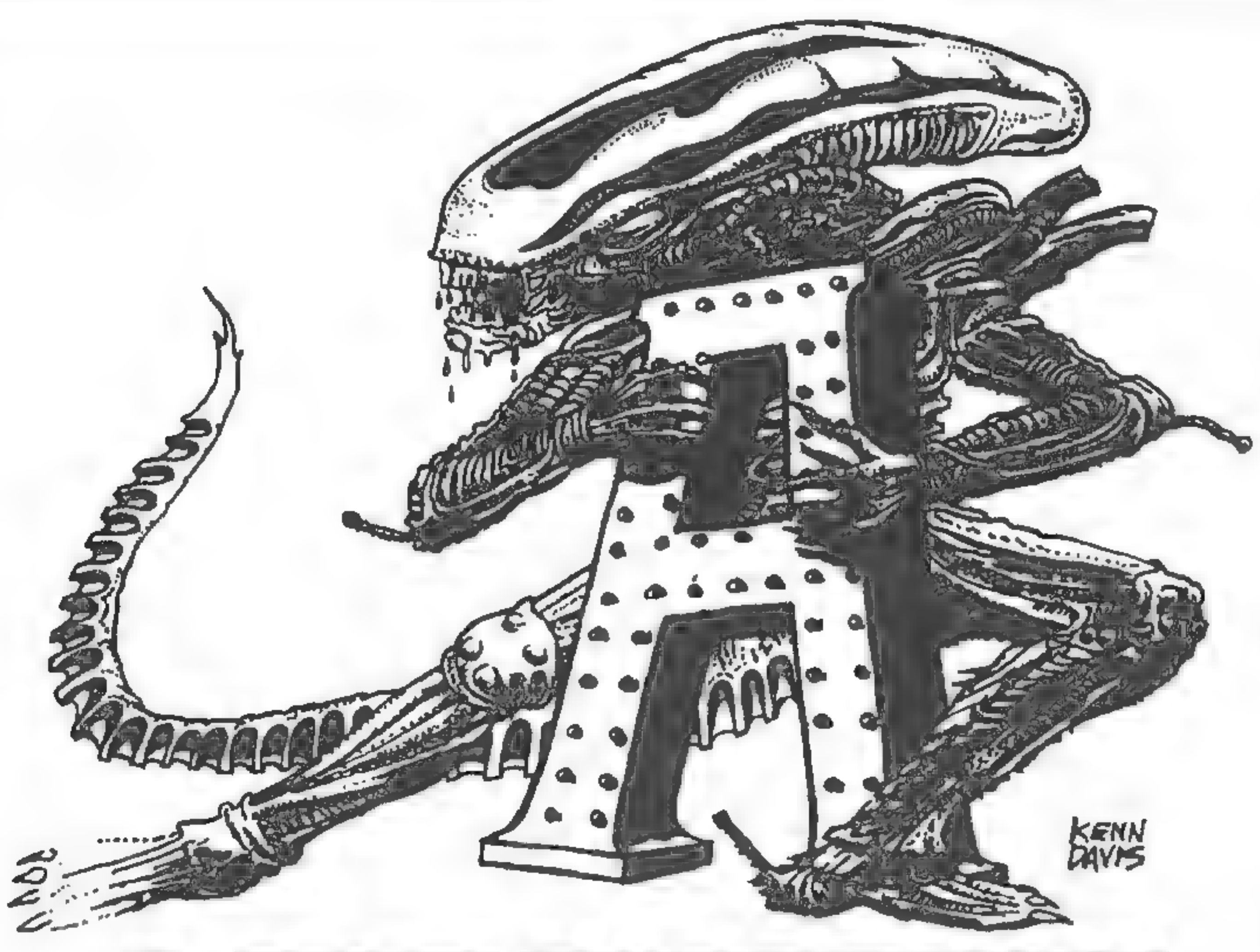
Republic Studios
By Richard Hurst
Scarecrow Press $14.50 hardcover

Though Republic undoubtedly played a smaller part in the growth of cinematic art than the major studios, its contribution remains markedly significant, especially to those who grew up through Saturday matinees of the '30s, '40s and '50s. Republic was the champion producer of "B" films, mainly serials and western programmers with John Wayne, Roy Rogers and Gene Autry. Hurst's book recounts the story of the studio, its series and stars, with more facts (but no pictures) and formulas that can be digested in a single nostalgia feast. PB

Shadow Man
By Richard Layman
Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich $14.95 hardcover

Subtitled **The Life of Dashiell Hammett**, Laymen's book is a virtual case file of an American writer whose importance is currently being re-evaluated by both the critical establishment and the public. Hammett's life was as colorful as the characters about which he wrote. He worked as a Pinkerton detective, became a pulpsmith, a celebrated novelist who changed the form of mystery fiction, and a Hollywood screenwriter. He lived flamboyantly, did prison time for his political beliefs and died a recluse.

Layman has dogged Hammett's tracks like Sam Spade or the Continental Op to produce a lifetime of facts and figures, neatly arranged and open ended enough to give readers room to solve whatever puzzles they choose about the leg-



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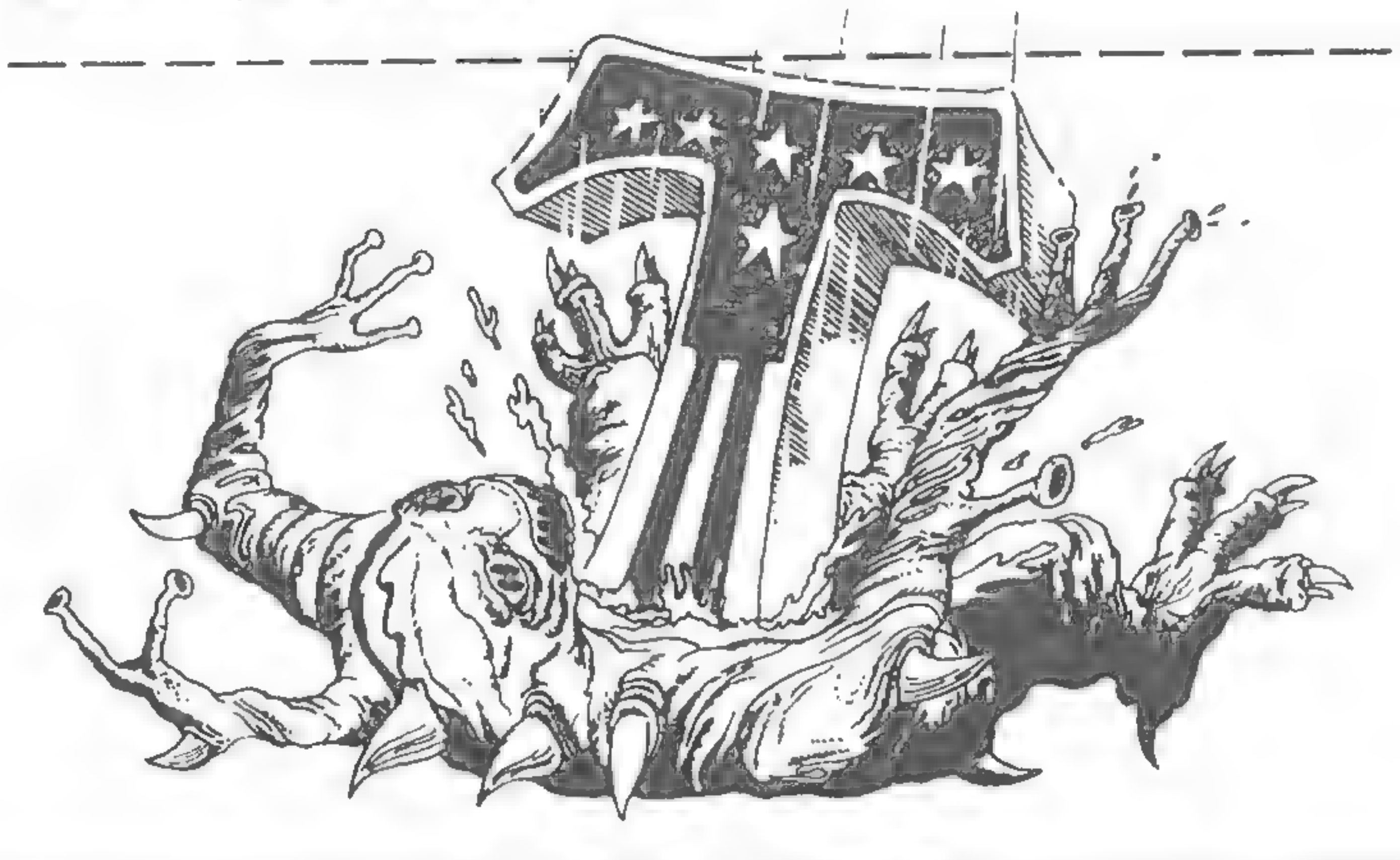

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Donald F. Glut

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end who created **The Maltese Falcon, The Dain Curse** and **The Thin Man.** JS

The Seven Altars of Dusarra
By Lawrence Watt-Evans
Del Ray Books $2.50 paperback

Garth is an overman, not quite the typical dim-witted, muscle-bound barbarian who lumbers through some sword and sorcery novels. He's a grim, foredoomed prince, like Michael Moorcock's Elric, undertaking a quest at the bidding of the mysterious Forgotten King. As the Age of Decay wanes, Garth travels to the city of Dusarra—to rob the altars of its seven Dark Gods and usher in an Age of Destruction.

In **Seven Altars of Dusarra**, Garth combats bloodthirsty cultists, arcane sorcery and the cunning High Priest of Aghad, God of Hatred and Loathing (whose minions even despise themselves since self-hatred is a key to their worship). It's sword-clashing adventure and another exciting entry in this fantasy subgenre. DM

TV Movies, 1981-82 Revised Edition
Edited by Leonard Maltin
Signet $3.95 paperback

They're all here, more than 13,000 theatrical films and made-for TV flicks, all conveniently rated and reviewed, enabling viewers to easily make that all-important choice between late shows—will it be **I Eat Your Skin** ("worthless") or **Donovan's Reef** ("lots of fun")? Either way, **TV Movies** is simply indispensable. DM

California Crazy
By Alan Cartnal
Houghton Mifflin, $9.95 hardcover

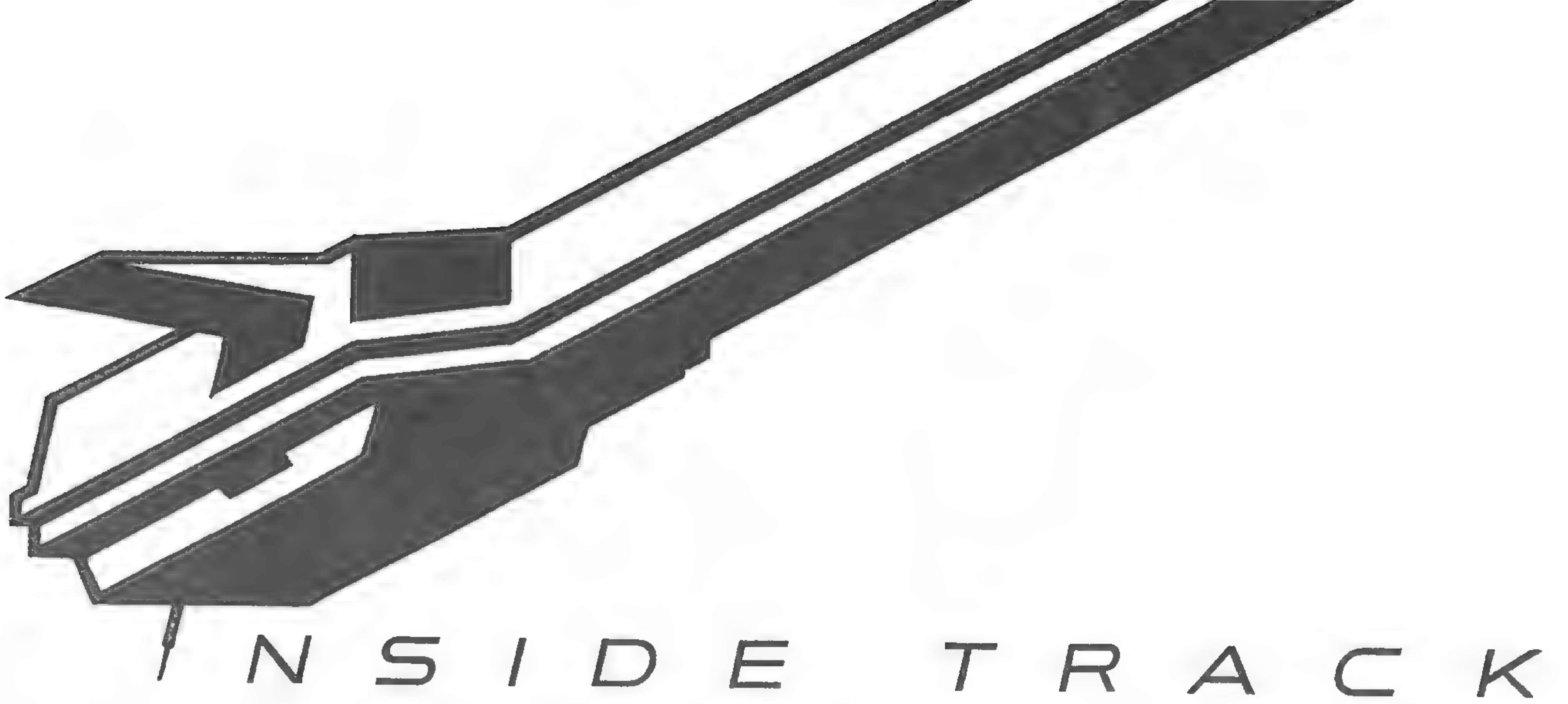
This is a frenetic tour of the trash-culture of a Southern California populated by hustlers who are always on the make for a new deal in drugs, sex or business. Alan Cartnal's *non-fiction* account of the El Lay lifestyle examines all-American gigolos, flamboyant movie stars, lonely ladies who lunch, and roller disco deities. Cartnal journeys into the country clubs and gay hangouts, into Bel Air and Brentwood, and into that famed drive-in church, Dr. Robert Schuller's Crystal Cathedral.

If you've any doubt that life in California can be crazy check out this penetrating look at an absurd outpost of modern civilization. DM

The Swashbucklers
By James Parish and Don Stanke
Arlington House $19.95 hardbound

With high melodrama and derring do squarely back in the public eye and on the movie screen, interest is re-focusing on the men who defined the cinematic heroes. Fairbanks, Colman, Power, Flynn, Granger, Mature, Wilde and Curtis

(continued on page 76)



INSIDE TRACKS

The skies are cataclysm red. They frame a scene of nightmarish intensity: dead trees point broken branches at ancient gravestones. Perched atop one is a monstrous bat, wings spread and fanged mouth dripping with menace. Suddenly, from out of the ground, explodes a motorcycle! Propelled by the rocketing thrust of its engine, the muscular driver's long blond locks trail behind his bent frame as he struggles to control the two-wheeled demon. From the front of the mad machine, a horse's skull grins evilly, empty eye sockets reflecting the angry crimson sky.

And *that's* only the album cover.

Meat Loaf's **Bat Out of Hell** album was released in late 1977. Despite the eye-stopping cover art by comics illustrator Richard Corben, it was not an overnight sensation. Yet, slowly, album-oriented-rock radio and its young audiences discovered that Meat Loaf was *more* than just another bizarrely-named singer. He was, after all, a star of the cult classic **Rocky Horror Picture Show**. As radio began playing *Two Out of Three Ain't Bad*, *Paradise By The Dashboard Light* and the album's title cut (enriched by the fine production of Todd Rundgren), audience response began to build... and build...and build.

Currently, **Bat Out of Hell** has sold three million copies in the United States, with an additional seven million sold in the rest of the world. Meat Loaf is a full-blown superstar for the '80s—but, *where* has he been since 1977?

To find out, **PREVUE** checked with Meat (as he prefers to be called) at his New York City home, and found him eager to update his fans on his activities of the past four years. It's the sort of story about which Hollywood makes movies, and perhaps, someday we'll be watching **The Meat Loaf Story** in Dolby 70mm. In the meantime, the heavyweight hitmaker reflects on his past...and future.

"I've been called Meat Loaf for about 21 years," Meat says, "ever since I stepped on the coach's foot while playing football. Some people call me Meatballs, and others, Hamburger, but what's in a name? If you think about them, all names are weird. What makes my name any different than Bill Smith? Meat Loaf could have been somebody's name, and Bill Smith could have been a main course!"

Meat has been making music for 15 years; his first group, Meat Loaf Soul, was signed to Motown in the late '60s. "I did a single that went Top Ten on the R&B charts, but when they found out we were white, they didn't like us anymore."

During the lean years which followed, Meat Loaf found a new home in the theatre. "It was more fun than playing bars," he recalls. "In musicals, I was able to practice my craft, and I worked a lot because I was one of the few tenors around."

Meat first met his songwriting partner, Jim Steinman, in a theatrical production. "He'd written the music to **More Than You Deserve**, in which I played a junkie. The first time I sang the play's title song—which is on my next album—it stopped the show; the audience stood up and applauded for five minutes. It was electrifying, because it had never happened to me before. I knew I hadn't improved *that much* as a singer. It had to be the song. So, Jim wrote some stuff for me to do at the clubs. Every time I sang his material, the reaction was the same. There seemed to be a special chemistry between the way I sang and the songs Jim wrote."

The two cut demos and shopped several labels, a painfully slow process that didn't pay the rent. Meat Loaf returned to theatre, appearing in **Hair**, **National Lampoon** revues, and **The Rocky Horror Show** (on stage and later, on film). "**Rocky** was an immediate success in LA," Meat remembers. "Mick Jagger, Keith Moon, John Lennon, Raquel Welch and Cher came regularly. When it became a cult classic as a film I wasn't surprised. I didn't particularly like the film version when I first saw it, and I still can't say I'm fond of its editing, though the cast is great." He *doesn't* encore in the movie's sequel, **Shock Treatment**. (See photoprevue in this issue.)

Meat Loaf's luck with record companies changed in 1977 when a fledgling midwest label, Cleveland International, signed him. After **Bat Out of Hell** became one of the industry's biggest success stories, he toured for a year, and prepared to record a follow-up. Fate intervened when Meat developed laryngitis and couldn't sing a note.

Meat Loaf picks up the story at that frightening moment: "I immediately went to a doctor who told me not to speak for a week. I didn't. When I went back in the studio, I could barely talk, let alone sing. My band recorded backing tracks and overdubs. By now, it was April, 1979. I went to a vocal coach to work my voice back up, but it wasn't improving. I tried another coach. Same results.

"I started to lose my mind. For years, I'd sung without any problems. They used to call me 'Steel Throat.' One time, for a Ted Nugent record, I sang for four days straight. Anyway, I was a nervous wreck, so I started seeing a psychiatrist, then, a psychologist, and more doctors for X-rays of my brain. No one knew what was happening.

"By then, it was July. The doctors' consensus was that I had a paralyzed vocal chord. It doesn't show up till five or six months after you stop singing. Their prescription: no singing for *six more months!* Luckily, at that time, I had the chance to do movies. In **Americathon**, I got to smash a car; it was supposed to be the automobile from James Brolin's **The Car**. I had a great time. Then, I did **Roadie**.

"We had a whole album, **Bad for Good**, recorded except for my vocals. I just couldn't deal with it anymore, so I told Jim Steinman that, since he'd always wanted to do his own record, he should do the vocals on it and release it as *his* album. After all, they were his songs." The

(continued on page 77)

CAPTURE *the* IMAGINATION

Films, television, comics, theater, toys, games, masks, costumes, comic art, books, electronic toys, t-shirts, greeting cards, horror, fantasy, science fiction. Five years ago, nobody could have foreseen the explosion of imaginative media into the billion-dollar industry it is today. But thanks to precedent-setting films such as "Star Wars" and "Superman," and the tremendous growth in popularity of science fiction, fantasy and horror novels, a huge, mass market audience has been created, and it is a whole lot more than just movies. FANTASTIC FILMS is 'The' Magazine of Imaginative Media, the ONLY publication that speaks to that mass audience in their own language, with intelligence, clarity and authority.

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Each issue is filled with lively, in-depth interviews, informative, sometimes controversial, articles, fascinating and unusual special features, easy to understand explanations of special effects and a behind-the-scene look at films, television, and all other imaginative media.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

She was the reigning beauty of her age—a model, chorus girl, actress, Evelyn Nesbit. In the America of 1906, she was the dream woman, a ravishing consort to high society playboys, a goddess described as having "the face of an angel and the heart of a snake."

Some said she had posed nude for the statue of Diana which adorned the original Madison Square Garden built by her former lover, architect Stanford White. Perhaps. The rumor did lead to the tragic evening of June 25, 1906.

In the Madison Square Garden rooftop theatre, Stanford White sat quietly, enjoying a musical comedy revue, when Harry K. Thaw, Nesbit's jealous millionaire husband, took out a gun, and killed him.

It was the end of an era, the beginning of **Ragtime**.

E. L. Doctorow's novel, **Ragtime**, became a literary blockbuster in 1975. Critics and readers alike admired its stylish blending of real and fictional characters against a turn-of-the-century tapestry of historical events. At one time, Robert Altman was signed to helm a cinematic adaptation from a Doctorow screenplay. When that version collapsed, Dino DeLaurentiis set Oscar-winning director Milos (**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**) Forman and playwright Michael Weller, who had teamed on **Hair**, to bring Doctorow's bestseller to the screen. Their collaboration, with a score composed by Randy Newman, opens in December.

Filmed on location in Connecticut, New Jersey, New York's Lower East Side and at London's Shepperton Studios, **Ragtime** represents a meticulously-rendered look at period Americana. The mammoth production boasts a 20-week shooting schedule and a $25 million budget.

The opening sequence casts Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist Norman Mailer as the luckless Stanford White and Robert Joy as his killer. Donald O'Connor performs *I Could Love a Million Girls* in the revue recreated by choreographer Twyla Tharp.

Beautiful Elizabeth McGovern, who scored impressively in **Ordinary People**, has the pivotal role of Evelyn Nesbit. She is romanced by Brad (**Wise Blood**) Dourif, Younger Brother in a family of middle-class fireworks manufacturers whose lives become constantly entangled with history. Father (James Olson of **The Andromeda Strain**) wants to be a North Pole explorer. Mother (Mary Steenburgen of **Melvin and Howard**) is content to run the household and virtually adopt an abandonded black baby along with its mother, Sarah, Deborah (**Fame**) Allen. Sarah is courted by Coalhouse Walker (Howard Rollins), the baby's father, a leading ragtime pianist, now able to support his family. Before the two can wed, his new Model T Ford is vandalized by bigoted firemen—and Walker's quest for justice becomes as passionate as Younger Brother's love for Evelyn Nesbit. Eventually, both obsessions end with the seizure and occupation of the famous J. P. Morgan Library by Walker's revolutionaries.

Throughout, the camera follows the fates and faces of the age. There is Tateh, a poor immigrant who parlays a talent for silhouette into a new life as a motion picture magnate, and Delphin Delmas, Harry K. Thaw's sneaky lawyer (Pat O'Brien), and actual historical celebrities: Harry Houdini (Jeffrey DeMunn), Booker T. Washington (Moses Gunn), Teddy Roosevelt (Bob Boyd) and politcal activist Emma Goldman (Mariclare Costello).

Ragtime has attracted a great deal of attention for the re-emergence, after 20 years of retirement, of screen legend James Cagney as New York Police Commissioner Rheinlander Waldo, who must break the Morgan Library takeover. It's the final dramatic confrontation in a film which fuses fact and fiction. It was the end of **Ragtime**, the beginning of a new age.

Novelist D. H. Lawrence dealt frankly with another kind of confrontation—sexual—and that frankness is on view in two new films. His controversial classic, **Lady Chatterly's Lover**, comes to the screen via director Just Jaeckin. Sylvia (**Emmanuelle**) Kristel stars as Constance Chatterley, condemned to a life without love when her newlywed husband (Shane Briant) is, as they say, "wounded" in World War 1. Dispensing with class distinctions, she takes up with her husband's game keeper (Nicholas Clay, who portrayed Lancelot in **Excalibur**).

The sensual story was filmed on location at England's Wrotham Park. The estate's present gamekeeper lent his dog, Flash, to the production as a canine co-star. The dog proved to be a shrewd actor. One scene required him to enter the room and hide under the bed while Kristel and Clay make love; instead, he dived into bed and *under* the sheets. Smart dog!

Lawrence himself is the subject of a cinematic biography, **Priest of Love**. Ian McKellen, a Tony-winner in Broadway's **Amadeus**, portrays the novelist, with Janet Suzman, Ava Gardner and Sir John Gielgud in support.

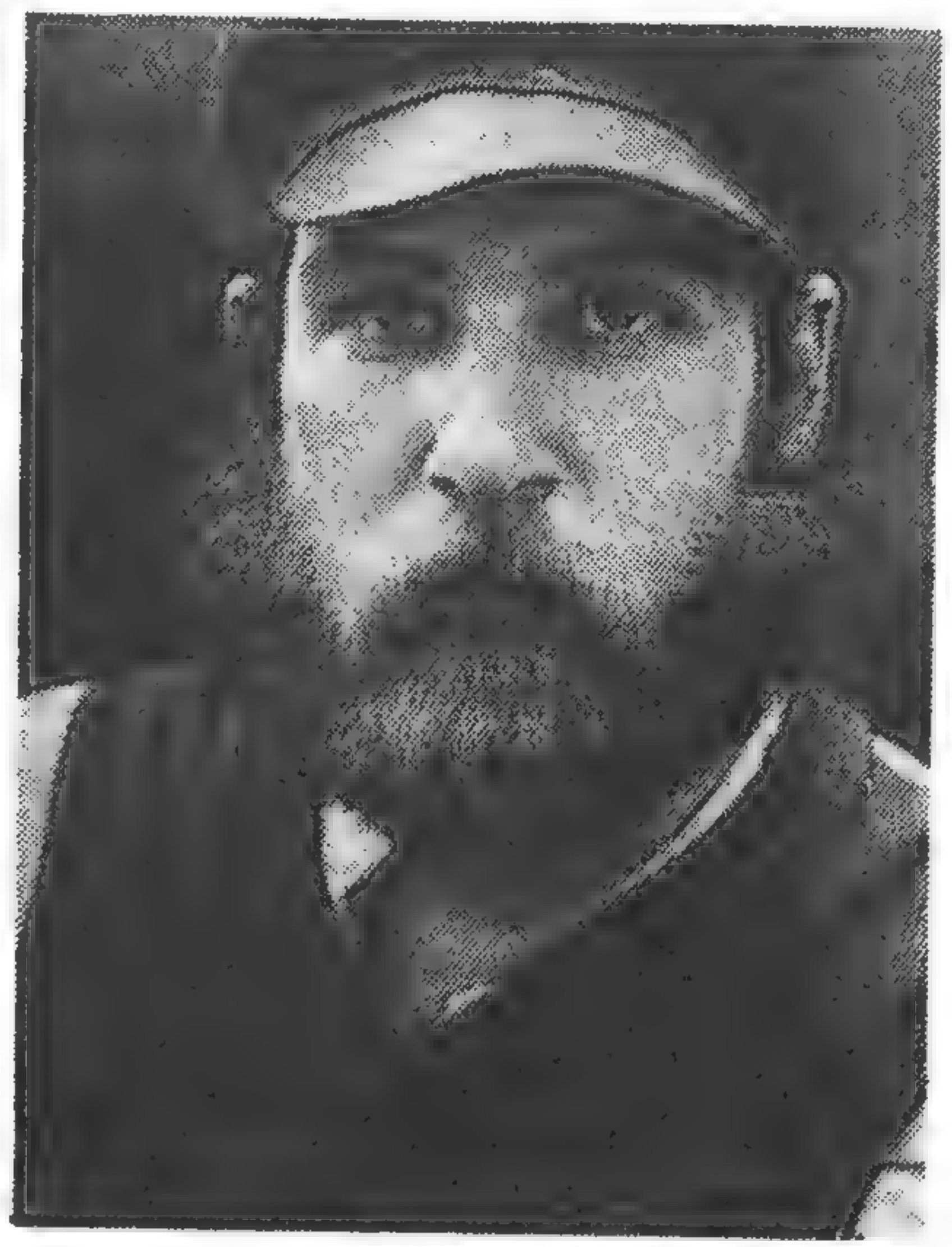
Other famous lives are being examined in new motion pictures. **Chanel Solitaire** recounts designer Coco Chanel's rise to prominence in the Parisian fashion world. Marie-France (**The Other Side of Midnight**) Pisier is the irrepressible Coco; Karen Black plays the elegant courtesan who introduces her designs to upper-class French society. Rutger Hauer co-stars.

Writer/director Joel (**The Competition**) Oliansky will helm **The Charlie Parker Story**. Richard Pryor essays the great jazz saxophonist in the $7 million feature. **The Nat King Cole Story** will star Dorian (**Roots: The Next Generations**) Harewood. Frank Sinatra has the title role in **The Frank Sinatra Story**. Typecast-

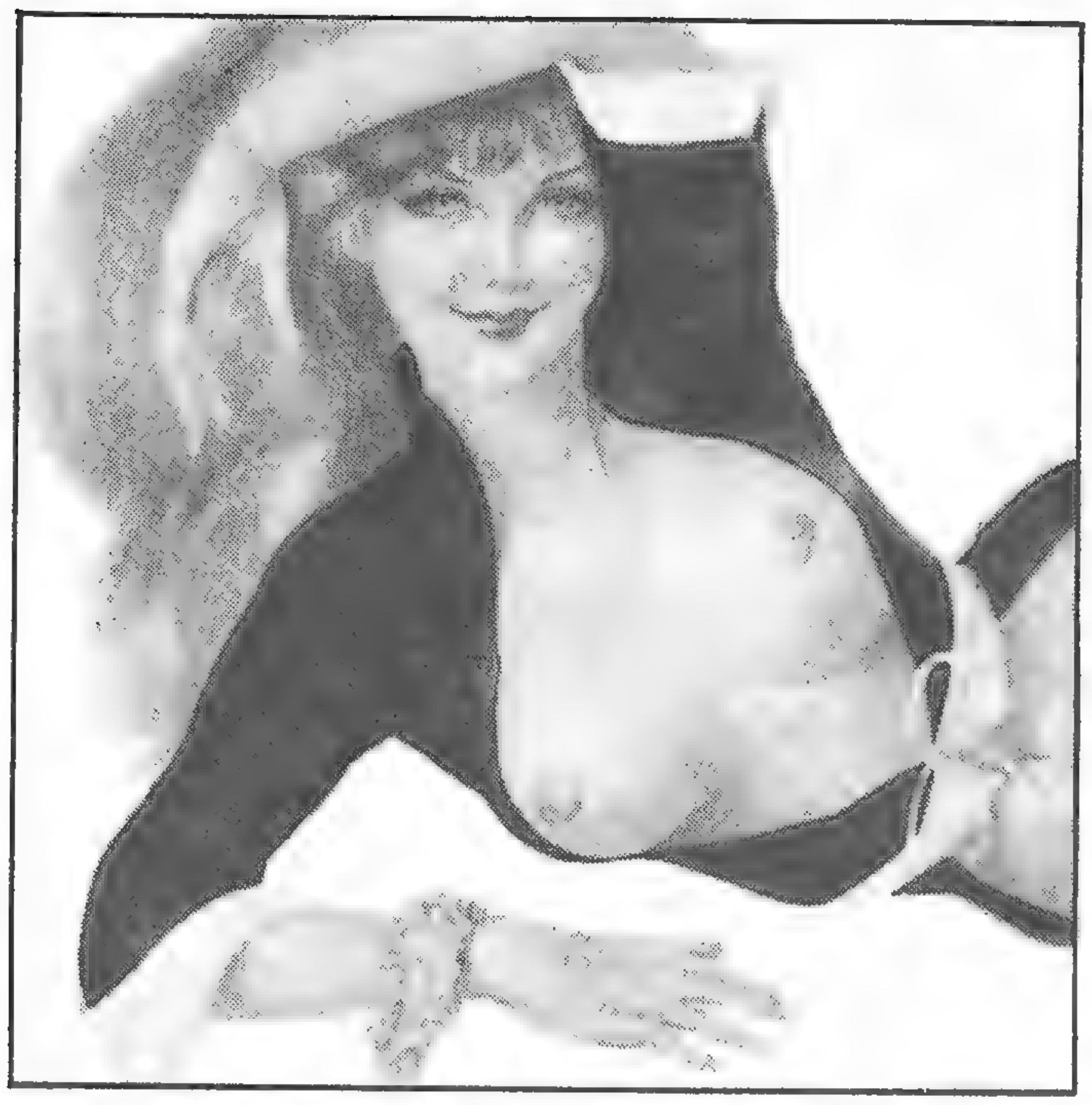
James Cagney

Brad Dourif

Elizabeth McGovern



Mandy Patinkin



VARGAS

The name of Alberto Vargas is synonymous with the American Pin-Up Girl. For six decades, from his Ziegfeld Follies girls to the glamourous *Esquire* ladies to the undressed women of *Playboy*, he has visualized the feminine ideal. **Vargas**, the definitive book packed with over 200 sizzling illustrations —*more than 60 in full color*— traces the career of the talented South American artist, and reveals the secrets of his fabulous painting technique. Available in hardbound at $15.95 or softcover at $9.95. A cornerstone book for every pin-up collector!

A PROVOCATIVE SELECTION OF BOOKS FOR THE PIN-UP COLLECTOR

Bo Derek 1982 Calendar is a new, eye-popping showcase of provocative and playful poses, all reproduced *oversized and in full-color*, to tickle the fancies (and the libidos) of every male who finds Bo a perfect 10. If one picture is worth a thousand words, the new Bo calendar says it all—12 torrid months available at $7.95. It's a visual Bo-nanza!

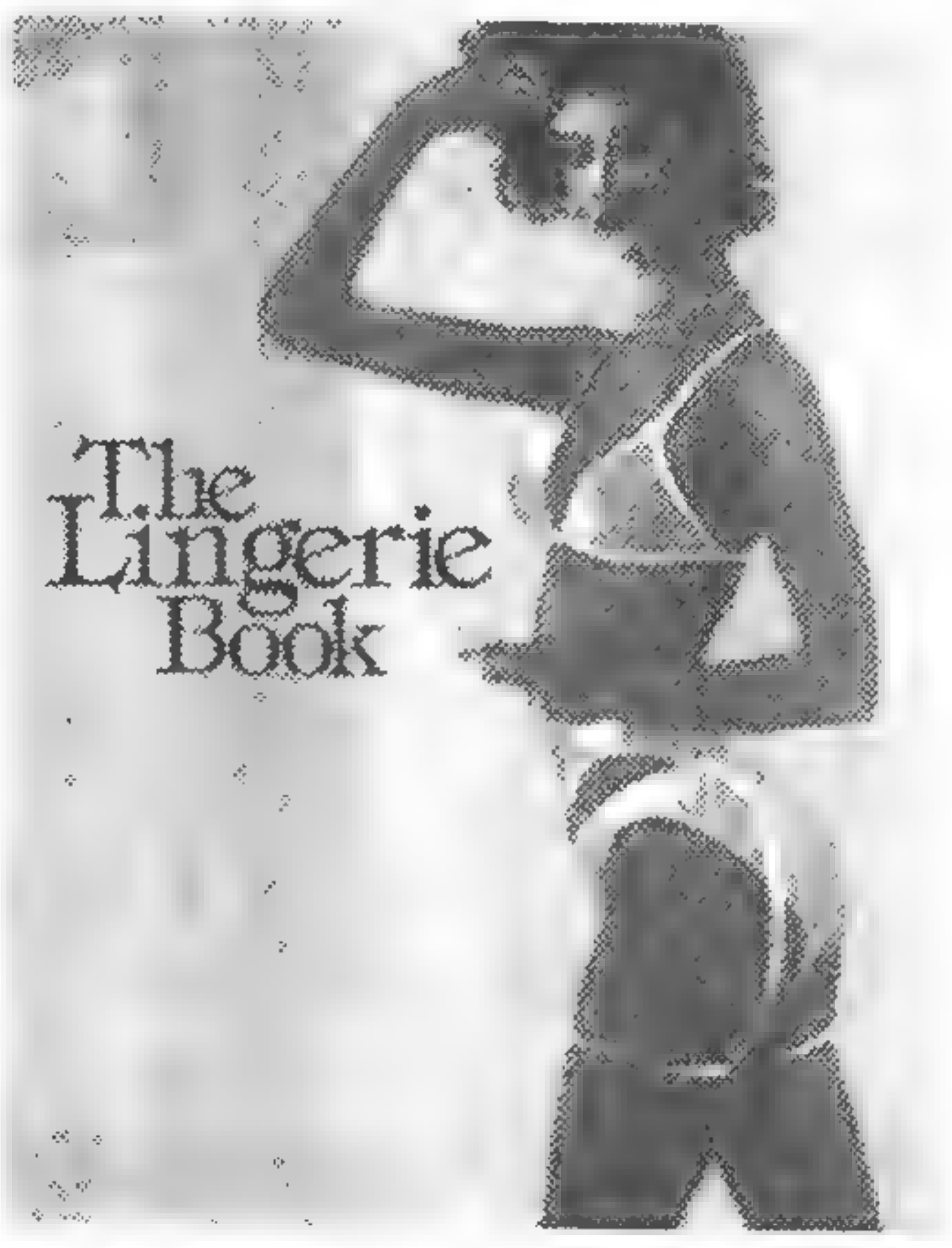
BO
1982
CALENDAR

Alice 2— is fantasy artist Frank Brunner's stunning follow-up to his most popular and successful art portfolio. Six intricately detailed plates take the pixieish, unclad Alice through the make-believe world of Looking Glass Land. The high-quality folder features a tipped-in full color painting with an illustrated envelope. Signed and numbered. $25.00

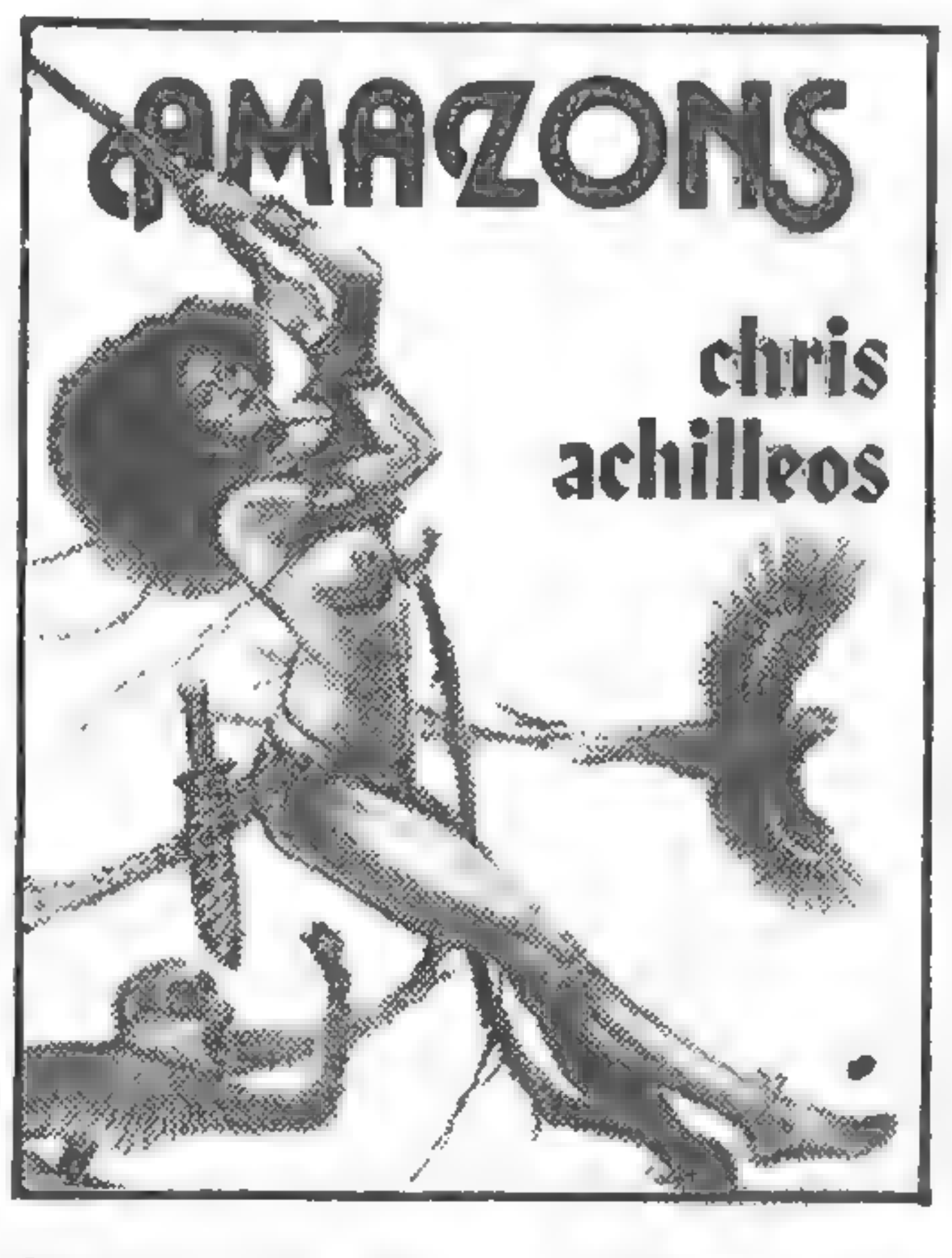
Axa chronicles the perilous adventures of the blonde warrior woman in the post-holocaust age fo 2080. Sex, swordplay, and super-science stand in the way of the naked goddess in her quest for personal freedom. The 68-page volume is *drawn* in the tradition of Modesty Blaise and Barbarella. Delightfully *bizarre and X-rated*, $5.95.

Leg Art is *300 pages* of Hollywood's hottest cheesecake stars in their most provocative poses. From Lili St. Cyr to Marilyn Monroe, from Betty Grable to Raquel Welch, the hefty volume is packed with glamour photos focusing on female gams. Quality reproduction and *thousands of shapely stems* make this sumptuous hardbound volume a torrid treat. $19.95.

The Lingerie Book. From teddies to t-shirts, from garter belts to g-strings, the emphasis here is on the sensual. Sexy undergarments are traced through the decades in the most revealing and intimate photographs—*most in full-color*—which project a fantasy-like, voyeuristic peep show into the undie world. $19.95. Hot stuff! Great visuals!



Bo pays a dazzling pictorial tribute to the lady who showed us how beautiful a "10" can be. Here is Bo doing what she does best—in the sun, in the sand, in the surf. Whether she's in a filmy robe, a wet T-shirt or nothing at all, Bo is radiant with the stuff that has made her America's newest sex goddess. A full-color book without words! $7.95



Amazons is a wild, new portfolio by fantasy artist Chris Achilleos. Eight spectacular full-color plates showcase the female of the species in super-exotic settings and costumes designed to display their ample attributes to the fullest. A new kind of pin-up girl in a high-quality package that combines ultra-realism and bizarre sensuality. $15.00.

Olivia's Cards are a scandalous collection of blank interior greeting cards (with envelopes) featuring the erotic art of Olivia DeBernardinis. The acceptance of her work in contemporary men's magazines has opened the way for this "adult" series of beautiful, kinky, satirical, humorous and sensual reproductions. 20 cards in color. $15.00.

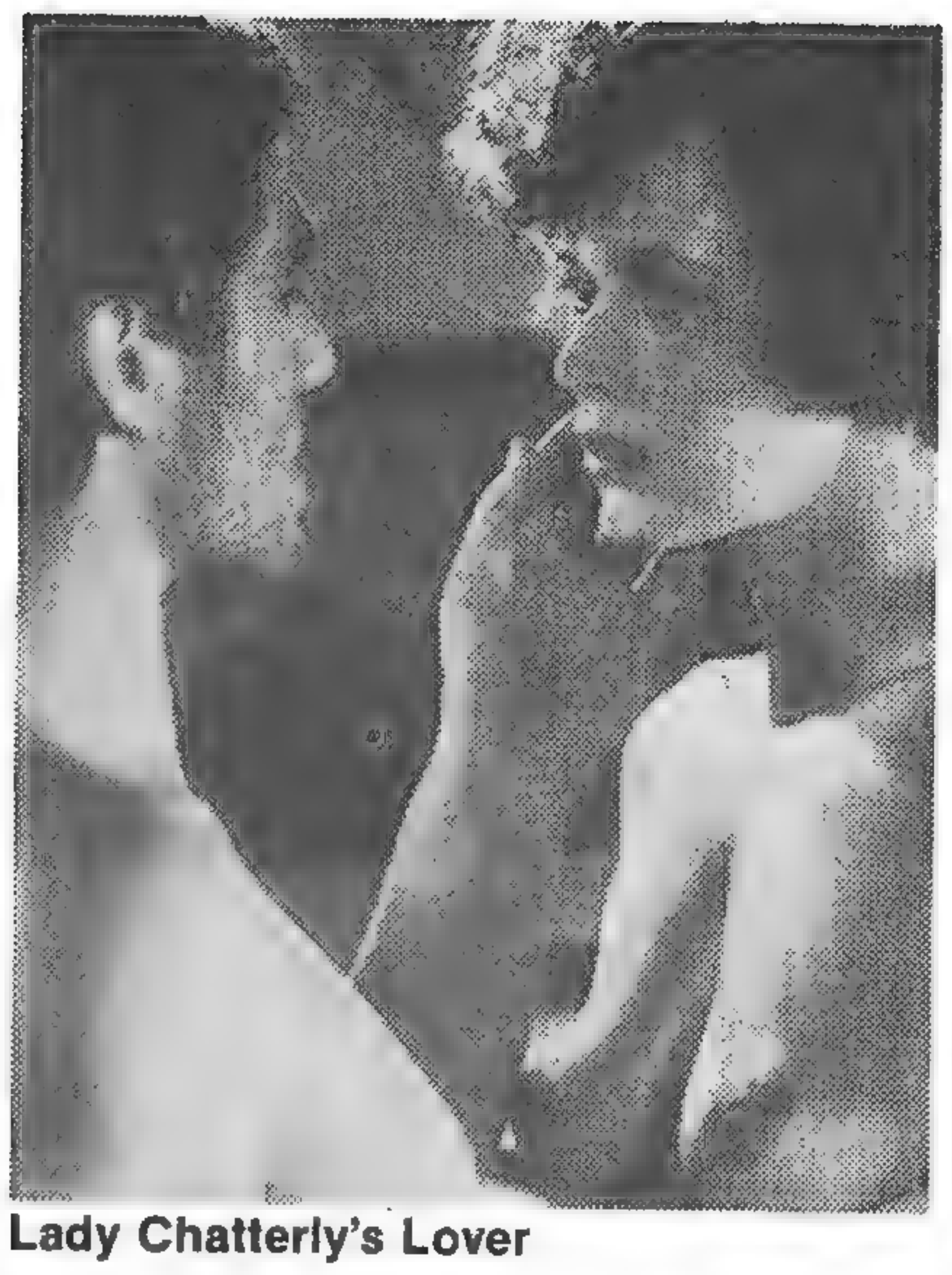
Sweet
Gwendoline

The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline is back in print! Here are four cartoon serials that read like X-rated versions of *The Perils of Pauline*. A dastardly villain, a mysterious countess and a secret agent—all of whom do their best to keep our heroine under wraps—be they leather, rubber, rope or chain. Hardbound with 140 pages, 16 in color. $15.00.

BATHING BEAUTIES

Bathing Beauties is a tantalizing history of female swimwear in a big, oversized 144-page volume. The girls stand out in this photo-record *packed with full-color reproductions*. From revealing one-piece suits to tiny bikinis to even less, all trends are covered—and uncovered—by these delightfully sensuous mermaids. $7.95.

Please see order form on last page under PIN-UP BOOKS and NEW PRODUCTS


Lady Chatterly's Lover

Mommie Dearest

Looker

Wrong is Right

ing? Production, once scheduled for spring, is several years away; biographical research continues.

Sometimes, when the American dream of Tinseltown glory comes true, it proves to be a nightmare. Jessica Lange stars in the $8 million **Frances Farmer Story**, portraying the actress traumatized by her stay at a sanatorium. Cheryl Ladd is the ill-fated **Jean Seberg**, who killed herself, apparently overcome by FBI harassment and other problems. And Jayne Kennedy will topline **The Dorothy Dandridge Story**. The star of **Carmen Jones** and **Porgy and Bess**, Dandridge committed suicide in 1965.

Joan Crawford was a monster.

That's the much-disputed claim of her adopted daughter, Christina Crawford, in the controversial bestseller **Mommie Dearest**. The screen version attempts to balance charges of child abuse and alcoholism with new background material, which helps to explain Crawford's obsessive behavior and love-hate relationship with her children.

Faye Dunaway draws an astonishing portrait of this mother of the year. She spent three hours in make-up daily to literally *become* Joan Crawford. Crew members who had actually worked with Crawford found Dunaway's impersonation hauntingly realistic.

Subliminal seduction is the key to **Looker**, the new Michael Crichton thriller premiering October 23. As with **Westworld**, **The Andromeda Strain** and his other films and novels, Crichton has grounded his narrative firmly in contemporary technology. Here, he unveils a sinister scheme to create mind-manipulating commercials through computer duplication of live human models.

Besides Susan Dey, James Coburn and Leigh Taylor-Young, **Looker** also featured another actor —its writer/director. Albert Finney stars as a plastic surgeon; Crichton plays a patient. However, director Crichton took one look at the rushes, and snip! The cameo ended up on the cutting room floor. "I *didn't* like myself," Crichton confesses.

Next up: Crichton will adapt his latest bestseller **Congo**, for 20th Century-Fox. Production commences in spring 1981 on this tale of "talking" gorillas, unfriendly natives and lost jungle cities laden with diamonds.

After the down-to-earth sensuality of his **Body Heat**, screenwriter Lawrence Kasdan's next assignment returns him to familiar spaces —that galaxy far, far away conceived by George Lucas. Kasdan and Lucas are teaming to script **Revenge of the Jedi**, the third **Star Wars** film (chronologically, number six). Richard (**Eye of the Needle**) Marquand will helm the eagerly-awaited sequel for producer Howard (**Raiders**) Kazanjian. Shooting is slated to begin in January at Elstree Studios with additional location work in Germany, England and North Africa. Mark the release date down; it's May 1983.

The science fiction epic **Dune** is also set to roll next spring in Europe and North Africa. Director Ridley (**Alien**) Scott has departed the Dino DeLaurentiis project, due to scheduling conflicts with **Blade Runner** (see this issue's photoprevue). **Dune** author Frank Herbert is delighted by Scott's replacement—David Lynch, well-known for **The Elephant Man** and an unearthly cult favorite, **Eraserhead**.

Disney continues to emphasize the fantastic with **Total Recall**, based on Philip K. Dick's *We Can Remember It for You Wholesale*. It's produced and scripted by those ubiquitous **Alien** guys, Ronald Shusett and Dan O'Bannon, who has considered directing the $15 million drama (**PREVUE** 42). Both writers have other projects: Shusett penned a thriller, **Three Blind Mice**, which marks Samuel Z. (ex-American International Pictures) Arkoff's return to independent production; O'Bannon and Don Jacoby collaborated on **Sorcerer's Apprentice**, which *may* star Dan Aykroyd as the flunkie of a dead wizard who faces his master's magical foes. A second O'Bannon-Jacoby script, **Blue Thunder**, revs up in October, under John (**Saturday Night Fever**) Badham. In a Los Angeles ravaged by racial unrest and intense pollution later this decade, Roy Scheider is a supercop who flies a special LAPD helicopter. It's a high-tech eye in the sky which allows the police unprecedented visual and aural observation of life below—even *inside* buildings. Big brother is watching—from a whirlybird.

LA law enforcement is more down to earth in Michael Winner's sequel, **Death Wish II**. Paul Kersey (Charles Bronson) has moved to West Coast, only to be victimized again by urban violence. Kersey retaliates by dealing death to muggers, punks and other assorted lowlife. Criminals, LA cops and Lieutenant Ochoa (Vincent Gardenia)—who covered up Kersey's activities in the original film—are all out for the vigilante's blood. (**PREVUE** visits the set and talks to Michael Winner next issue.)

With **Outland** over and **The Time Bandits** in the can, Sean Connery isn't wasting any time. "I just finished work on **Wrong is Right** for writer/director Richard (**Looking for Mr. Goodbar**) Brooks," he told **PREVUE**. "I play a newscaster, a journalist with his own roving TV show, who's involved with international terrorists. He's a cross between Ernest Hemingway and Barbara Walters.

"It's one of those films that will get many different labels. Even Brooks himself couldn't decide what it is.

"We worked a great deal on the shape, trimming 280 pages into 130 pages. We shot like cinema verite, very speedy. We'll be able to describe it later after it's put together."

The real trick in filmmaking is putting together the right star and the right property. Currently touted are Richard Gere in **Bent** and **Night Letter**; Robert DeNiro in **Weeds** and **The Moe Berg Story**; John Belushi in **Alley Oop** and **The Living End** (as God); Burt Lancaster as **Jolly Roger —Son of the Crimson Pirate**; Omar Sharif in **The Cowboy and the Cossack**; Diane Keaton in **Final Payments**, **Switching** and **A New Wife**; Dustin Hoffman in **Kramer vs. Kramer II**; Paul Williams in **The Wizard of Id**; Brooke Shields in **Sweet Justice** and **Blue Lagoon II**; Clint Eastwood in **Honkytonk Man**, **Buckaroo Banzai** and **The Lion of Ireland**; and Sylvester Stallone in **A Streetcar Named Desire**. Many are announced, but few get made—at least, with the same stars.

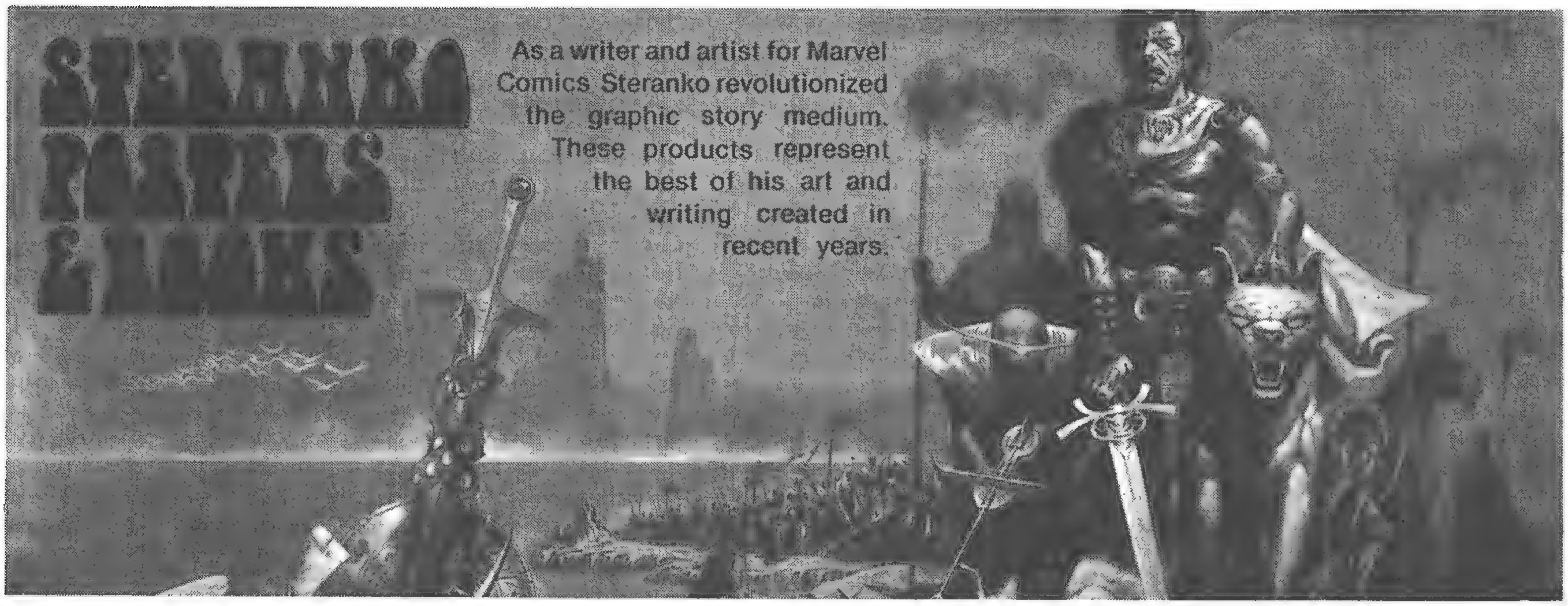
Burt Reynold's next drama, **Sharky's Machine**, based on the William Diehl bestseller, premieres December 18. John Boorman was originally set to direct, but bowed out to finish post-production on **Excalibur**, leaving the directorial reins in Reynold's hands.

Broadway's **Best Little Whorehouse in Texas** is in production, teaming singing sheriff Burt with dancing madam Dolly Parton for bawdy musical comedy. Next on the star's shooting schedule are **Best Friends** with Goldie Hawn and **Bogart Slept Here**, a Neil Simon project which aborted after a few days' filming with Robert DeNiro several years ago (**The Goodbye Girl** was later written as its *prequel*). Reynolds will follow with Robert Ludlum's **The Bourne Identity** in 1983.

In his latest romantic comedy, **Paternity**, Reynolds portrays entertainment impresario Buddy Evans, a bachelor who has everything—wine, women, wealth—except kids. Vowing to remain an unmarried father, Evans searches for the perfect surrogate mother who'll bear his child (for $25,000) and then disappear. And, which star is it: Beverly D'Angelo? Lauren Hutton? Elizabeth Ashley? First-time director David Steinberg helps provide the answer in this October release.

The fantastic intermingles with the erotic in a remake of **The Cat People**, the classic 1942 horror film produced by Val Lewton and directed by Jacques Tourneur. Paul (**American Gigolo**) Schrader helms the new version from an Alan Ormsby script which preserves some original sequences while adding a new storyline and modern, sexually graphic aspects. The ravishing Nastassia (**Tess**) Kinski portrays the cat-

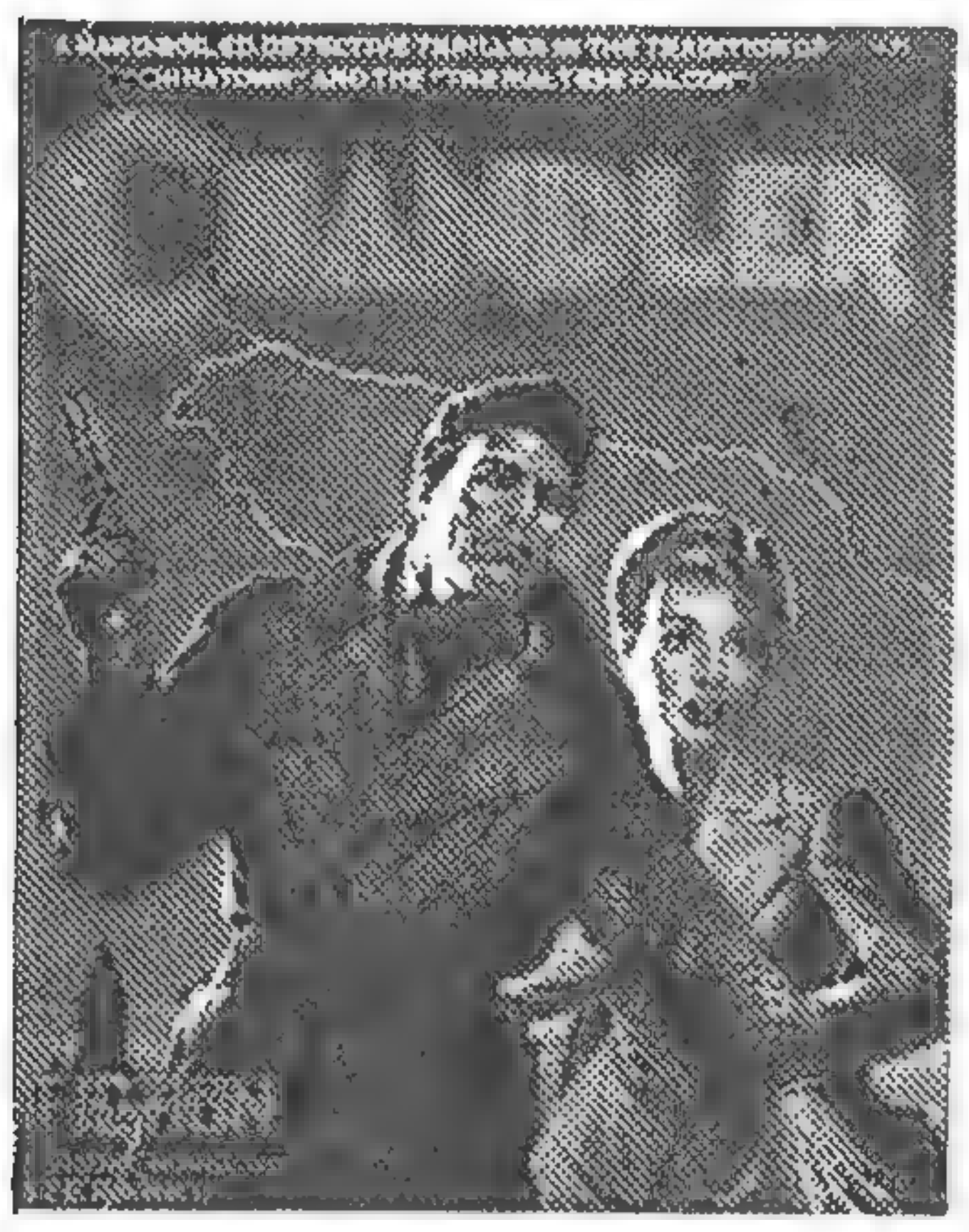
(continued on page 76)



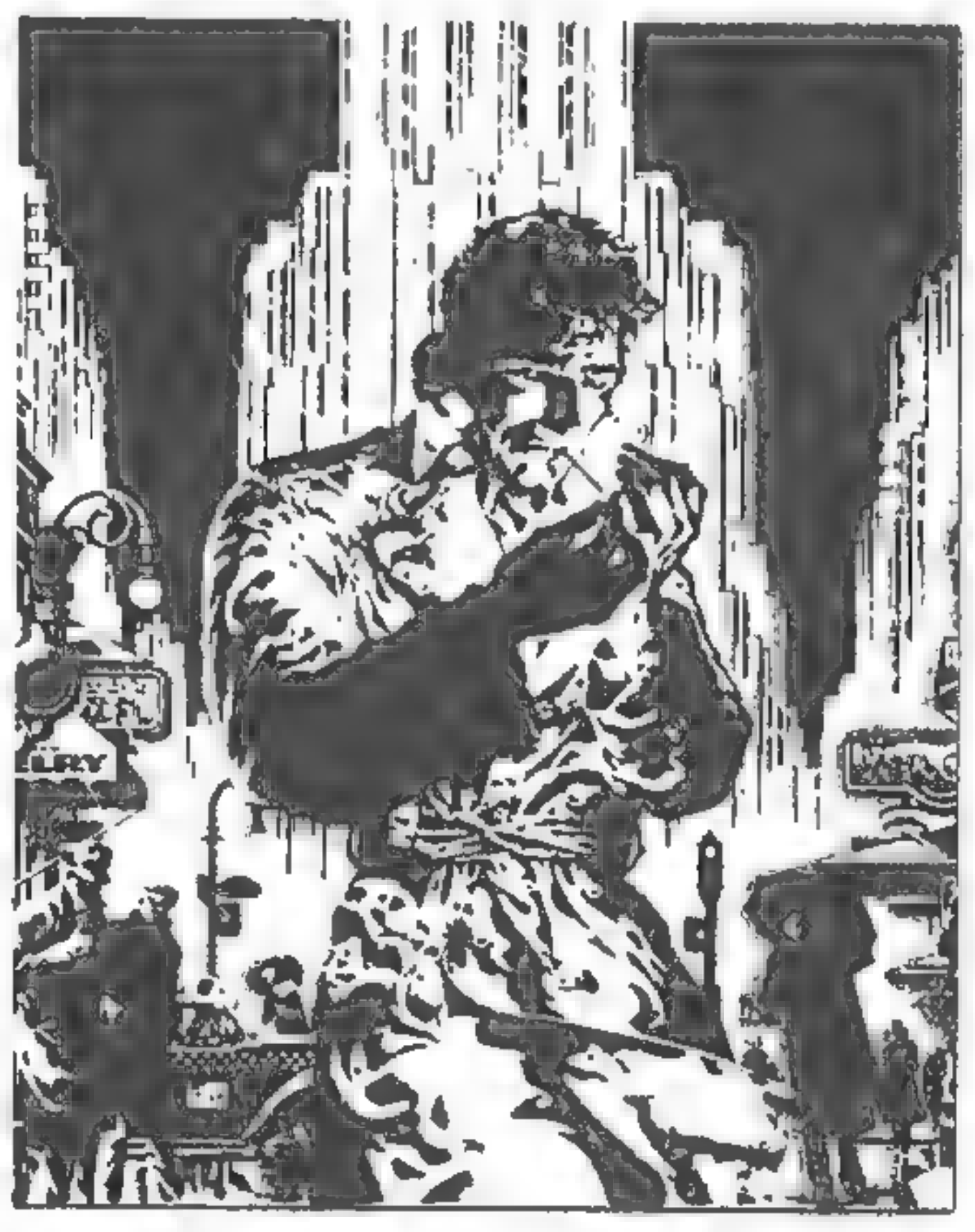
STERANKO POSTERS & BOOKS

As a writer and artist for Marvel Comics Steranko revolutionized the graphic story medium. These products represent the best of his art and writing created in recent years.

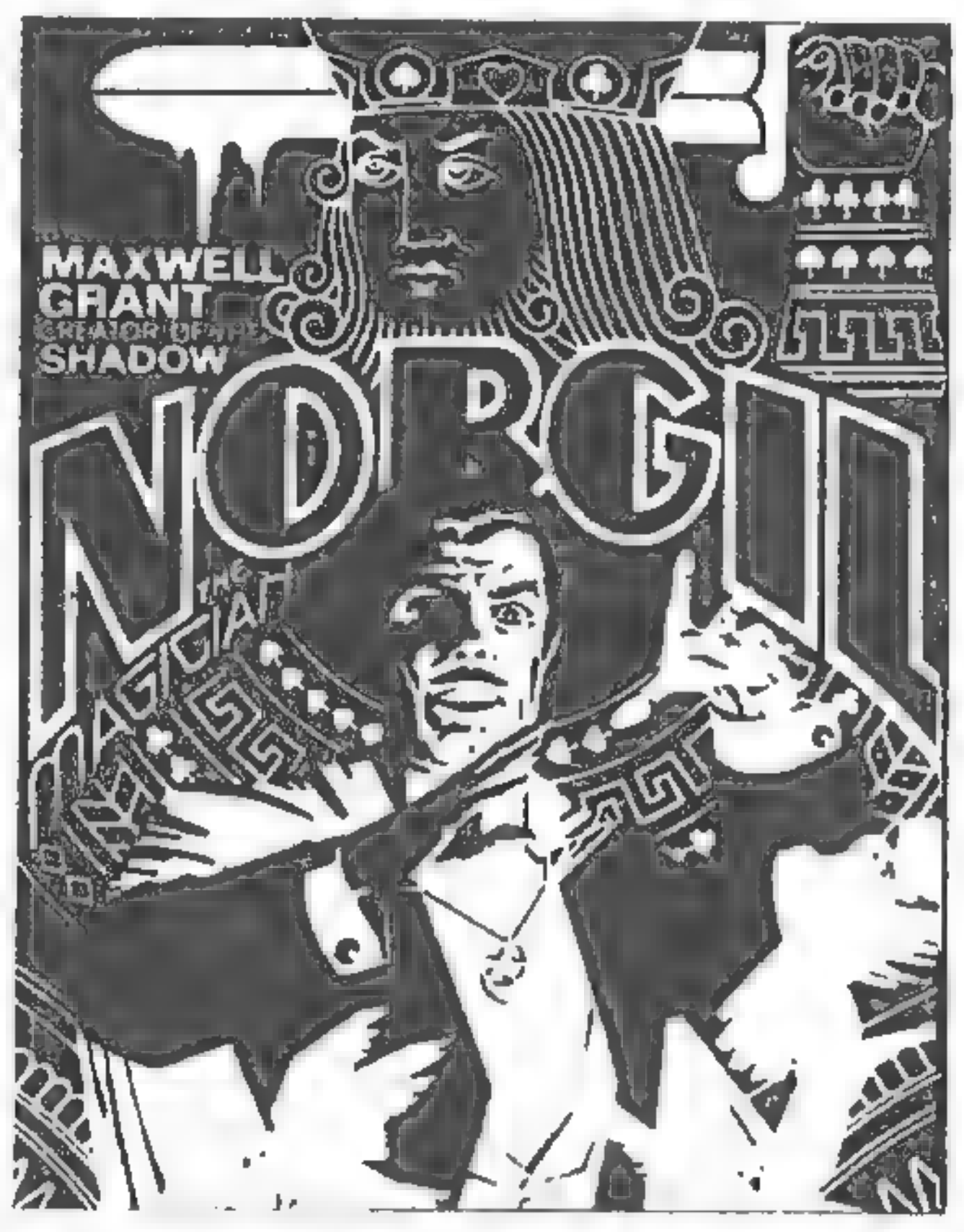
Chandler is an innovative graphic novel, written and illustrated by Steranko, recreating the tradition of the tough, hard-boiled private eye. A wraparound cover encloses this lightning-paced, 128-page, full-color thriller. Available in three formats—*Digest*, $1.00. Oversize *Deluxe Edition*, $5.00. *Autographed Bookplate Edition*, $7.50.



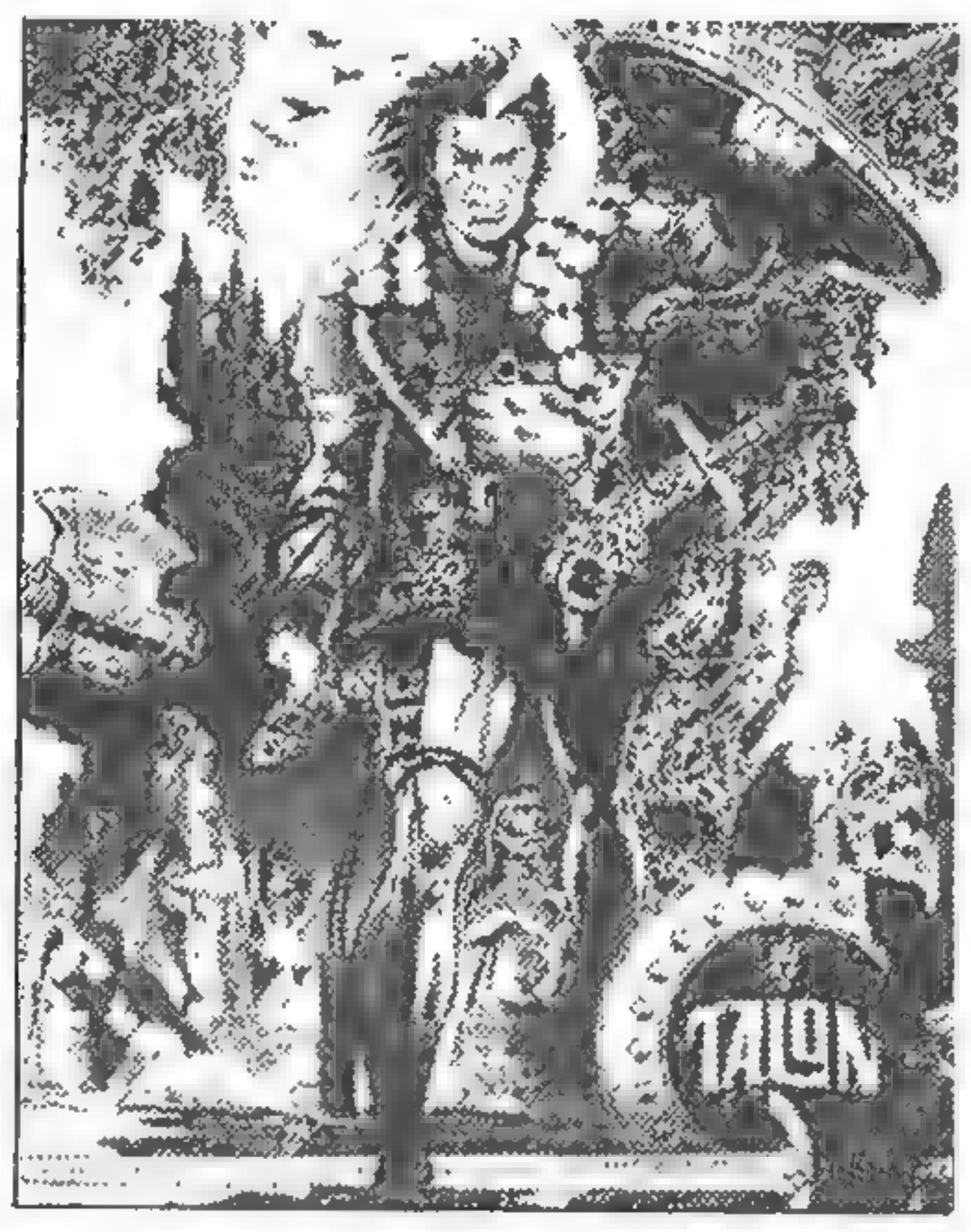
The Chandler Poster—the essence of hard-boiled art—a giant 24×36″ black-and-white poster, hand-signed by Steranko. Out of the night, alone against the raging storm, seeking to unravel the secret lives hidden in the shadowy underworld of violence, a neon carnival of blackmailers, grafters and gunmen—tough as brass knuckles—*Chandler*. $6.00.



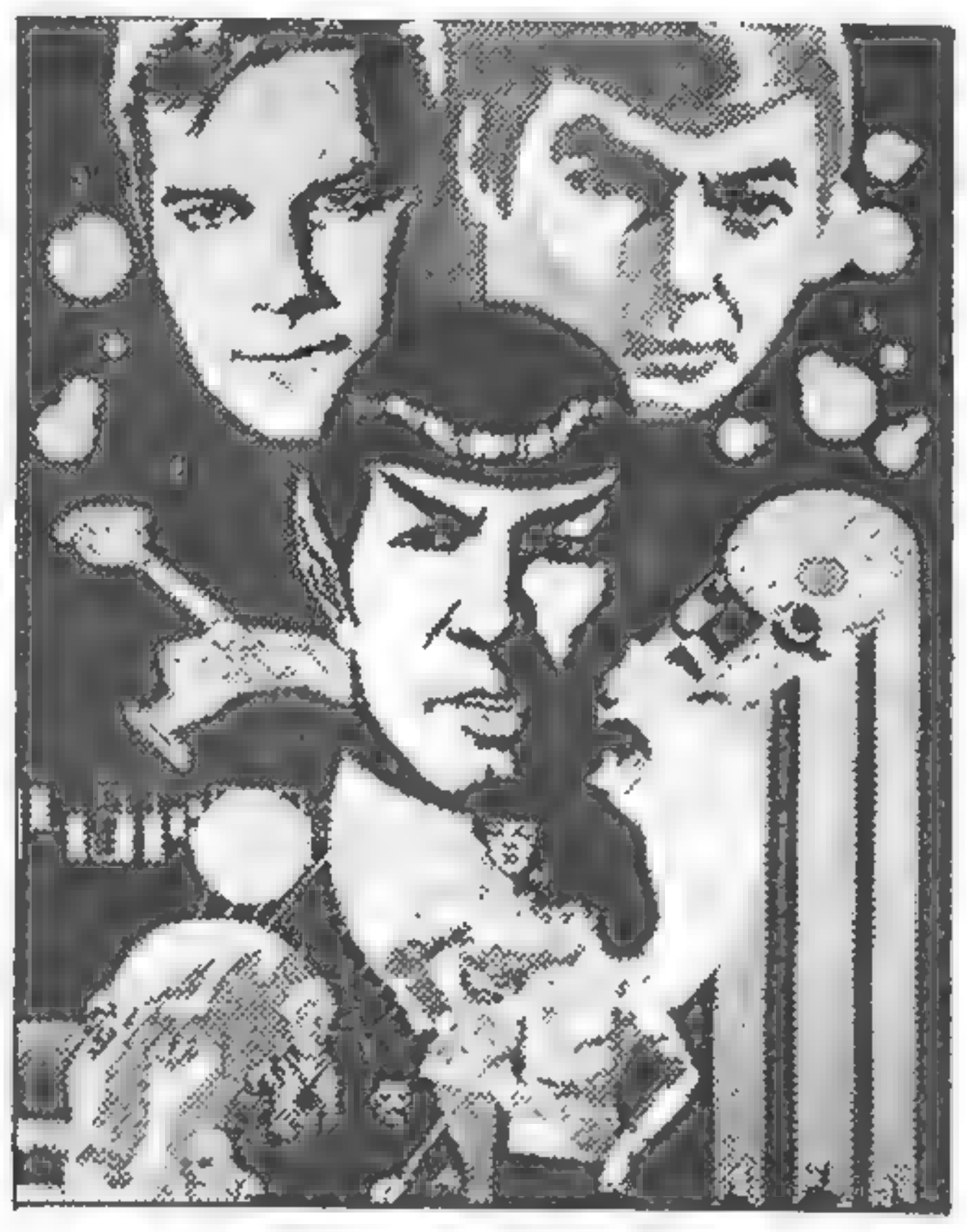
The Norgil Poster—a color creation by Steranko, illustrating Walter Gibson's famous magician/crimebuster from the pulp era. 19×25″ in size, Steranko's art captures the special flavor of the supreme sorcerer/sleuth. Available in a special signed and numbered edition, limited to 250 copies, *autographed by both Steranko and Gibson*. $12.50.

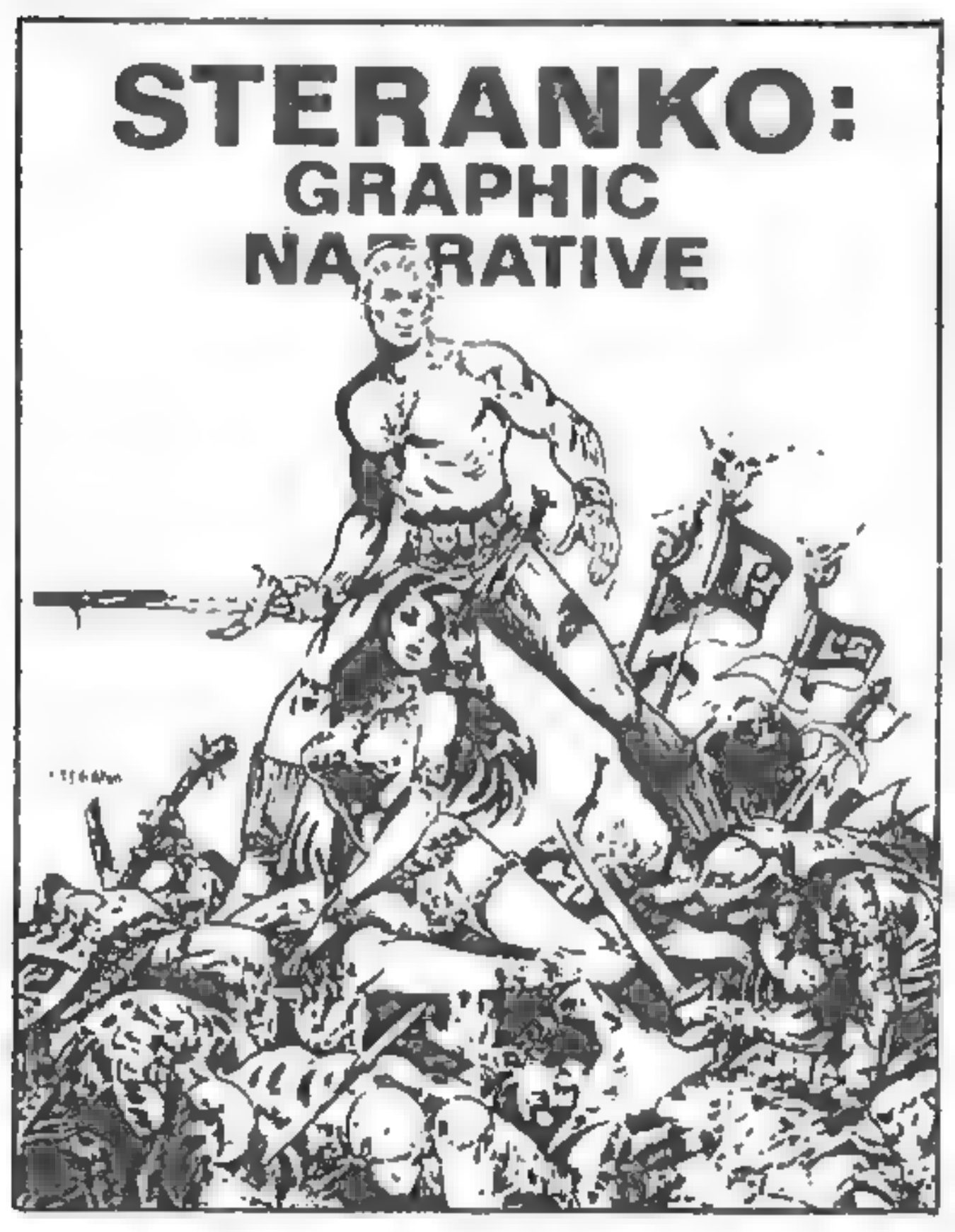


The Talon Poster is a giant 23×32″ full-color print, with the shattering impact of a battle-ax. *Talon*, garbed in full barbaric raiment, strides forcefully from the center of the poster, out of a fantastic world of demons, magicians and naked slave girls, right into your room. *Talon*, Steranko's sensational sword & sorcery answer to Conan. $2.00.

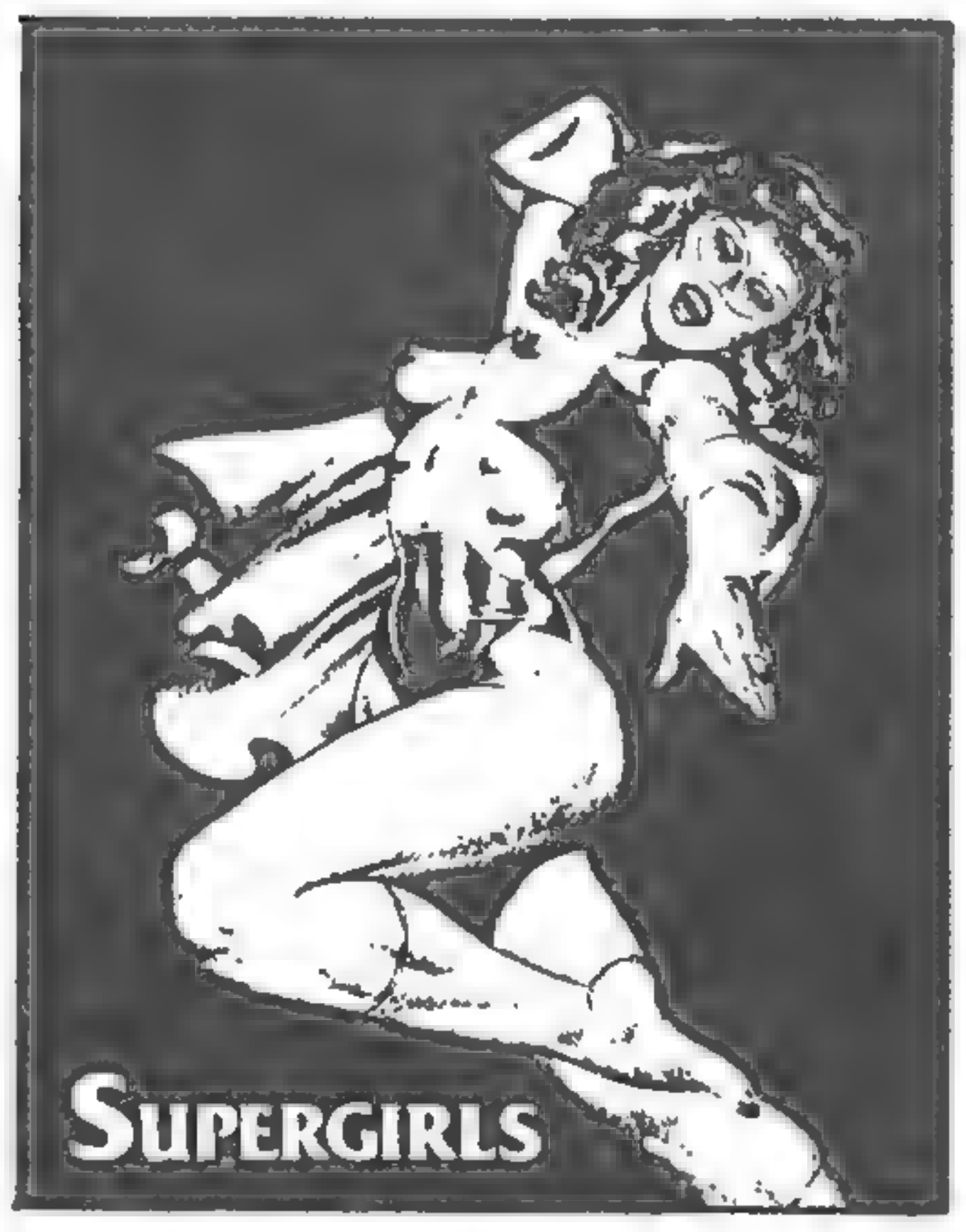


The Starship Crew Poster is a graphic galactic adventure—a mind-blowing trek to the incredible reaches of the far future, guaranteed to take you boldly *where no man has gone before*. Designed by Steranko, this 23×32″ visual blockbuster is a fabulous full-color time-capsule that will give your eyeballs Andromeda strain. Beam it in! $2.00.





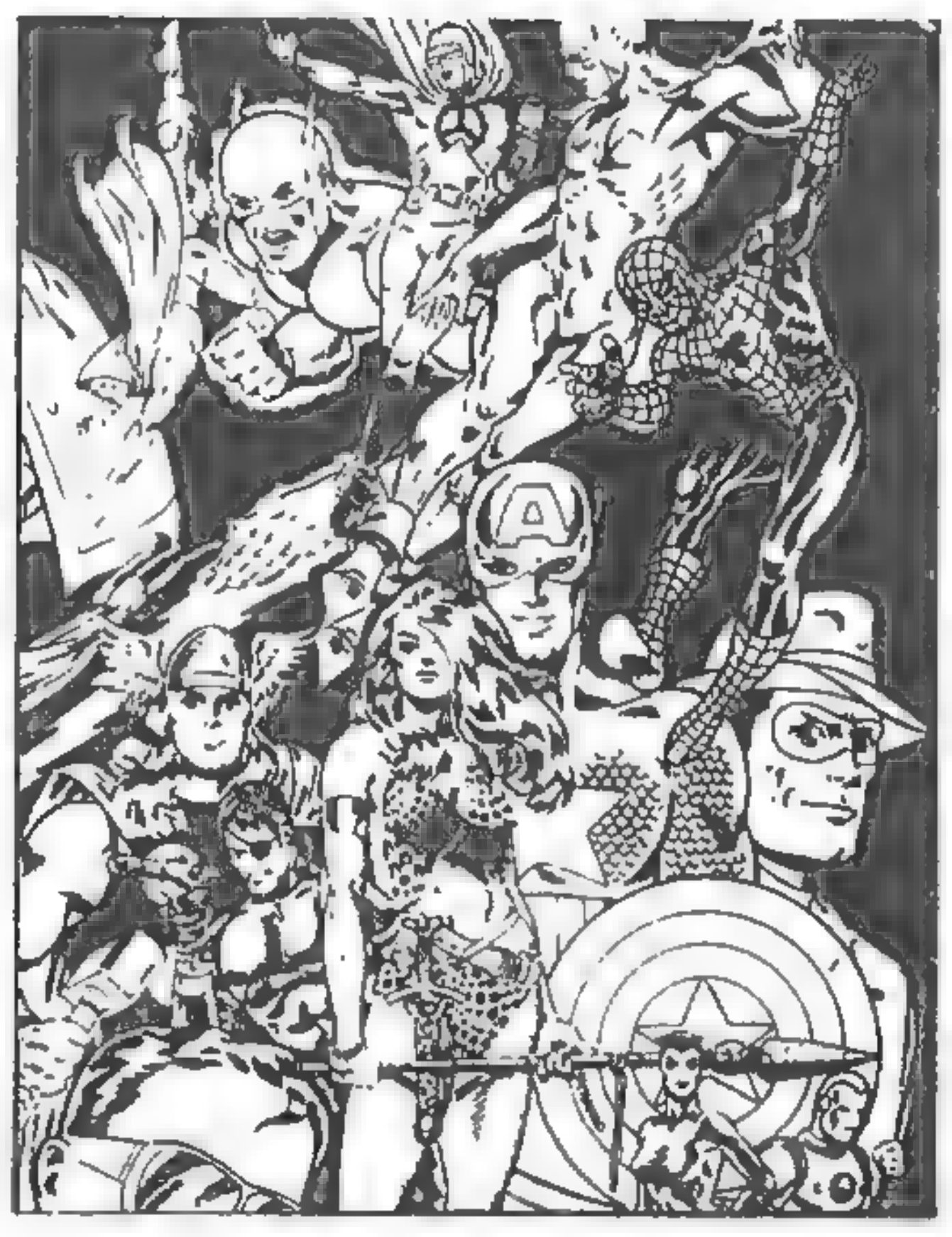
Graphic Narrative is an exhaustive, 128-page volume that explores the work of one of Marvel's most innovative artists, Jim Steranko. It explains all his drawing techniques and tricks, the cinematic approach and special effects. Steranko unlocks the *real* secrets of comic storytelling that every artist *must* know. The only book of its kind! $20.00



The Supergirls Calendar—a deadly dozen demure but devilish damsels in a giant 10½×18″ format featuring a super spectrum of scintillating colors. Lovingly rendered by Steranko, The Supergirls are for those who like *women in their comics*. Twelve terrific temptresses—an expired calendar, an inspired collector's item. $4.00.

UNSEEN SHADOWS

Unseen Shadows is a 64-page collection of 50 detailed pencil renderings which were the preliminary drawings for Steranko's series of Shadow paperback cover paintings. Each is reproduced in its *original size*, including many which were never used. Two full-color paintings grace the covers in both paper, $4.00, and signed hardback, $12.00.



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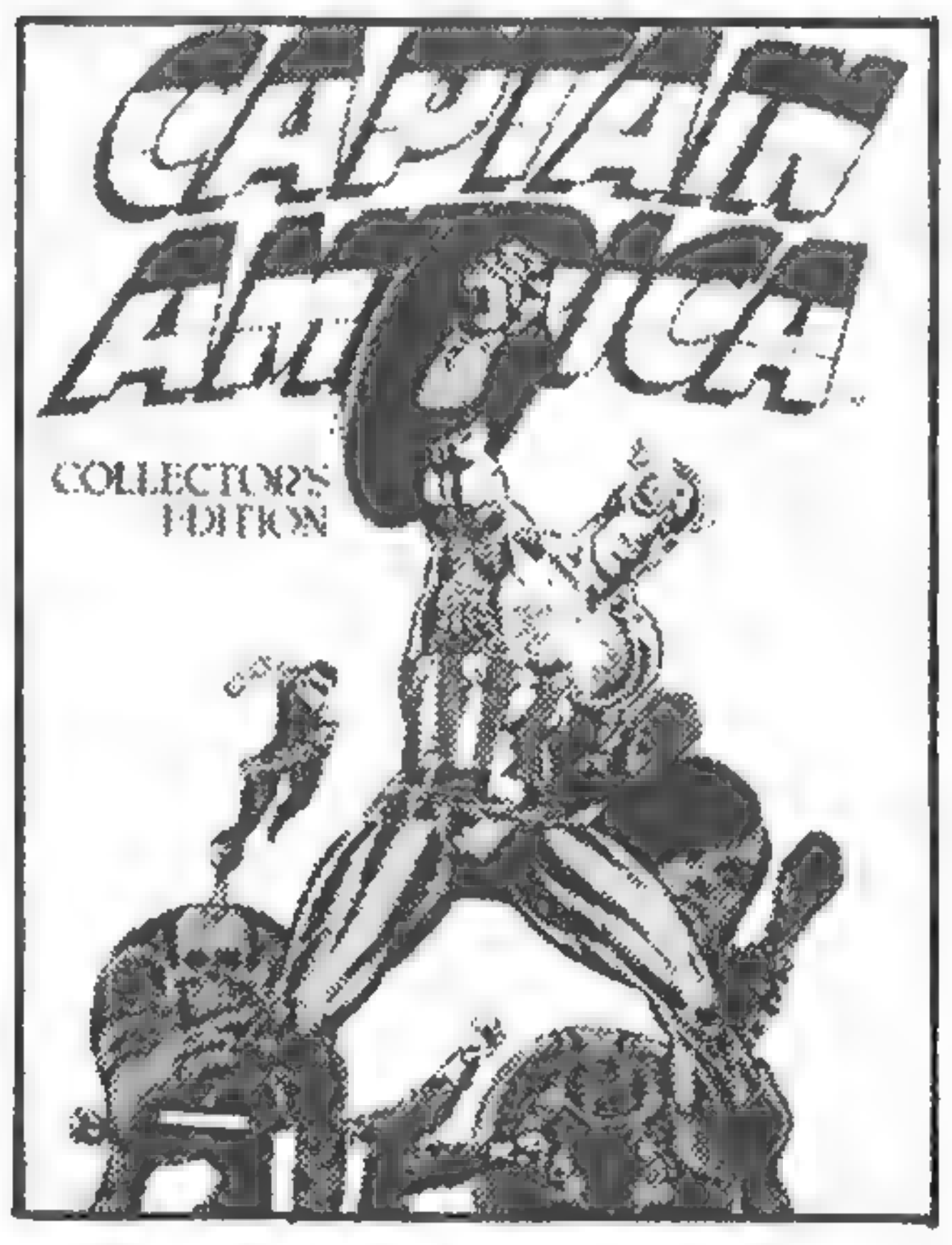

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Annie

ON LOCATION WITH ANNIE IN THE BIG APPLE

FILM FEATURE BY DAVID McDONNELL

New York City, Fifth Avenue and First Street, lengthening shadows, roofs that scrape the darkening June sky. The big parade goes on, pausing momentarily for a street musician or to lose a few bucks at three-card monte. Some passers-by stop to watch a movie musical being made.

The avenue is cluttered with the paraphernalia of the film world: tripods, lights, miles of cable. Nearby trucks laden with more equipment are being unloaded, while technicians surround the lunch wagon, catching a last-minute meal before the real work begins.

Tonight's filming utilizes the historic Washington Mews complex. Originally a stable for the horses and carriages of Washington Square residents, the landmark area has been a residential tract since the '20s. Today, gaslight lamps have been added to the cobblestone streets, with a grey, vine-covered gateway facade erected at the entrance. The area has been transformed into the exterior of New York's Municipal Orphanage, Girls' Annex, circa 1933.

"They must be filming a gangster movie," someone says. Grouped behind a barrier of flimsy ropes and sturdy policemen, another onlooker disagrees. "No," he states with great affection, "they're filming **Annie**."

As American as apple pie, **Annie** has been with us since 1924, when her comic strip adventures began. Her creator, Harold Gray, imbued the spunky orphan with conservative ideals, a sense of fair play and blind—*no eyeballs!*—faith in capitalism. She fought crooks and Commies in the comics, spawned a myriad of shake-up mugs and games, and wandered through her own radio series.

The strip declined in the '60s, settling into reprint obscurity with Gray's death in 1968. (Leonard Starr has since revitalized the feature with new material.) In 1971, a collection of vintage strips, **Little Orphan Annie: Her Life and Hard Times**, gave an idea to theatrical director and lyricist Martin Charnin: translate the auburn-haired heroine to the musical stage. Five years later, Charnin's collaboration with scenarist Thomas Meehan and composer Charles (**Bye, Bye Birdie**) Strouse, made history. **Annie** opened on Broadway in April, 1977 to a fusillade of applause.

Hollywood was next in line. Columbia Pictures bought movie rights for a record $9.5 million, assigning screenwriter Carol Sobieski and director Randal (**Grease**) Kleiser to the project. When the latter departed due to creative differences, producer Ray Stark asked John Huston, Oscar-winning director of **The Maltese Falcon**, to take the helm. **Annie** marks Huston's directorial debut on a musical *at age 75*.

The film's creative team added a different emphasis to the stage storyline: "**Annie** is basically a love story," Stark explains, "about a little orphan girl who dreams, then lives the impossible dream—and of Daddy Warbucks, who is shown by Annie that there are things in life besides money and power. **Annie** is the story of the love that grows between these two unlikely people."

The indispensable ingredient for the film's eventual success is Annie herself. Finding the perfect orphan proved to be an ardurous task. Over 20,000 photos and 8,000 children were interviewed in a year-long, 22-city search throughout America, London and Toronto. About 500 candidates were videotaped for review, then the field was whittled down to nine. Three were screen-tested, with the winning nod going to Aileen Quinn of Yardley, Pennsylvania, an orphan understudy from the Broadway company. Her contract, significantly, contains an option for a sequel. The eight other finalists appear as orphans in the film.

Supporting the new Annie is a brilliant, multitalented cast. Each member is, to say the least, a veteran showstopper. Daddy Warbucks, the richest man in the world, is British actor Albert Finney, who achieved international prominence in **Tom Jones**. His head was *entirely* shaved for the part.

Ann Reinking portrays his private secretary, Grace Farrell, who secretly loves her wealthy employer. Reinking is the beautiful, high-kicking dancer seen as Joe Gideon's girl friend in **All That Jazz**.

Added to the film's cast is the faithful Punjab, who served Warbucks for more than half a century in the comic strip, only to be ignominiously dropped from the stage musical. The role went to Geoffrey Holder, Broadway director and choreographer who haunted James Bond as Baron Samedi in **Live and Let Die**. The Asp, also trimmed from the stage **Annie**, is back, as played by Roger Minami.

The bad guys are equally formidable. Carol Burnett appends another memorable characterization to a long career of TV and film triumphs. She is the delightfully wicked Miss Hannigan, the orphanage taskmistress who *despises* little girls.

Rooster Hannigan, her shady sibling, is played by Tim Curry, the infamous Dr. Frank N. Furter of **The Rocky Horror Picture Show**. Portraying Lily St. Regis, Rooster's floozy girlfriend, is Bernadette Peters.

Production began on April 29, with six weeks of locations in New York and at Monmouth College in Long Branch, New Jersey. Monmouth's administration building doubled as Daddy Warbuck's Fifth Avenue Mansion. The former private home, built in 1928 for $10.5 million, hosts 130 rooms and 19 baths, making it an appropriate residence for any billionaire. Interiors and musical production numbers were completed on Hollywood soundstages in two additional months of filming. Assistant director Jerry Zeismer reports, "**Annie** is costing about $38 million going in and *may* end up at $42 million."

Annie's shooting schedule was originally accelerated to avoid a Directors Guild strike (later averted). A prolonged walkout *could* have fattened the film's hefty budget, causing other continuity problems with a maturing ten-year-old Aileen Quinn, who has reportedly grown two inches since signing for the role in January.

Speed was of the essence, including that Manhattan evening as the crew sets up their equipment, a laborious process lasting three hours. Director John Huston soon arrives in a limosine, and takes his place in a canvas chair next to the camera. A video monitor stands nearby, enabling him to watch all footage as it is shot and allow for instant replay.

The orphans stroll onto location, dressed in institutional rags. They find their marks for the "big breakout" sequence: the orphans have just overheard Rooster Hannigan's nefarious plans. Horrified, they escape from the orphanage to warn Annie, scurrying down the cobblestone streets and out the

Can an orphan and her dog find happiness in a multi-million dollar Hollywood musical?

forbidding gate to confront a restaurant canopy emblazoned, "One Fifth Avenue."

"One Fifth Avenue!?" one orphan exclaims. "We're on the right street."

"Annie lives at 986 Fifth Avenue," another adds.

"Oh, boy! Only 85 more blocks to go!"

The smallest orphan climbs onto a bigger one, and off they go, past smartly-clad pedestrians, to begin the long trek to the Warbucks mansion. The actual journey will intercut real (New York) and *ersatz* (a special $1 million New York street erected in Hollywood) locations, blending them to create one cohesive setting.

After several takes from two camera set-ups (a master shot and close-ups), the company breaks for lunch and the move to the next location, 40 blocks up Fifth Avenue, the New York Public Library at 42nd Street. There, after midnight, a team of city workmen toil, with jackhammers in hand, composing an impromptu urban cacaphony while digging up the street.

The movie company is much quieter. A giant crane removes modern street lights from the area and substitutes their smaller ancestors. Technicians place an antique stoplight, colored depression green, in front of the library. Old newspaper clippings are pasted over 1981 announcements on the prominent wooden bulletin board. A motorcade from another era drives by.

John Huston appears and takes his chair. Minutes later, another limosine glides up to discharge another well-known personality—a thinner, tanned, white-jacketed John Belushi, who amiably greets friends from among the crew. Belushi is excited to meet the legendary director and they chat about moviemaking. Carol Burnett settles into her canvas chair. Occasionally, Belushi waves to a tall man with short, bleached-blond hair and glasses who is standing 15 feet away. The man shakes his head, content to remain, in rolled-up shirt sleeves, on the sidelines —virtually unrecognized as Dan Aykroyd. The two are co-starring in another film, **Neighbors**, shooting on Staten Island.

With the street repair crew gone, filming resumes with a complicated scene to be shot in four segments. The orphans wearily stumble up the Public Library steps and sit down (long shot). After a 40-block walk, they're ready to give up without reaching the Warbucks Mansion. They vote on the idea (medium shot and close-ups). Suddenly, they spy Annie's dog and call him, "Here, Sandy!" He bounds over to be petted (another medium shot).

These segments, with the library in the background, are accomplished quickly, delayed only by Huston's deft compositional placement of his child stars. The opposite scene, facing away from the library, is a more complex master shot, complete with background traffic and pedestrian extras.

As the orphans sit on the steps, an old pick-up truck stops at the light. They see Sandy, who's riding in the rear; they *don't* see who's sandwiched in the cab. Bernadette Peters is driving, with her "husband" Tim Curry clutching Annie (a stunt double) beside her, and Carol Burnett packed in the passenger seat, one leg hanging out the window. The orphans call Sandy, who leaps from the truck. Then, thanks to a prop man and his control box, the light changes, and the vehicle speeds off.

A problem develops. "Arf! Arf!" It's Sandy. Annie's canine companion is a five-year-old Otterhound named Bingo who has a keen sense of smell and a sad, worldweary face. Unfortunately, he is nearly deaf and sometimes unable to comprehend oral commands.

Called by the orphans in take after take, a confused Bingo hesitates too long before he leaps, thereby holding up the stoplight and lengthening the shot. Dawn is less than a half-hour away for this important night scene, and the next take *still* isn't quite right. Bernadette Peters again gets out of the truck; another driver backs it up to the start spot. Other antique autos, a double-decker bus and a dozen odd extras are repositioned. With an eye on the clock, the director calls for action. The truck arrives. The orphans yell. And Bingo vaults from the vehicle. Perfect!

Shooting wraps at 4:50 AM Thursday, minutes *before* sunrise.

While opening up the action to take advantage of New York's lights and sites, the film still adheres to the stage storyline. Annie lives at Miss Hannigan's orphanage, constantly dreaming that her parents will come to reclaim her, constantly trying to escape from the institution. During one unsuccessful attempt, she befrends Sandy (who inspired a new tune, *Dumb Dog*).

Secretary Grace Farrell chooses Annie to be Daddy Warbuck's guest orphan for the weekend, a press agent's suggestion to improve the billionaire's public image. Expecting a young boy as his visitor, Warbucks is disappointed by Annie, but the lovable moppet has soon charmed him *and* the entire household. She allows Grace and Warbucks to find their romantic feelings for each other.

Then, it's off to Radio City Music Hall for another song written especially for the film. *Let's Go to the Movies* showcases a dancing Ann Reinking with a chorus line of 36 Rockettes, 54 dancers and 64 extras.

Warbucks decides to adopt Annie, and offers her a locket. She refuses to surrender her old one; it's one-half of a matching pendant. Her parents carry the other portion. Warbucks promises to find them, bringing all his financial and political resources to bear—hiring private eyes, calling up favors from FDR and the FBI.

A $50,000 reward lures Rooster and Lily to pose as Annie's parents, with Miss Hannigan's connivance. They pull off the masquerade and escape with orphan, dog and Warbucks' bucks. The other orphans discover the plot. The billionaire discovers the truth. Miss Hannigan discovers Rooster's plan to *kill* Annie.

The FBI, NYPD and Coast Guard are pressed into action. Warbucks and Punjab pursue in autogyros and overtake the villains at a railroad drawbridge—just in time for a thrilling stunt sequence. Annie has escaped the baddies' clutches. She runs up the bridge (a 200-foot structure in Newark, New Jersey, which was locked into an almost 90-degree vertical position when abandoned). Rooster climbs after her, intent on drowning the auburn-haired orphan, despite his sister's protests. Annie clings precariously to a rain-soaked girder as Punjab swings by his unwound ten-foot turban from Warbucks' autogyro high above the raging river. Can he save Little Orphan Annie?

Of course.

Later, Warbucks hosts a gigantic Fourth of July celebration. The stage play's Christmas setting has been altered to avoid shooting snow scenes in June, to emphasize patriotic themes, and to complement the film's summer 1982 release date. The Marine Band, jugglers and circus performers entertain FDR, his Cabinet, invited orphans (all with new parents in tow) and other guests. And, as the fireworks explode, Annie leads the star-studded assemblage in singing— Leapin' Lizards! You guessed it—*Tomorrow*. ★

THE UNCENSORED BO

An exclusive, revealing look at another side of America's foremost siren of the cinema as she embarks on a dangerous safari through the filmmaking jungle!

PERSONALITY FEATURE BY STERANKO

The girl, a blonde goddess against the verdant maze of jungle, ran through the brush trying to find a trail that led to her father. She stopped to catch her breath, realizing too late the pause was fatal. Without warning, a gigantic snake dropped from a tree limb, wrapping two, then three shiny, sinuous coils around her struggling figure. Then the serpent slithered over a riverbank and dragged the girl underwater. Seconds later, a half-human, half-animal cry split the tepid air, and a near-naked white savage burst into view—swinging on a vine, no less.

A classic scene of film fantasy, but, this time, with a slight difference.

Bo Derek, in a screening theater near Hollywood's Santa Monica Boulevard, watched herself being rescued in the nick of time as the scene played over and over again. Bo and her husband, director John Derek, were listening for the perfect balance of voice, music and sound effects during a re-recording session a few weeks before the premiere of **Tarzan, the Ape Man**.

"Being Jane is definitely a female fantasy," she says. "I know it was for me when I watched the old movies. The boys wanted to be Tarzan—because people relate characters to themselves—and I wanted to be Jane. Now, ten, fifteen years later, instead of acting it out in the backyard, I'm doing it on the movie screen. That's fantastic!"

Since her smashing, unprecedented success in **10**, almost everything in Bo Derek's life has been fantastic, including more offers than Dudley Moore could stumble over in a lifetime. For example, MGM made a recent bid for her services for a two-picture deal for a cool $5 million. The proposal was rejected, countered by the Dereks' bid to make their own film.

"All I had," John recalls, "was a title, **Me, Jane**, and the final scene where Jane asks Tarzan if it isn't time they start thinking about Boy." Although the idea of a film revealing the private life of the jungle lord and his lady was appealing, MGM only owned the rights to remake **Tarzan, the Ape Man**, essentially duplicating the 1932 Johnny Weissmuller and 1960 Denny Miller versions.

Additionally, Robert (**Chinatown**) Towne had been preparing his own true-to-the-book film, **Greystoke**, for the past dozen years. Warners was reportedly $5 million into pre-production when the Derek project was announced. A legal thundercloud rumbled loudly over the estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, the author who created Tarzan in 1914. The Towne production has since shut down, and a cloudburst of lawsuits have begun.

"We're not creating a definitive masterpiece," Derek says. "The story *is* a remake, and we weren't allowed to change it. There's no heavy message, just fundamental entertainment, every girl's wet dream. I hope with Bo in it, though, it will be more entertaining and beautiful; the locale is certainly more spacious and grandiose."

Although the story told in **Tarzan, the Ape Man** resembles its predecessors, several differences are immediately evident. From its opening title sequence, where the MGM lion sets the film's tone with the Tarzan yell instead of the traditional roar, the film presents a light and lively look at a time-worn tale, an amalgam of humor, pathos and romantic eroticism told from the heroine's viewpoint. It is not a typical Tarzan picture.

"Our Jane is similar to the original Jane," Bo says, "a very liberated woman. We've fleshed out her character, concentrating more on her emotional state, her needs and strong attraction to Tarzan. You could say this is a sexy Tarzan film, but there's nothing lewd or obscene about it. It's *pure* sex and a lot of nudity, but it's very natural. The story is told without teasing the audience."

Initially, the turn-of-the-century action follows Jane Parker as she searches for her father who has journeyed into deepest Africa to discover the elephants' graveyard. Once united, they encounter rugged terrain, wild animals, a hostile tribe of natives (set on sacrificing the blonde beauty) and, of course, Tarzan.

Richard (**A Man Called Horse**) Harris' portrayal of the great white hunter Parker is unexpectedly broad and bombastic. John Phillip (**Barbarella**) Law is Holt, his sharp-shooting partner on the expedition. Newcomer Miles O'Keeffe plays the title role with an emphasis on muscle definition—Tarzan has no spoken lines. "He didn't speak in the original version," Bo says, "so we kept it that way. Miles didn't do the yell either. We used the old classic one, because everyone knows it so well."

The snake, a 17-foot African python, attacked Jane Parker again. Bo reached for a Coke left over from lunch, and tucked her legs beneath her as she watched the scene. Tarzan's battle with the reptile unreels in a long, slow-motion sequence of multiple and overlapping images. It is so lengthy, in fact, that it begins to tax one's patience.

"That's exactly what I was going for," Derek admits. "I want the audience to feel Jane's suffocation and helplessness. I used the montage technique simply because snakes *don't* fight; they either bite you, crush you in their coils for a half-hour or slowly drag you underwater—none of which is particularly cinematic. The montage puts action into it and *makes* it exciting.

"I learned that lesson after I made my first film, **Once Before I Die**, in the Philippines. One scene called for a group of mounted soldiers to ride across a field, be shot and fall off their horses. I used what was supposed to be a crack team of horsemen, the TNT Squad. They were so bad I had to stop directing, get on a horse and show them how to fall off.

"When I got the footage back in the States, I saw how miserable it really was. I had no choice; I had to *find* a way to make it work, and started playing around with quick cuts and multiple images. Believe it or not, it played—and I used the same technique for the snake sequence in **Tarzan**."

Sri Lanka, formerly Ceylon, is a small island, about 150 miles wide and 300 long, which lies slightly southeast of the tip of India. A British province, its primary production is rice, rubber and coconuts. SF novelist Arthur C. Clarke lives there. It is also where the Dereks traveled to shoot **Tarzan**.

"After scouting locations in South America and Africa," John says, "we wound up in Sri Lanka—even though Metro told us we'd have so much trouble there, we'd have to *finish* the picture on their back lot. I didn't want to return to the Philippines where I made **Once Before I Die** some 15 years earlier—and before that, where I was in World War 2. Ursula [Andress, Derek's second wife] had shown me photos from two films she made in Sri Lanka. It looked glorious, and actually worked out much better for us."

Derek, renowned for his photography, makes full use of the island's lush jungle, magnificent rock formations and primitive beaches. "We had a five-man crew who did the real work, and several laborers. There were no equipment failures—we didn't have much equipment to fail—but, we lost just shy of a week because of bad weather, and couldn't match shots. Otherwise, we were right on schedule."

The Dereks and their crew condensed what would normally have been a 20-week shooting

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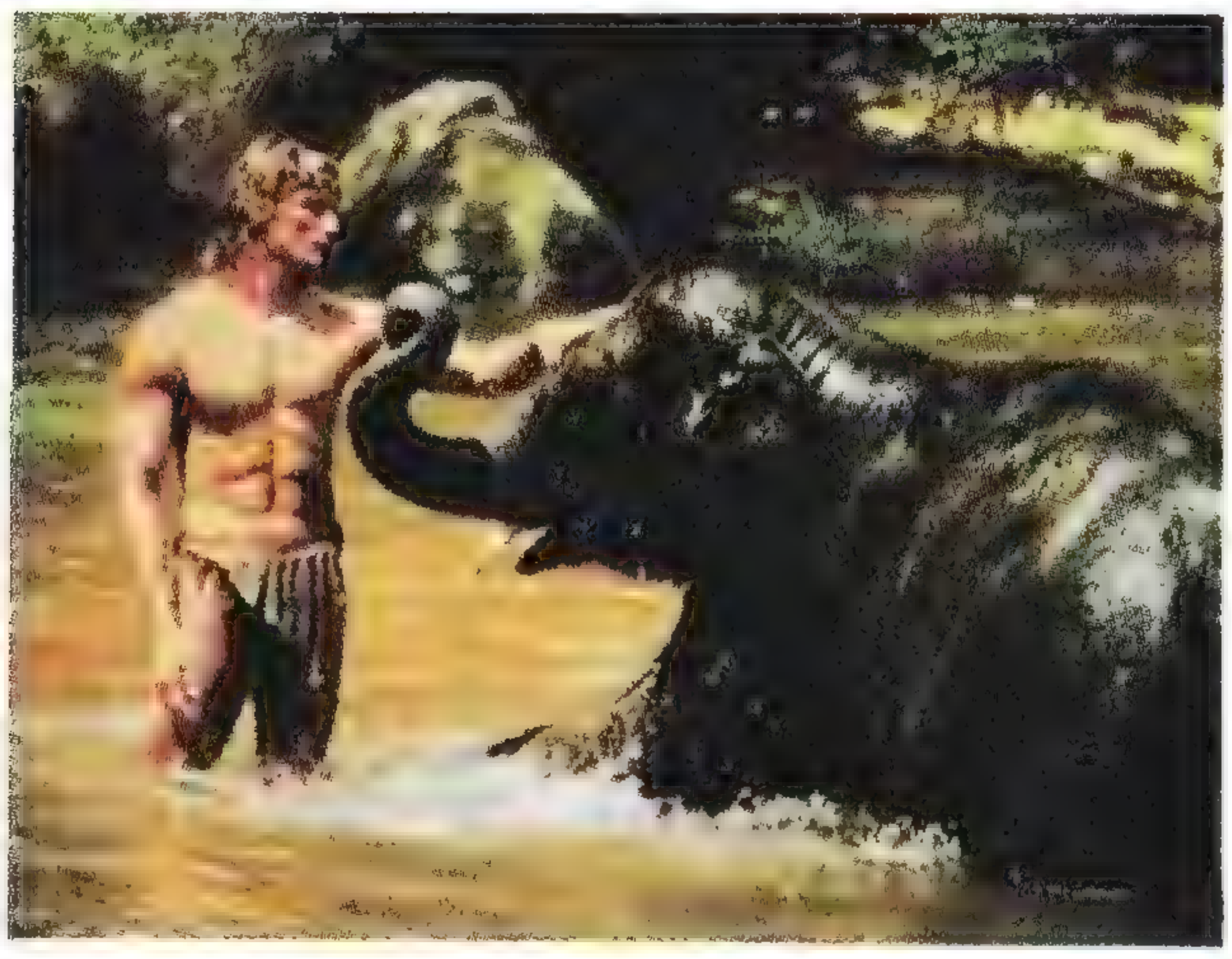


schedule into a back-breaking six-and-a-half weeks, working 15 to 18 hours a day. "Sleeping was the only other thing we did," he continues. "We'd wake up and be on the set in minutes. That's part of the fun of filmmaking.

"But, there were no short-cuts, and no two camera set-ups were the same. In one sense, the time we spent there was the toughest six weeks of our lives. I can't compare them to the war—or maybe even the freeway. Your *life* is in jeopardy out there—though now that I think about it, there were a few moments on **Tarzan** that Bo came close to the edge."

The job of making traditional **Tarzan** elements acceptable to today's audience was undertaken by screenwriter Gary Goddard in fall 1980. Goddard heads his own west coast production company which develops live entertainment, theme park attractions and animation projects for motion pictures and television.

"Originally, I had submitted a sword and sorcery story to John," Goddard recalls, "and on the strength of it, he hired me to rewrite dialogue for **Tarzan**. He already had several drafts of the script which he didn't like, and asked me to start from scratch."

Goddard accompanied the Dereks to Africa, where they were scouting locations, and produced a new 130-page screenplay in two weeks. "John's input was very heavy," Goddard says. "Although we had to use the same original treatment's basic plot and characters for legal reasons, we were allowed to make some revisions and update the material for contemporary audiences. John developed certain themes which elaborated on Jane's character, and gave her a rapport with today's society."

Oliver Reed was signed to play Jane's father, and Goddard wrote the part as a "hulking, skulking role." Delays prevented Reed's participation, and Richard Harris assumed the part. The script was rewritten for Harris by Goddard and eventually by Derek. "I added a number of Richard's speeches," the director says, "many of them the night *before* he played them. He was marvelous. Instead of hearing my own words back, there was an entirely new quality to them. Richard made them so big!"

Casting for the Ape Man also took an about face when the actor selected for the part, Lee (**Paradise Alley**) Canalito, hurt his arm badly during the first day's filming. The footage was scrapped, and MGM sent a handful of tape cassettes of actors from which the Dereks could select another Tarzan. They chose an unknown, Miles O'Keeffe, for the key role.

The muscular actor was born in Memphis, Tennessee in 1954, and went to Mississippi State and the University of the South on a football scholarship. He studied drama, and later graduated with a degree in psychology. Moving to San Francisco, he appeared in numerous stage productions, then relocated in LA where he won the Tarzan role. O'Keeffe trained briefly with ex-Tarzan Jock Mahoney before leaving for the jungles of Sri Lanka.

If you've never wrestled an ape, you can't say you've done it *all*," Bo jokes. "Although Tarzan is the Ape Man, *I'm* the one who did the wrestling scene. Actually, he's not an ape, he's an orangutan, but he's seven times stronger than an ordinary man. That's why he could flip me so easily.

"The scene takes place after Jane goes into the jungle to stay with Tarzan. I'm wearing the last of my petticoats and no top. Then, just for fun, he and I start wrestling. It's a nice touch, but I was a bit hesitant about doing it.

"I figured I'd be bruised and scraped, and probably wouldn't be able to be photographed again until I was healed. As the producer, I had to calculate and schedule such things. So, during the final week of filming, after the still photos and last-minute details were completed, we decided to shoot the scene.

"The monkey's name is CJ, and I had watched him wrestle with his trainer. They were really going at it, like real wrestlers in a ring—but this was with a *wild* animal. I noticed the way the man moved and how CJ would respond to him, and that it never really got too rough.

"I'm very much a tomboy when it comes to the ocean—I was brought up in it—but I'm clumsy on land. Also, I learned from John to respect animals, and I began to feel quite comfortable with CJ. Then, his trainer told me that he liked girls, and asked me if I wanted to give it a try. 'Just tap him,' he said, 'and he'll start to wrestle.' So I did!

"He started rolling me over, flinging me in the air and tossing me around, but he was always very careful not to *really* hurt me. Although he'd wrestle and squeeze me, he'd never pull my hair or get very rough, even when I'd accidentally kick him in the head. I was never scared. I knew he liked it. He was very strong, but he was a lover, so gentle.

"The action got better and better as it went along, and John shot three rolls, about 30 minutes of footage. You wouldn't believe the bruises I had, but I was very pleased, because there's never been anything quite like it on film.

"Unfortunately, though I love animals, I didn't feel that way around the chimps. If you walk by them too quickly or make a fast move, they'll grab you and try to stop you. And, there was *nothing* worse than the lions. For a few moments, I thought it was the end of me."

Mary Cathleen Collins was born in Torrance, California in 1957. Like many west coasters, she spent her childhood in the sun, swimming, surfing and sailboating. While those pleasures are still part of her life, she might have remained just another tanned face in the crowd except for an event that occurred in 1971—her path crossed with filmmaker John Derek.

"We were on one of the Greek islands," he says, "making **Once Upon a Time**, a film I had written and was photographing and directing. The story was about a little enchanted Greek girl played by Bo. I was there with Linda [Evans, Derek's third wife], whom I adored, loved—still do—wanted nothing but her. Yet, there was something that attracted me to Bo. I didn't know what it was, and I explained it to my wife: 'I've got a problem; this girl is confusing me.' I didn't particularly recognize Bo's potential then, I just had a gut feeling that I wanted to know more about—a restlessness, I guess.

"We weren't doing anything, not even flirting. She didn't like me very much. Everyone said she was bringing my story to life, and that I felt a certain gratitude. They say I'm enchanted by young girls, and that she was everything a little nymphet represented to me. They said as soon as we got off the island, I would find her a total bore.

"I had to find out, and for years, I didn't know what it was. We were together, almost vegetating, until this producing business came along and she began to blossom—becoming an entity in her own right. Everybody grows up, but they don't all blossom, they just get older. Bo has filled out in *every* way, not just boobs and hips,

but in her heart and her head. She's only 24, basically brand new to this earth, and I get off watching her find life. She's a new happening each day, and it's exciting. We are so blessed. I know she'll reach a plateau at some point, but I hope it's not until *after* I die."

The Derek's intimate lives have been a favorite subject of the press—especially the tabloids—since Bo's barometer hit **10**. Much of that coverage, besides being purposefully offensive, has been inaccurate. "It isn't the bad press that bothers me," she says, "but the individuals who write it. It's infuriating to spend your time with someone who goes away, then rapes you. Now, we only do print interviews with those we trust, and TV shows because they can only edit you so far. Time will tell who we are and what we're doing.

"I guess it bothers me most when they write badly about John, without even knowing him. He is my life, and I am his. He is always, always thinking of me; he's *totally* romantic. Sometimes, it shocks me to wake up in the morning and find him making me breakfast. Our lives are not separate; it's never me or him, everything is *us*. We're always together."

In many ways, the Dereks' storybook relationship is old-fashioned, particularly to those on the radical edges of feminism. "Any of those women," Bo says, "if they had a man who loved them as much as John loves me, would run after him. Unfortunately, there aren't many men in the world who are totally devoted to their women, who adore them and really love them hard. Women are so tired of being abused that they're trying to make new lives for themselves—out of sheer self-defense.

"I realize, of course, that not everyone is made to have the relationship John and I have. We're very honest. I'm not jealous, and I don't worry about losing him, because I know if he sees somebody who really attracts him, that he has to go. It happened with Linda when I came along.

"Nevertheless, I'm totally secure, and not suspicious. I know he'll tell me *first*. I'll know as soon as he does, as Linda knew everything that was going on in his head. Why worry about it? I sit back and enjoy the time we spend together."

John Derek agrees. "If you've ever been in love, *not* being in love is awful. I know I must be in love and need love in return, otherwise, I'd be a nervous wreck. But, I'd be an even worse wreck if I was in love and *wasn't* loved in return. That's what life is all about—and nothing else!"

The Dereks' remarkable 24-hour-a-day relationship extends well beyond their personal life. The complex crossover of power between producer and director and that of director and actress has been solved through their mutual philosophy of trust.

"That professional alliance began," Bo reveals, "during our erotic film, **Love Me**, that John directed a while ago. He had to concentrate on the artistic end of the project and needed somebody he could trust on the business end. Almost by accident, I started assuming responsibilities as producer. I really have no background for it, but there hasn't been anything yet that common sense hasn't solved. More importantly, we *don't* play games. If we feel we've been treated dishonestly, there's no fighting—we just walk away."

Cultivating an image of Bo as a tough, hard-driving Hollywood producer may be the most difficult task the Dereks have yet undertaken. "Everyone thinks it's cute, a set-up," John says, "but Bo did the nitty-gritty on this picture. She was down in the trenches. If we have a stalemate in our opinions, I tell her what I would do, that it's *her* problem, and she has to take care of it. I shut up. She makes the decision."

When it was announced that Bo was line producer of **Tarzan**, and John was slated to both direct and shoot the film on location in Sri Lanka, Hollywood insiders were doubtful. Their schedule, from commencement of filming in March through editing, scoring and re-recording, called for a July release. Most people who knew the battle plan summed up the situation in a single word: *impossible!*

"At the moment," Derek says, "during the final post-production stages, we're still under-budget and on-schedule. We had a budget of $6.5 million, and lost a good portion of it on strikes and cancellations. If a studio wasn't involved, we probably could have made the film for a *third* of that amount."

A producer, for the uninitiated, is the organizer of a production, the person who holds the purse strings, responsible for every detail from casting to cutting, to whom all employees answer. For **Tarzan** producer Bo Derek, crises occurred on a daily basis, for example; flying personnel and animals to and from Sri Lanka. The task of juggling plane schedules, bad atmospheric conditions, aircraft availability and a dozen other factors is enough to give any producer Excedrin Headache #17. Director Derek stood firm on his position. His response to the situation was, "I'm *not* God. I can't change the weather. Work it out!" Bo solved the problems by chartering a 707 for $57,000.

I never liked my real name, Cathy," Bo confides. "I grew up with it, but never felt comfortable with it. Then, in 1974, I was in Germany, with John and some friends, editing a film. We started talking about different names, so I mentioned my feelings about Cathy.

"We started playing the name game. Someone said they knew a girl named Boo, which I thought was cute, and somebody else mentioned Bo—and I liked it instantly. That's when Bo Derek was *really* born, and she's been that way ever since."

Certainly a rose by any other name, Bo, her face and figure have become as famous in contemporary popular culture as the Playboy bunny, Little Orphan Annie or the Statue of Liberty. Nevertheless, she has managed to remain unaffected by the world's attention and affection, a feat few other high-profile personalities have mastered with such equanimity.

"I don't like to meet people who have assumed a false impression of me," Bo says. "It has become impossible for them to relate to me on a personal basis since I've become a so-called celebrity. They've read about me, and the stories show in their faces. They *think* they know who I am, and sometimes it's not nice."

The simple truth is that Bo Derek is neither the empty-shell sexpot nor the Machiavellian manipulator the press has created in their word portraits. In person, she is equal parts honesty and cordiality, casualness and common sense. There is nothing pretentious or arrogant in her manner; if anything, she exhibits a quiet grace, a shy, modest elegance that perfectly compliments her striking beauty.

One of her most charming attributes is her ability to be self-effacing. "I really don't take the Bo Derek image *too* seriously," she says, and gives an example of a role she had hoped to play in the still-unmade **Jaws 3, People 0**. "I was to have been the ultimate Hollywood starlet, always with a wet blouse and hair blowing in the wind—even if I was in a room, and there was *no* wind. It would have been fun to do."

In discussing her career, past and future, Bo Derek is acutely aware of her assets and liabilities. "Appearing as Jane in **Tarzan** is like something we've all done as children," she admits. "It's playing, and I'm pretending to be someone who's really fun to be. That's why the fantasy image works well for me. I know my limitations, that I couldn't do a heavy sit-down scene in a straight dramatic story. I'm not ready for it yet."

Should she misjudge her qualifications, someone will most probably be nearby to remind her. "I know that Bo can only be so good and so bad," John Derek says. "But, she is a growing thing, and her abilities change from day to day. She was nervous in **Tarzan** because she doesn't have as much background experience as Richard Harris does. She wasn't sure she could keep up with him, but she did quite well.

"Our working method is no different from anyone else's. If Bo does a bad scene, I tell her it's bad. I don't have to make it up to her later. She knows that I love her, and always treat her with honesty."

Bo elaborates on taking direction from her husband. "John's criticism never hurts me. He does call my bluff—and nobody likes that—but he does it because he knows my performance wasn't good. I'm honest enough to tell myself I wasn't really trying or just being lazy. That's my biggest problem. I know when I'm *not* giving everything. Sometimes, it's because I'm distracted or I haven't done my homework or I didn't come in with the right attitude.

"Acting is getting your emotions together so you can relay them at will, like pushing buttons to make a particular response happen. I don't have things under such control that I can push a button and *always* make something happen. I haven't done enough to get it right everytime, but there are things I can call on and make work.

"As much criticism as John gives me, he gives me that much more when I'm good. It's just difficult when I'm having trouble working myself up, and he's telling me that I'm asleep and lazy. It's always best when I'm turned on and functioning. You see, I'm not that into acting, drama school and all. I don't really have much of a goal. I hope I can entertain, because I like making pictures. Merely having input as an actor or actress, however, can be frustrating. You do your job, then turn it over to someone else for the next year until its release. I prefer to be involved in a film from beginning to end, as a producer, and use the full range of my abilities.

"*That*, I'm very serious about."

One comparison which will be made between **Tarzan, The Ape Man** and its predecessors involves the animals in the film—or, more precisely, the lack of them. Most mosquito operas are amalgams of stock footage: canned film from studio vaults featuring scenes of snapping alligators, charging rhinos, running giraffes, and the inevitable shot of a forest of pink flamingos in startled flight.

Derek declined the use of stock footage in **Tarzan**. Instead, he staged and shot his own animal scenes, which, while minimal in contrast to similar films, are completely original. Although audiences remain generally unaware of it, the most difficult elements with which to contend in moviemaking are water, weather and animals—all, to a certain degree, out of man's control. **Tarzan** involved all three.

Because the film was shot in Sri Lanka (instead of Africa where native birds, beasts and reptiles could have been used for background material), almost all animals used, including chimps, lions, snakes, elephants and dogs, had to be selected, assembled, and flown in for the shoot. Each had their individual set of problems.

The dogs, for example, were an afterthought that Derek used to enhance Harris' character. "I want two giant Irish Wolfhounds," he told the trainers, "who will be like bookends to James Parker's ego. They must be very disciplined animals, and walk *every* place he walks."

Derek was promised the dogs, and, after a substantial remuneration was passed along, the animals were flown in. "They were beautiful," Derek recalls, "and they'd walk anywhere—*except* next to Richard!" As a result, the dog bits were eliminated from the script.

Another scene featured five lions. Derek had discovered a stretch of beach where the water was very transparent, and his idea was to play the savagery of the beasts against the human beauty of a naked Tarzan and Jane by having the lions swim through the surf to the actors. "Everybody screwed up," Derek says, "and the lions never arrived."

Then, there were the elephants.

They *did* arrive, in a marvelous procession, half-a-hundred giant beasts herded along by their riders and trainers. "It was spectacular," Derek tells. "I thought, 'There's so many elephants here, there may never be another scene quite like this one again.' I wanted them charging, stampeding, but they didn't even *walk* very fast. Also, they were big, heavy tuskers, and they didn't mix. We had to tie 25 of them off to trees—so they wouldn't *kill* the other 25."

John Derek is as handsome today as he ever was—perhaps not quite as pretty, instead, mature and rugged. His clean, sharp features are tanned to a dark bronze, set off by gray, almost neck-length hair and a beard. He is dressed casually in white slacks and shoes and a blue cabana shirt.

He has an easy but deadly straightforward manner, and his conversation is never hesitant. He gives the impression of a man who thinks best on his feet, and is in control of any situation. His familiar, resonant voice lowers in personal conversation. He is forceful, emotional, arrogant, intimidating and opinionated, a perfectionist as demanding of himself as he is of the half-dozen technicians at the mixing board.

"Take the elephant's trumpeting down more; make it barely audible," Derek told the crew. He was experimenting with sound levels in a long shot that followed the Parker caravan through the jungle. He asked for more insect buzz, less music. During the next run-through, it was perfect.

Derek began his career as an actor in the mid-40s, scoring heavily in 1949 opposite Bogart in **Knock on Any Door**, and in the Academy Award winning **All the King's Men**. He was alternately cast as a contemporary lead in films such as **Scandal Sheet** and **Saturday's Hero** and in swashbucklers like **Rogues of Sherwood Forest** and **The Adventures of Hajji Baba**. He captured memorable supporting roles in **The Ten Commandments** and **Exodus**, and edged into writing, producing and directing by the close of the '60s.

"I did about 50 films, but I never acted. I never had the *desire* to do it, never really had any respect for it, but I knew I didn't want to pump gas. I never invested myself in a part, but there's not a director I worked for who wasn't warned. Frankly, as a director myself, I won't allow someone like that on *my* films.

"Most of my roles were very simplistic; all I had to do was stand there and look sullen. I did the swashbucklers with much more energy because I had much more fun doing them. They were nonsense, but I loved the nonsense of them.

"**All the King's Men** was the most pretentious happening I've ever been involved in. They were all talking Academy Awards *before* a foot of film was shot; it was ridiculous. I loved Brod Crawford, though. We worked together again in **Scandal Sheet**. He came in smashed half the time, read lines off the palm of his hand. There was no integrity in that film and most of the others. In fact, until I met Richard Harris, I didn't really respect acting as a profession."

Coincidentally, Harris is John Derek's real name: Derek Harris. "My mother spelled it D-A-R-E-C, but she called me 'Dare,' so I grew up being dared to do things all the time. I was very grateful for the unique name, but Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, thought it sounded too fancy. He wanted to call me Errol O'Flynn—yeah—even *before* he knew he was going to put me in swashbucklers. I said, 'No way am *I* going to be Errol O'Flynn!' He said I could keep one of the names, so I took Derek, it's more interesting than Harris. They had the last word when they gave me the most common name on Earth: John."

As with most actors, Derek's 20-year career produced a series of films ranging from the formidable to the forgettable. Then, in the mid-60s, out of dissatisfaction, he decided to quit acting—for directing. He became a maverick among mavericks by making films he wanted to make—his own way. To eliminate studio interference, he produced independent projects on slim budgets, often with his wives in leading roles. He is probably a more complete filmmaker than most others currently working today. **Tarzan** is his first big production with a major studio: MGM.

Regardless of who finances Derek's films, he will continue to make them his way. "My father always told me, 'Walk through life without crutches, and let your instincts guide you.' It's a philosophy I live and work by. I have no favorite director or group of directors whom I try to emulate. I'm not a Bogdanovich. I don't know who directed 99 percent of the films made. As a director, I see everything in terms of pictures, like an audience. I *know* what's on film, because I shot it myself, and if it entertains me, it will hopefully entertain someone else. If it doesn't, Bo'll be selling tacos and I'll be making moccasins."

Unlike most directors, Derek does not look at dailies (a day's worth of footage) because, as the film's photographer, he knows *exactly* what was shot. If the lab reports no scratches or imperfections, he doesn't see the film again until he begins editing. As Derek says, "I've been very lucky!"

He claims he will not appear in another film, even to play opposite Bo. Directing is his *forte*, yet his advice to actors shows the wisdom of a man who has been there: "Do nothing," he says, "and you'll do it *all*."

Though Derek coaches Bo on acting, he does not hold his own performances up as examples. "She's seen bits and pieces of my films on the Late, Late Show. But Bo doesn't stay up that late; she'll try watching one and fall asleep before it's even started."

The scene begins to play again. The sound levels have been carefully worked out. Derek strolls into the center of the huge re-recording theater to get the full effect, as an audience would. He stops at the tenth row center, but this theater has no chairs except those in the gallery. He impro-

(continued on page 47)

BLADE RUNNER

On the set with HARRISON FORD in a hard-boiled futuristic detective thriller. Film Feature by Milo Mitchell. Harrison Ford barely escaped the man who was pursuing him. Crawling through the skyscraper window, he managed to elude the powerful figure whose face was streaked with fresh blood. Precariously, he inched along a narrow molding toward the building's corner. Then, he began to climb upward. The rain, wind and mist were his enemies. Slowly, he scaled the structure, hand over hand, to the point where the grey stone jutted away from the surface in an overhang. Suddenly, his feet

PHOTOS: *Preceeding page:* Harrison Ford stalks the replicant renegades. *Above:* Ford prepares to use the Voight-Kampf machine for a psychological test. Sean Young as Rachael when she meets Deckard in Tyrell's office. Ford as Rick Deckard. Ford and Ridley Scott (right) in a futuristic hospital room where his partner lies in an enclosed bed. *Below:* Director Scott in the 40 below zero laboratory where a Chinese specialist makes replicant eyes. Deckard and his partner Gass (unseen) in a flying Spinner car. *Right:* Rutger Hauer as Roy Batty (top). Sean Young as Rachael.

slipped. He lunged for the sculpted edifice. His fingers clawed into the granite facets as he danced in mid-air, his loose-fitting suit and dark trench coat giving him the appearance of a gigantic human bat. Summoning all his strength, he found a higher handhold, pulled himself up. In another moment, he was on the roof, ready to face an even greater danger.

But *that* danger would come during the following night's filming.

The klieg lights, key spots and other illuminations went black. Prop men with rain hoses and steam machines turned them off. Seconds later, a Hollywood backlot set appeared where a futuristic city stood moments earlier. The scene was over.

After three scripts and more than a year in preproduction, Ridley Scott's new science-fiction thriller is underway. Titled **Blade Runner**(which will possibly change due to its oblique imagery), the film follows Ford's future detective Rick Deckard as he tracks five desperate killers through a bizarre, technological metropolis in the year 2020.

Like the classic *noir* eyes, Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe, Deckard's world is alive with shadows, psychopaths and sudden death. From the teeming sewers of the Chinatown-like slums to the corridors of power in the 900-story Tyrell Building, his relentless and lethal pursuit is both reminiscent of the cinema's most compelling manhunts and different from anything yet seen on the screen.

Ford (who scored heavily this summer as Indiana Jones in **Raiders of the Lost Ark**) portrays a former Rep Detect "terminator" who is forced out of retirement to undertake a treacherous mission: to stop five Nexus 6 "replicants," the highest form of genetically reproduced beings, who are extraordinarily powerful and nearly indistinguishable from humans.

Specifically created to serve man in exploring, colonizing and defending space, the creatures are programmed to terminate at a predetermined time. Additionally, they are not allowed access to Earth unchecked because of their uncanny human likeness and sudden instability. They are not robots or androids, but living beings so perfect their differences can only be determined by psychological testing.

Spot checks, called Voight-Kampf Tests, are made periodically on Earth to protect the planet from replicant invasion. It is during one of these tests, when Deckard's partner is almost blown away, that the discovery of the renegade Nexus 6s is made. It is the violent reaction to a test failure that puts the detective on their trail.

He must discover why the replicants—three males, two females—have come to Earth and infiltrated the corporation that made them *before* he can learn what they're after. The manhunt results in a terrifying sequence of events. To track them, Deckard makes use of an arsenal of fantastic tools: he travels in a flying Spinner car, scans clues in a super-computer, wields unusual weapons and performs complex technological studies on suspects.

One of them, a beautiful, enigmatic young woman named Rachael, becomes his ally—and his lover. She is played by Sean Young, who last appeared in **Stripes**. Rutger Hauer stars as Ford's dynamic antagonist, Roy Batty, a fierce warrior who possesses terrifying strength and speed. Hauer is best known for his roles in the World War 2 adventure, **Soldier of Orange**, and **Nighthawks**. The supporting cast includes Edward Olmos, M. Emmet Walsh, Joe Turkel, Brion James and Joanna Cassidy.

The Ladd Company production is based on SF author Philip K. Dick's novel **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?**, with a screenplay by Brian Kelly and Hampton Fancher. The film emphasizes the visual aspects of future technology, relying heavily on extraordinary special effects, including 50 matte paintings, video computer work, miniatures and opticals. Doug Trumbull, who received Academy Award nominations for **Close Encounters** and **Star Trek**, is creating the cinematic illusions with the philosophy that special effects have finally come of age, that they will *not* occupy center stage, but, instead, be used to *support* the film's drama.

Credit for much of the production's unique ambience, from the artifacts and architecture to the cars and costumes, belongs to Syd Mead, one of America's leading visionary industrial designers. Many recent science-fiction and fantasy films have "borrowed" from Mead's distinctive stylings, but **Blade Runner** is the first to capitalize on the full spectrum of his capabilities. Those who have witnessed the artist's striking vision of tomorrow (in industrial exhibits and his book **Sentinel**) will discover that Mead's two dimensional renderings have been effectively recreated for the film. Vehicular design is Mead's strong point, and the movie abounds with ultramodern transportation.

PHOTOS: STEVE VAUGHN © 1981 Ladd Company

The set has been christened "Ridleyville" by the crew, who worked day and night from March 9 to June 30 to bring the production in before the predicted directors' strike. The eclectic architecture might be described by the industrial design term "retro-fitted," which refers to an unaesthetic layering of facades from various periods of time.

In this future world, few buildings are torn down; instead, they are *built over*—with sections of the originals still seen. Their bizarre, unsettling appearance contributes heavily to the cinematic tone, as do characters with a '40s/new wave/punk imagery. The mix of races and cultures is equally unusual; almost half of the 2020 society and its environs are oriental—Chinatown is us!

Plexiglass and plastic combine with steel and stone to produce a nightmarish cityscape of outrageous proportion. *One* minute on a parking meter costs three dollars; tampering with the device brings instant death. Near-naked dancers perform in gigantic bubble-cages on the streets. A corner newsstand offers $12 magazines with such titles as **Creative Evolution**, **Droid** (*There's Still BIG Money in Steel Head Repair*), **Moni**, **Kill** (*Guard Dogs You Never Feed!*, *Death Penalty Snuffs 12 in Freak Accident*, *Multiple Murders—Readers' Own Photos!*), **Zord** (*Illegal Aliens* by R. Scott).

The city is almost a character in itself, yet it is unnamed in the film. There are familiar facades from various American locations, and, though the fact remains unexplained, one has the feeling the metropolis on screen is the ultimate megacity of the future.

The climactic rooftop confrontation between the two protagonists was originally scheduled to occur in Sebastian's apartment. Plans changed after locations were scouted at LA's Rosalind Hotel and the nearby Rowan Building, the cornices of which were duplicated and erected on the Burbank Studio lot. Deckard's high-rise apartment building utilized existing block motifs which were vacu-formed from castings taken from Frank Lloyd Wright's Ennis-Brown House. The picturesque Bradbury Building was also used in both exterior and interior sequences.

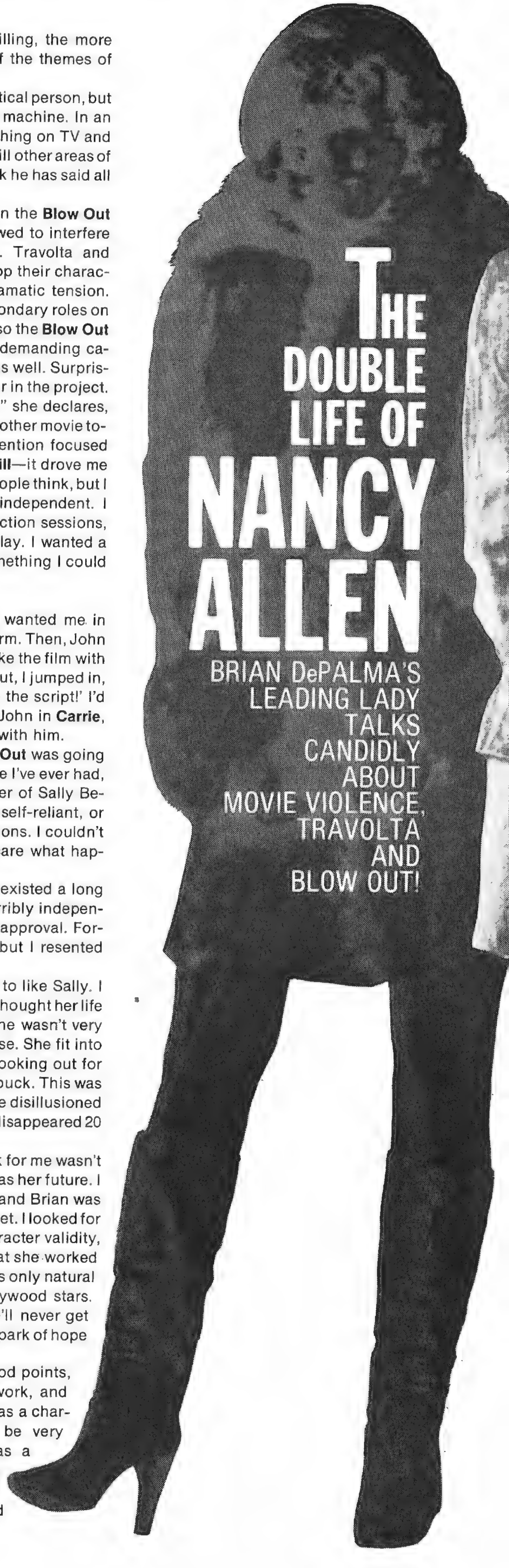
The remarkable juxtaposition of style and substance inexplicably works *for* the film, instead of against it. "It's a kind of comic strip," says Ridley Scott, who chilled audiences with 1979's **Alien**. Scott is a meticulous craftsman who shot two separate scenes simultaneously during the night of the rooftop battle. While technicians lit and dressed one set, the director worked on the other, a scene where a girl clad in a black bra, panties and a transparent plastic jacket is shot and falls through a plate-glass window.

Scott's attention to pictorial composition was astonishing. While lining up the shot through the lens, he would call for certain objects within the frame to be shifted a fraction of an inch to complete an aesthetic balance. In **Blade Runner** (derived from Harrison Ford's code name), the images are as important as the hard-boiled dialogue. The language is strong, and the action, at times, is violent. The $15 million feature, due for release in May, 1982, will snare an R or a PG rating, depending on what's trimmed during editing which is currently underway.

The lights of the rooftop set blazed on again. The stuntman who had made an earlier ascent to show Ford the technique and out-of-sight handholds, prepared to re-enact the feat for the insert shots (close-ups of hands and feet). Ford had performed the stunt even though he was not scheduled to do it—and discovered *during* the climb that the handholds cut for his double were *too small* to accommodate his fingers. Nevertheless, like the best of heroes, he made the climb—beautifully—and went on to face even greater danger.

Cut!

Print!! ★



THE DOUBLE LIFE OF NANCY ALLEN

BRIAN DePALMA'S LEADING LADY TALKS CANDIDLY ABOUT MOVIE VIOLENCE, TRAVOLTA AND BLOW OUT!

PERSONALITY FEATURE BY LYNN PARKS

"I am appalled by violence against women," says Nancy Allen, "but it *is* a fact of life. No matter how furious I am at not being able to go out alone at night, the situation exists, and has for some time. If it didn't, there would be no films to dramatize the problem."

Allen is speaking about her latest thriller, **Blow Out**, directed by Brian DePalma. The filmmaker has drawn harsh criticism for the violence in his films, which culminated with last year's **Dressed to Kill** and its women in jeopardy theme.

As one of the stars—and victims—in **Dressed to Kill**, Nancy Allen has her own views on movie violence. The fact that she is Mrs. Brian DePalma may color her impressions, but she remains unconvinced that cinematic savagery is harmful.

"I don't believe movies have that strong an effect in inciting men to violence. A theater is an unfamiliar, public building, where the audience is plunged into a total fantasy environment. TV probably has the *greater* potential for harm, because it's in the home, part of the family—like Big Brother telling you what to do.

"For me, **Dressed to Kill** was a great opportunity to play a strong, well-adjusted woman, who just happened to be a hooker. People may not like her line of work, but the strength of her character is the hope for the future."

Blow Out offers Allen a similar role in a terror tale of assassination and intrigue. The plot unfolds from the perspective of a sound effects engineer, played by John Travolta. He witnesses an accident caused by a tire blow out, and records the incident on tape. Rushing to the car, which has plunged off a bridge and into a creek, he rescues Allen. The driver, a presidential candidate, dies.

Playing back the recording, it becomes apparent that the accident was really a murder, and the girl was being used to set-up the victim. The frightened pair team up and go to the police, where they are ignored. Determined to expose the truth, they begin hunting for additional evidence. Instead, they find a far-reaching political plot, and an assassin who has added them to his hit list.

Outcries against violence have predictably surrounded **Blow Out**. Its assassination hook draws disturbing parallels to John Lennon, Ronald Reagan and Pope John Paul II. Allen is not insensitive to the uncomfortable coincidences, but defends the film.

"**Blow Out** was in production when these events took place, so it can't be blamed for what happened. It is topical, of course, but who knew? John Lennon was killed while we were filming, and his death affected the whole set for a week. It was like losing a friend, someone you grew up with.

"I think it's terrible and frightening, because, if these people, who have unlimited means for security, aren't safe, *who is?* It seems that the new fashion this year is to murder somebody famous."

DePalma's choice of assassination as the film's springboard actually had little to do with the bizarre pathology of the crime. He is more fascinated by the repercussions of such acts, particularly in relation to contemporary American politics.

"**Blow Out** reflects Brian's long interest in three key events which altered our entire political system: Watergate, Chappaquiddick and John Kennedy's assassination," says Allen. "I can safely say he has read *everything* written on those subjects. The more facts that become available about the Kennedy killing, the more confusing it gets. That's one of the themes of **Blow Out**.

"Brian is not a particularly political person, but he is entranced by the political machine. In an election year, he watches everything on TV and reads all the papers. There are still other areas of this subject to explore, but I think he has said all he wants to for now."

Although it is a vital element in the **Blow Out** scenario, politics are never allowed to interfere with the suspenseful storyline. Travolta and Allen have centerstage to develop their characters in a movie packed with dramatic tension. Both actors got their start in secondary roles on an earlier DePalma film, **Carrie**, so the **Blow Out** production provided not only a demanding career opportunity, but a reunion as well. Surprisingly, Allen never intended to star in the project.

"Brian and I had discussed it," she declares, "but we really didn't want to do another movie together. There was too much attention focused on our teaming for **Dressed to Kill**—it drove me crazy. I don't give a damn what people think, but I did feel the *need* to be more independent. I avoided the **Blow Out** pre-production sessions, and refused to read the screenplay. I wanted a good romantic comedy part, something I could do on my own.

"Enter John Travolta.

"Our producer, George Litto, wanted me in **Blow Out**, but Brian and I stood firm. Then, John told George, 'I think I'd like to make the film with Nancy.' The minute I found that out, I jumped in, 'Great! I'd *love* to do it! Send me the script!' I'd had just a taste of working with John in **Carrie**, and I wanted to do another film with him.

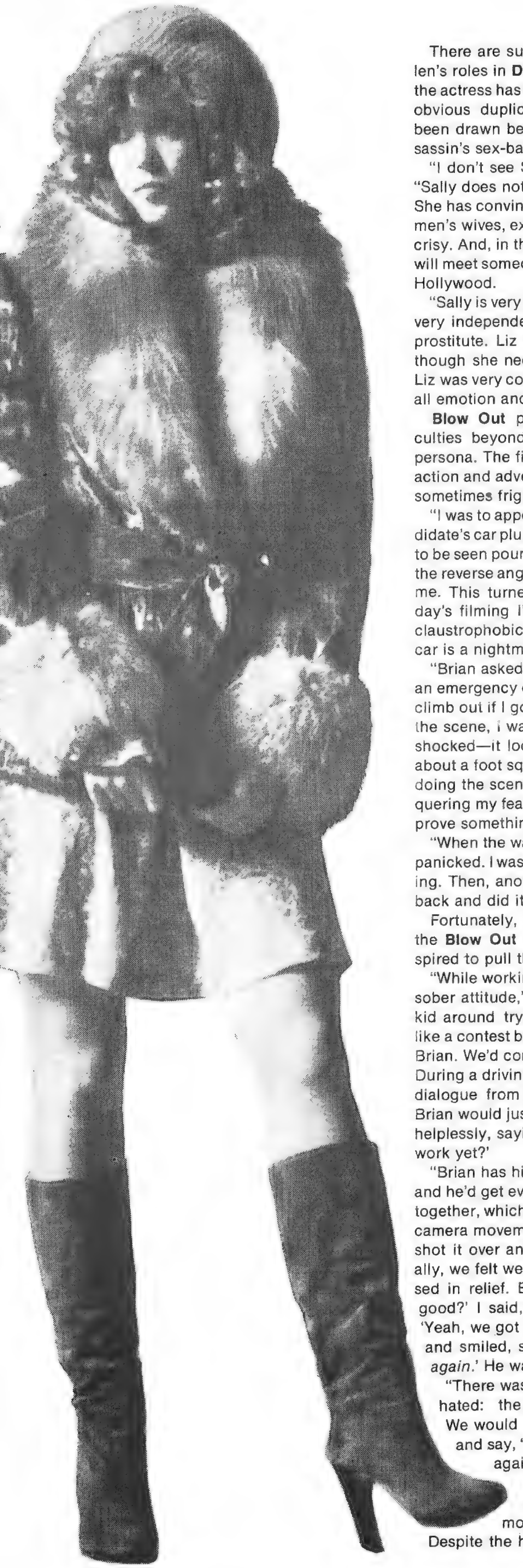
"I quickly found out that **Blow Out** was going to offer me the toughest challenge I've ever had, because *I* didn't like the character of Sally Bedina. She wasn't very strong or self-reliant, or even responsible for her own actions. I couldn't understand why anyone would care what happened to her.

"Sally is like a side of *me* that existed a long time ago: a kind of naive, not terribly independent girl who looked to men for approval. Fortunately, I've grown out of that, but I resented going *back* to it.

"As I studied the script, I grew to like Sally. I found reasons to admire her. I re-thought her life and realized that, even though she wasn't very smart, she did have common sense. She fit into the modern world—always looking out for herself first, always after a quick buck. This was in contrast to John's character, the disillusioned idealist, dreaming of a world that disappeared 20 years ago.

"The thing that made Sally work for me wasn't her past or present situation—it was her future. I felt she had to have a goal in life, and Brian was good enough to let me add that facet. I looked for the key which would give her character validity, and developed it from the fact that she worked behind a cosmetic counter. It was only natural that she wanted to make-up Hollywood stars. Though the audience knows she'll never get to California, Sally does have a spark of hope in her life.

"I simply *had* to find Sally's good points, because moviemaking is hard work, and I don't want to spend time living as a character I can't stand. It would be very depressing. Plus, the camera has a way of exposing the inner soul of an actor, so the audience would sense *some thing* is wrong and become uncomfortable."



There are superficial similarities between Allen's roles in **Dressed to Kill** and **Blow Out**, but the actress has worked carefully to eliminate any obvious duplications. A clear distinction has been drawn between the prostitute and the assassin's sex-bait.

"I don't see Sally as a hooker," she explains. "Sally does not sleep with the men she sets up. She has convinced herself that she's *helping* the men's wives, exposing their cheating and hypocrisy. And, in the back of her mind, she feels she will meet someone who can give her the ticket to Hollywood.

"Sally is very different from Liz Blake, who was very independent, and genuinely *liked* being a prostitute. Liz didn't depend on anyone, even though she needed help. They were extremes: Liz was very cool and emotionless, while Sally is all emotion and heart."

Blow Out presented the actress with difficulties beyond devloping a satisfying screen persona. The film contained strong elements of action and adventure, which made unusual, and sometimes frightening, demands on her.

"I was to appear in two shots in which the candidate's car plunges into the river and sinks. I had to be seen pounding on the window, and again in the reverse angle, when John Travolta looks in at me. This turned out to be the most traumatic day's filming I've *ever* done, because I'm very claustrophobic. Being trapped underwater in a car is a nightmare for me.

"Brian asked the special effects people to cut an emergency escape trap in the roof, so I could climb out if I got too scared. Just before playing the scene, I was shown the opening, and I was shocked—it looked so *tiny*. The hole was only about a foot square. Brian tried to talk me out of doing the scene, but I was stubborn about conquering my fear, and insisted that I do it. I had to prove something to myself.

"When the water started to pour into the car, I panicked. I was screaming and laughing and crying. Then, another take was needed, so I went back and did it *again*."

Fortunately, there were lighter moments on the **Blow Out** set, as Allen and Travolta conspired to pull their director's leg.

"While working, Brian assumes a very serious, sober attitude," she reveals. "John and I like to kid around trying to make him laugh. It was like a contest between us, and we really tortured Brian. We'd come on the set and dance around. During a driving scene, we started doing our old dialogue from **Carrie**. We were terrible! Poor Brian would just sit in his chair and roll his eyes helplessly, saying, 'Okay, babies. You ready to work yet?'

"Brian has his own sense of humor, however, and he'd get even. John and I had a short scene together, which was very complicated in terms of camera movement and technical directions. We shot it over and over, until about take 19. Finally, we felt we had everything right and collapsed in relief. Brian asked us, 'Well, did it feel good?' I said, 'Sure, it was great!' John said, 'Yeah, we got that one.' Brian just looked at us and smiled, saying, 'Well, we're gonna do it *again*.' He was terrible.

"There was only one sequence that I really hated: the hospital interlude with John. We would look at each other in rehearsals and say, "It's time to do that stupid scene again.' I didn't see the sweetness and interaction between the characters until the finished movie. Now, I love it."

Despite the humor which pervaded the **Blow Out** set, Nancy Allen resisted one distinctive piece of costume characterization. Her fans will be disappointed to learn that ladies' lingerie is *not* featured in her wardrobe this time.

"They wanted me to wear a garter belt, bra and stockings again," she explains. "I said, '*Absolutely not!*' I've worn that get-up in three or four films already, and I'm tired of it.

"It's strange, but everybody has focused on the nude shower scene in **Dressed to Kill**, asking, 'How could you do that? Weren't you uncomfortable and embarrassed being naked in front of the crew?' The truth is, I felt more *exposed* in the lingerie than I did when totally undressed.

"It was all in the way men reacted. They behaved like little boys when I put on the bra and garters. The same thing happened on **1941**, where I worked with Tim Matheson for a month-and-a-half before we got the scene, in the plane, where he lifts my skirt. Tim had no idea I was wearing garters and stockings, and he went *crazy* when he saw them. He became a madman, running around screaming, 'Oh my God, I *love* garter belts!'

"Honest, I don't want sexy underwear to become my trademark in films."

The idea that Nancy Allen might someday be famous for capering through films as an erotic fashion plate was the furthest thing from her mother's mind 25 years ago. Indeed, the five-year old Nancy had to be enrolled in dance classes to help overcome her shyness. The siren call of applause soon drew her to New York's High School of Performing Arts and the Lee Strasberg Theater Institute. At 14, she began modeling and appearing in TV commercials, all steps down the yellow-brick road to Hollywood.

The Last Detail offered the animated, five foot, six-and-a-half inch blue-eyed blonde her first role in films. In 1975, she moved to California, and was cast in **Carrie**. Appearances in **I Wanna Hold Your Hand**, **1941**, and **Home Movies** followed. Then, as a call girl in peril in **Dressed to Kill**, she found the spotlight of stardom shining on her. The film became one of 1980's few successes; Nancy Allen became an overnight celebrity.

With **Blow Out**, she finds herself sharing above-the-title billing with superstar John Travolta. Her career has risen, coincidentally, as her relationship with Brian DePalma has matured. The actress and director were married two years ago, but the ceremony was only the culmination of their initial meeting on the **Carrie** set.

"I was one of the last people interviewed for the part of the nasty teenager, Chris Hargenson," she says. "Brian decided to cast against type, and he didn't want Chris to be mean-looking.

"At the time, I didn't know anything about directors or producers—all I knew was actors. I had this image of directors as father figures, so I expected Brian to be an older man. I was very surprised when I met him. But, it wasn't until after **Carrie** that we got together. Other than the normal infatuation with a director, there wasn't much interest on my part.

"At the time, I was *very* shy, and never talked when I wasn't working. Because Chris Hargenson was a bitch, everybody thought *I* was a bitch, so nobody spoke to me during the first two weeks of shooting. Eventually, they apologized.

"Brian always seemed very aloof and hard to reach, however, which is his method of working. When I'd discuss a scene with him, I was intrigued, because I'd see things in his eyes which made me feel there was a really different person inside. I thought he was someone I'd like to get to know, that he had a Dr. Jekyll side, which he *didn't* allow onto the set.

"When the filming was completed, and Brian was editing, I came to New York and called him. It was like meeting a different person. He was a totally new man, inviting me to join him in the cutting room to watch some of my scenes.

"I've grown used to the fact that Brian, the director, is separate from Brian, my husband. When he's working, he's an extremely concentrated, focused artist, obsessed with his job. There is no time for the outside world. He's not open to palling around and having a good time. He's not a tyrant; he just has an aura of professionalism and dedication towards the film. He can seem a *little* intimidating to someone who wants personal contact with a director, but he simply doesn't want to be distracted from the problems of his next shot.

"When he's not working, Brian is an extremely sensitive person, with a great sense of humor. He's a good friend, a wonderful husband and fun to be with. You wouldn't know that he has a softer side if you only saw him on the set."

Being a husband and wife working team does not appear to infringe upon the DePalma's lives, probably because they met on a professional basis first. The technical responsibilities of directing an $8.5 million movie are sufficient to keep Brian's attention monopolized. At the same time, Nancy deals with her own problems.

"I am so consumed with thinking about the day's scenes and lines that I don't have time to worry about anything else," she says. "I'm an actress. I just *happen* to be working with my husband. That's a reality.

"One day, during filming, I woke up with the flu. I had a 104 degree temperature, chills, and was barely conscious. My make-up people put me together, fixed my hair, dressed me and threw me onto the set. I felt terrible.

"The minute the camera started, I began acting. I forgot *everything* but my job. It was as if someone took over my body, something clicked in my brain. I wasn't myself anymore. I *was* Sally Bedina. It was an incredible feeling—until the cameras stopped. Then, it was back to sniffles, sneezing, and living on cough drops."

Both of the DePalmas are highly-regarded talents in the film industry. They also share a strong thread of mutual professional trust. Brian cultivates his wife's skills as he does every other actor's on the set. A director of great cinematic literacy, he has also developed a writing technique which encourages creative participation by his performers.

"Brian writes a skeleton script," explains Allen, "then asks for thoughts and feelings about the individual parts. Sally's character wasn't very strong in the original draft, so we made changes to improve her during rehearsals. John Travolta and I worked together for about a week, *opening up* our scenes. We did a lot of improvising, which Brian utilized in rewriting the final screenplay. We also had the opportunity to perform the entire movie in sequence, like a play, during rehearsals. This helped us to get a fix on the personal interrelationships.

"At first, I planned to use a Philadelphia accent, patterned after Bruce Springsteen. I'm usually quite good at dialects, but there wasn't enough time. I didn't want to lapse into a Brooklyn accent, so I settled on a nondescript, lower middle-class, East Coast speech pattern.

"Brian's biggest problem was making sure I didn't get carried away with humor. I'm always looking for the funny side of a scene, no matter how tragic or dramatic. Dennis Franz and I were rehearsing a sequence which became hilarious as we went along. Brian laughed and said, 'This is great!' The next day, he realized something was wrong: 'That scene isn't *supposed* to be funny. It's serious! Let's try it without the laughs.'

"By the time Brian is ready to shoot, most dramatic problems are solved, leaving him free to concentrate on his storyboards. Because of the way he uses the camera, he finds it vital to pinpoint the trouble spots as early as possible.

"It is also to an actor's advantage to know exactly what he or she is going to say before going to the set, because working on a Brian DePalma film is extremely difficult. You have to make speeches and hit marks precisely in order to meet his constantly moving camera. Two-shots and close-ups are usually easy, but when the camera is tracking, it may require ten takes to coordinate *all* the activities. Even if everything goes well on the first shot, Brian likes to shoot a second take for insurance, and it may require five more tries to recapture the emotional intensity. And there's always the possibility that a light will burn out or the focus-puller will be too slow or the dolly will miss its mark.

"There is one certainty when working with Brian: you will walk away from a scene only if it is *perfect*. He's very picky."

Despite the most meticulous planning, things can still go wrong. In the case of **Blow Out**, disaster struck months after filming was completed. In fact, DePalma was in the final stages of production when the unthinkable happened. The climax of the movie, an elaborately staged and photographed Liberty Day parade through Philadelphia, was stolen.

"It was a nightmare," his wife recalls. "The negative for the parade scenes was being shipped from New York to California on a Friday. The truck stopped on its way to the airport, to make another pickup in Manhattan—the driver swears the doors were locked—when someone broke in and took the film.

"There were no out-takes or second-choice shots available, because Brian was having *all* the parade footage developed so he could pick and choose in the final editing. There were helicopter angles and second unit shots—all lost.

"Brian wasn't told about the theft until Monday afternoon, and he went into immediate depression. Ads were run in the papers, and signs posted around Broadway. We kept hoping the phone would ring with a *demand* from a blackmailer. Brian even tried searching the streets and alleys himself for about three hours, looking for the end of his film in doorways, poking through the garbage. He eventually had to go back to Philly to *reshoot* the parade."

Despite extraordinary pressures created by the loss, **Blow Out** was delivered in time for its scheduled release. Currently, Allen is looking for a romantic comedy project, even if she must develop it herself.

"One of my all-time favorite films is **Twentieth Century** with Carole Lombard and John Barrymore. I'm not interested in remaking it, because I don't think it can be improved, but it is the kind of material that interests me. Now, I'm working with a friend, developing a Capraesque script.

"I'm always looking for interesting parts which allow me to be someone different from myself. One fun thing about acting is performing dangerous feats and getting into scary situations *without* having to pay the consequences. I can become anybody I want. It's all make-believe."

Neither of the DePalmas are partygoers; they prefer to remain in their New York City apartment, watching old movies on TV. Occasionally, they use each other as sounding boards for new ideas.

"We lead a regular, normal life," Nancy Allen sums up. "Believe it or not, Brian *doesn't* chase me around the house with a straight razor." ★

McVICAR BY HIMSELF

ROGER DALTREY AND THE WHO BREAK OUT IN A DANGEROUS NEW DIRECTION

FILM FEATURE BY DEREK VAN DYKE

"If you want to fight your way up from the streets and be your own man, you can become one of four things—a footballer, a boxer, a criminal, or a rock singer!" That's the claim of Roger Daltrey, known around the world as a member of the hit-making band, The Who.

Playing the title role in **McVicar**, Daltrey has seized the opportunity to demonstrate what *his* life could have been like had he chosen crime rather than music as a goal. The tough convict he

portrays is *not* a fictional composite, but a real man.

John McVicar was branded "the most dangerous man in Britain," who, after being sentenced to eight years for violent robbery, escaped from a maximum security prison. While on the run, he realized an unlawful life was a dead-end. After being recaptured, he began an intensive eight-year program of study and self-education, which he continued at Leicester University after parole. He subsequently wrote **McVicar by Himself**, a volume combining psychology, sociology and autobiography in relation to the criminal mind. He co-scripted his own screenstory, focusing on the period of his jail break and the months he spent raiding banks for loot to move his family out of England.

With his curls closely shorn, Daltrey bears a strong resemblance to the sharp-featured McVicar, who served as the film's technical advisor. Assuming a lean, unsentimental muscular persona, the rock idol contributes a subtly powerful characterization of repressed violence rather than his traditional wide-eyed wonder.

Daltrey's involvement with **McVicar** stems from his work with The Who. When the group composed the rock opera **Tommy**, Daltrey carried the narrative weight of the leading role through innumerable live performances, a double album which sold over ten million copies, and the 1974 feature film directed by Ken Russell. Delivering a natural, charismatic performance on the screen, he was quickly signed to star in Russell's next movie, **Lisztomania**. Then, he escaped musical typecasting by accepting a small, straight role in the supernatural thriller **The Legacy**.

Along with fellow band members, Daltrey diversified his financial interests into film production and formed The Who Films Ltd. In addition to acquiring part ownership of the Shepperton movie studios, the group launched and starred in two music-oriented features, **The Kids are Alright** and the rock opera **Quadrophenia**.

McVicar is Who Films' first dramatic project, completed and distributed in England in early 1980. Despite good reviews, the film lacked an American distributor until Crown International arranged for its release this fall. The soundtrack, by Jeff Wayne, who also created the popular double-album musical version of H. G. Wells' **War of the Worlds**, had no trouble crosssing the Atlantic. It's been on sale here for two years.

Co-starring with Daltrey is another British singer-turned-actor, Adam Faith. Entering show business as a film-cutter, Faith was an early '60s pop idol, the star of three English TV series and several saccharine teen music movies. In the early '70s, he turned to more serious acting on stage and TV, and became a record producer. Like Daltrey, Faith underwent a barber's shearing to portray Walter "Angel Face" Probyn, who engineered the tunnel escape plan which freed McVicar. He developed his characterization with the aid of the real Probyn, another parolee trying to make a new life for himself.

McVicar is not an adrenalin-hyped crime drama in the fatalistic Sam Peckinpah tradition. It is, instead, a realistic prison chronicle, like **Escape from Alcatraz** or **On the Yard**. Without injecting false homilies, the film presents a gripping study of a criminal mind, due to a meticulously researched production which included a three-story cell block set, a low-key presentation and terse direction by Tom Clegg. Its relentless pace results from the larger-than-life exploits of McVicar, who *actually* lead a riot, battled with fellow prisoners, made a remarkable tunnel escape, shot a guard in a bank robbery, and found him-

self betrayed to the police.

"I didn't want to make a film which glorified villains," says director Clegg, "and I was not interested in messages. The villain obviously likes his particular lifestyle—it's rich in character, tough, challenging, exciting and altogether very appealing. It's impossible to live that way unless you're a villain, however, because they have a total lack of respect for authority. Here is a man who's a heavy villain serving 23 years, who takes part in this incredible escape and has the choice of what to do with his life. The fact that he continues to commit crimes shows how much he has become *addicted* to his lifestyle."

Playing the role of a hardened, professional stick-up artist brought faint echoes from 36-year old Roger Daltrey's youth. He was born into a tough West London neighborhood, and had acquired a reputation as a "hard nut."

"I came from the streets and a street gang," he admits. "You had to be in a gang to survive, and *every* argument was solved with a punch."

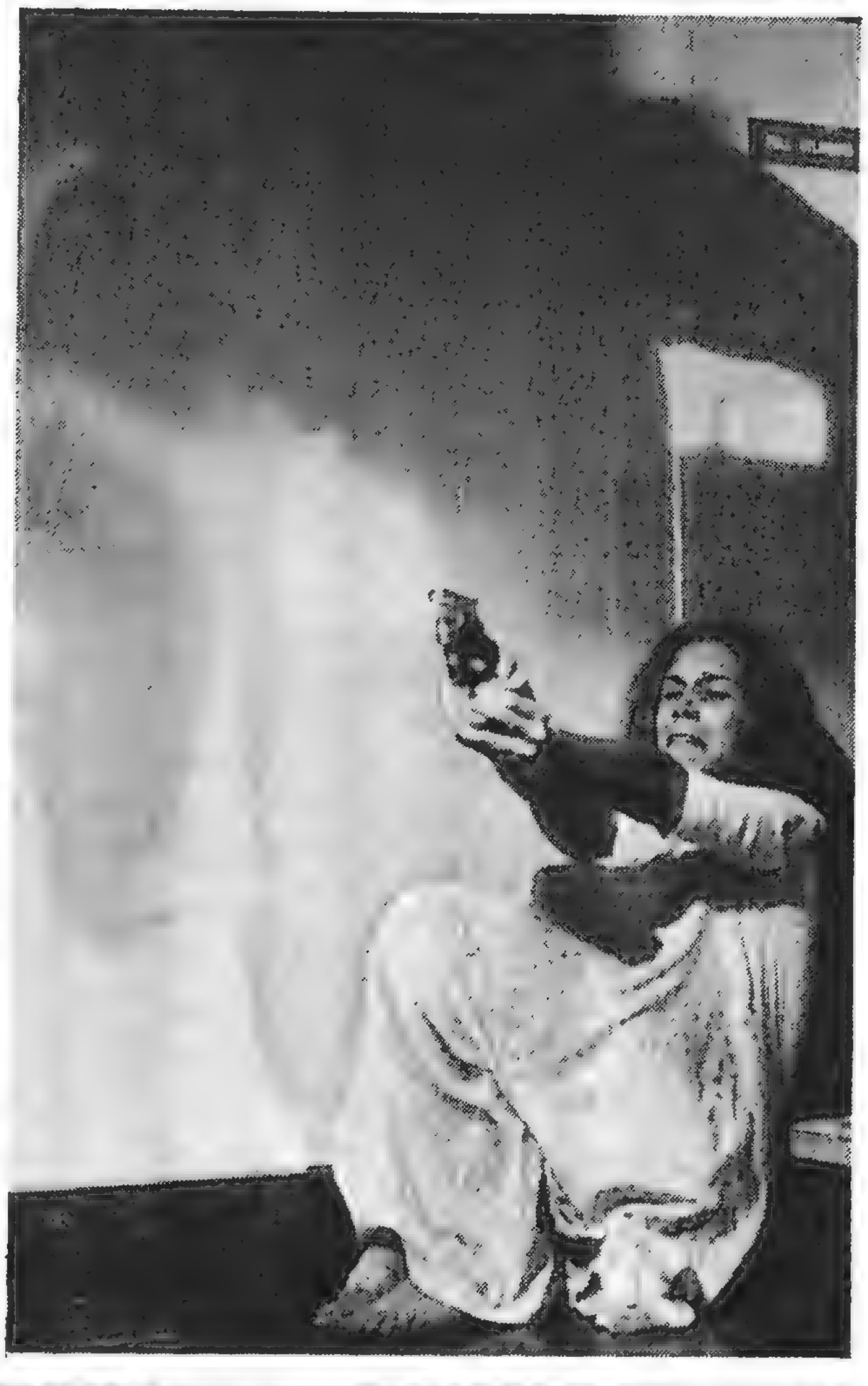
After his family moved to better surroundings, Daltrey's musical career developed. He met Pete Townshend and John Entwistle at his new school, and the rest is rock 'n' roll history.

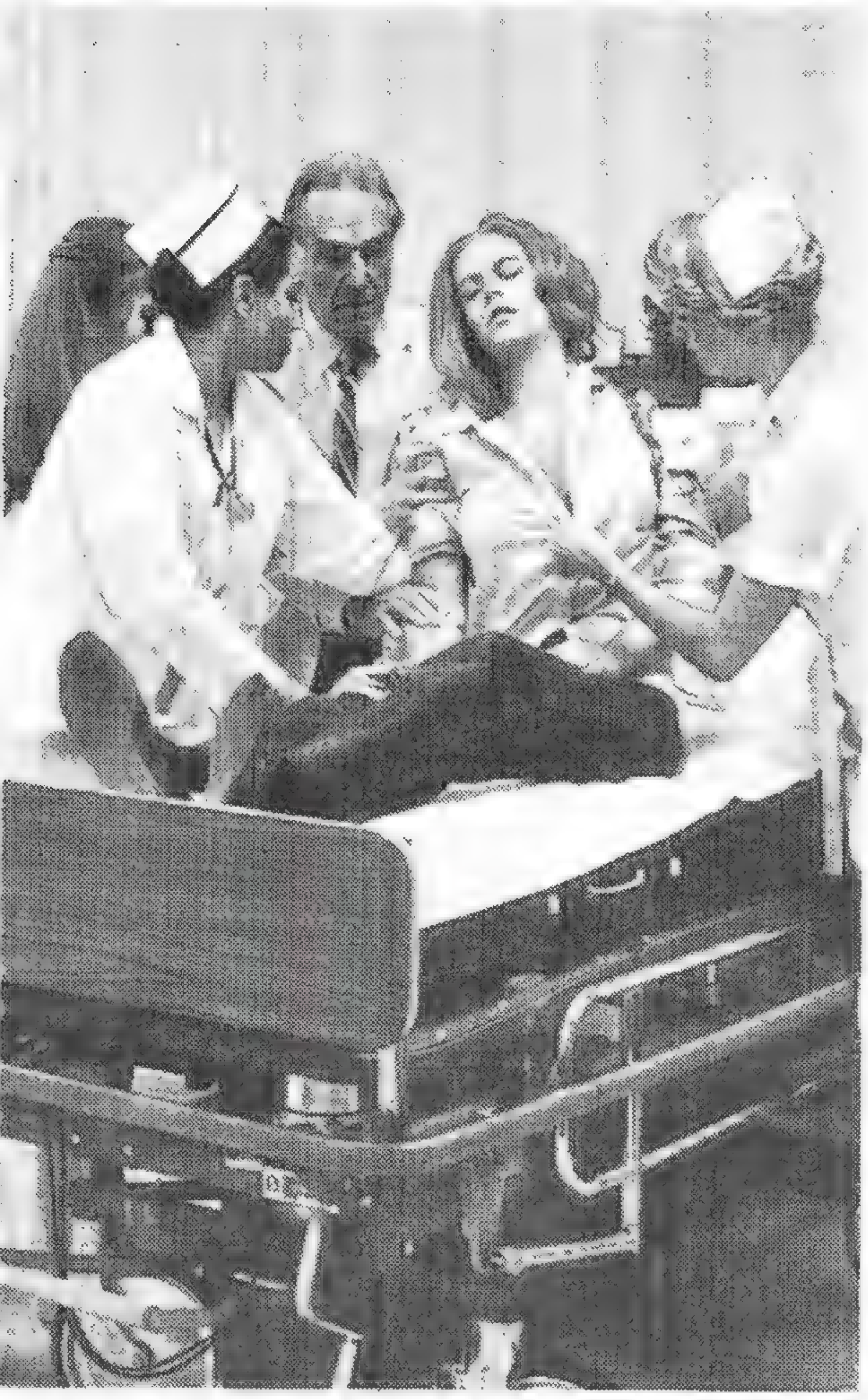
McVicar reflects on Daltrey's biographical interpretation, and the entire production, with a philosophical grain of salt:

"Without Roger playing me, I doubt that the film would have been made. I must admit that, prior to seeing him work, I wasn't too keen on him doing it. Now, I feel he's got it right. He's worked a lot harder than I have. I'm more flippant about it all. Roger's very intense and committed, constantly on at me, probing and asking questions.

"The film is really an account of a period in a convict's life. It's not a sociological statement. I want the film to portray truth, and to give audiences the feeling that, by seeing it, they can understand better what prison is like. I'd hate it to appear as a 'formula' film, the kind where you have gratuitous car chases ending in one turning over and bursting into flames. I've been on a lot of robberies in my time, but I've *never* seen that happen once!

"The script catches the spirit of the subject. Some changes were necessary since the story is told cinematically, but the point which the scenes make has not altered. I've become so objective about the past. On the set, I felt like I was watching someone else's life." ★





PPY HALLOWEEN

JAMIE LEE CURTIS DISCOVERS
THE SHAPE OF HORROR IN HALLOWEEN II

FILM FEATURE BY MATT JACOBS

Halloween, the 1978 fear film that scared the yell out of theatergoers and spawned a cinematic trend that continues unabated, will pick up where it left off—in time for trick-or-treat season —with **Halloween II.**

The original film's director, John Carpenter, and producer Debra Hill have collaborated on a follow-through screenplay that begins *exactly* where the horror ended last time. Jamie Lee Curtis returns as Laurie, a victim relentlessly pursued by the malevolent, haunting Shape. This time, he follows her to a hospital where she has been taken to recover from his recent attack. Against her will, she is sedated, and, in her drug-dreams, recalls her childhood—and a sinister, forgotten connection with The Shape.

Only Laurie and Dr. Loomis (Donald Pleasence) know the knife-wielding slasher will return. Nobody, including the audience, knows when, where or how—until the hospital lights go out. Then, the terror really begins.

"We started the horror film cycle with **Halloween**," Hill says, "and maybe we'll end it with the sequel." Considering some of the circumstances which occured *during* the filming, Hill's words are an understatement.

Halloween II almost ended the filmmakers.

Actress Ana Alicia was a victim in more ways than one. She plays a hospital candystriper who discovers a corpse, backs away and finds The Shape waiting for *her* with a poised hypodermic needle. The next shot, where he drives the instrument into her temple and she falls, was filmed several times. Another camera set-up required the office furniture to be rearranged. When the girl repeated the fall, she cut her head on a desk, causing a severe gash which eventually required several stitches. As blood gushed from the spot next to the "hypo wound," she pleaded with the crew: "Couldn't you use the shot—anyway?"

Another scene called for a night nurse and her boyfriend to make love in the hospital hot tub. When the time came for the young actress to take off her clothes, however, she froze, refusing to do the scene. The director, Rick Rosenthal, cleared the set and eased her into the action. When The Shape appears, he kills the lover and drowns the nurse in boiling water. The scene was shot many times from different angles, while the girl repeatedly screamed in agony. The shuddery blister effect was created by the thin latex mask the girl wore, and by the jelly that was injected under it with hypos. Almost an hour of terrifying footage was screened at the "dailies," numbing the actors with its savageness and repetition. Surprisingly, at the end of it all, the actress said she wanted to do it one *more* time—to get a little something "extra" into the scene.

Sometimes, the little extras are the real killers, including a sequence where The Shape chases Laurie down a hospital corridor—as an operating room explodes and a fireball hurtles down the hallway. The scene required a substantial amount of preparation, especially by a five-man pyrotechnics crew. With infinite care, they set up the explosives and the jets for the fireball.

A 40-foot hallway with a barricade at its end had been constructed, duplicating the real hospital corridor. The protective wall had three camera set-ups with holes cut for the lenses. The Curtis footage was shot without the explosion, then repeated with a stunt girl. The action had her run down the hall, and, as the room explodes, to duck behind a water fountain, away from the fireball.

All unnecessary personnel were asked to leave the old wooden soundstage, in case the unexpected happened. Outside, they closed the heavy 20-foot high doors and waited. The stunt was set, and went off with an explosion that rocked the building and buckled the doors. A thundercloud of black smoke poured out.

Apparently, the charge and the fireball chemicals were too powerful. One opinion stated that, had the chemical jets been aimed up instead of down, or had continued for 30 seconds more, the resulting inferno would have wiped out the crew and burned the stage to the ground. The camera crew was the first to see the fireball coming. They left the film running—*and split!*

One crew member grabbed the stunt girl away from the water fountain as the heat wave hit, burning his back while protecting her. Hanging mikes were melted. Walls were charred black, peeling from the flames. A slate hanging from the side of a camera was burned to a cinder. Witnesses said it looked like Hiroshima.

Somehow, the film was *not* burned. It showed part of the camera melting away as the fireball hit. Life imitates art!

The scene also includes The Shape (played by Dick Warlock) on fire. Both the stuntman and the director agreed, however, that the seemingly indestructable villain did not burn spectacularly enough—and repeated the stunt at a cost of $15,000. After climbing into his asbestos suit, Warlock had an excessive amount of highly flammable glue applied, perhaps two or three times the amount ordinarily required. A signal was prearranged to extinguish the flames when Warlock pounded on the floor. He did—*with BOTH hands* —after more than five minutes in the suit. The incredible heat had turned his sweat to steam and given him a serious burn.

Can The Shape return again? Near production's end, Jamie Lee Curtis hosted a lunch party for the cast and crew, serving wine, five-foot long Italian sandwiches and cakes adorned with pumpkins. Suddenly, The Shape was in their midst with his gleaming knife—and proceeded to cut the cake.

Trick or treat! ★

PHOTOS: KIM GOTTLIEB 1981 Dino DeLaurentiis. All rights reserved.

FILM FEATURE BY STEVE DANIELS

The needle is short, but very sharp. It punctures the skin to just below the surface tissue. A permanent dye is injected. The needle is withdrawn, then plunged into the skin again and again.

The delicate spike pierces hundreds of times, leaving behind marks that form words or images. If the hand and eye guiding is it true, the result will be a tapestry; if not, a travesty. Either way, pain and swelling follow.

After the scab residue is gone, a tattoo remains, an indelible image of living art as lasting as a birthmark, stabbed into the skin permanently, like a scar. It can only be removed by burning or cutting away the flesh. It can be concealed, but not forgotten.

Tattoos are forever.

Because they become part of the body, tattoos have a sexual mystique. Men wear them as emblems of virility. Women wear them as sensuous accoutrements. Among the notables who have tattoos are Peter Fonda, Susan St. James, David Carradine, Joan Baez, Ringo Starr, Grace Slick and Cher.

The exotic appeal of tattoos has endured for centuries. The cinema has reflected its fascination for skin-art in films such as **Night of the Hunter**, **The Yazuka** and **The Illustrated Man**. The new erotic thriller, **Tattoo**, elevates the art to a major plot device.

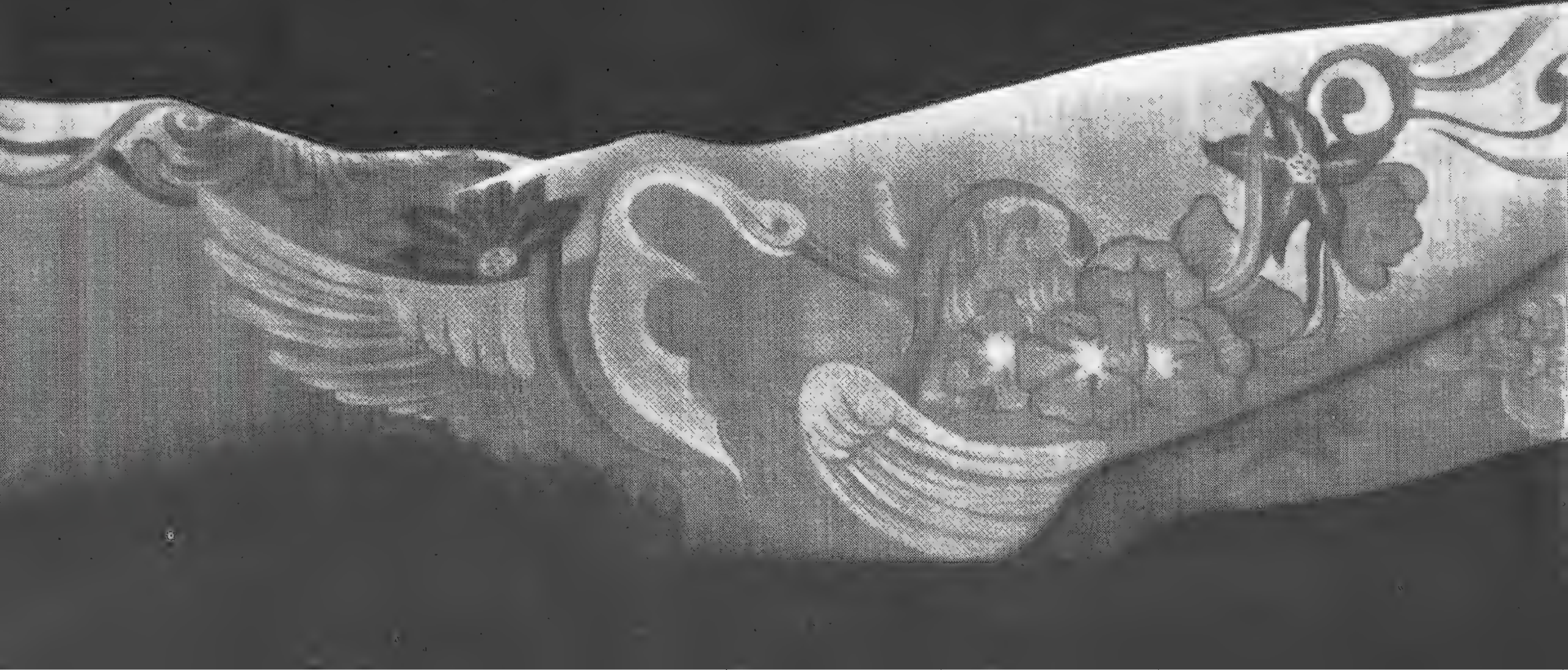
Bruce Dern stars as Karl Kinski, a lonely, tormented serviceman, who wanders into a Japanese tattoo parlor, mesmerized by the intricate, exotic patterns. Before leaving Japan, he acquires a complete body tattoo, leaving only his face, hands and neck unadorned. Kinski regards his body as a work of art, and does not display it casually. He associates his tattoos with a bizarre form of love as he searches for his ideal of female perfection. This obsession leads him to *become* a tattoo artist who practices his vision of beauty on his own patrons.

When Kinski is called to provide temporary tattoos for models in a fashion magazine layout, he meets the glamorous Maddy, and becomes fixated on possessing her. Maud Adams portrays Maddy as an independent, free-spirited woman who enjoys a life of one-night stands, without commitments. She is intrigued by Karl's skill and personality, while he dreams of "saving" her from herself by teaching her the meaning of true love. His method: embellish her with tattoos, binding her body and spirit to him *alone*. They begin a relationship, but the gap between their philosophies is too great for Maddy to overcome.

To fulfill his passion, Kinski kidnaps the model and imprisons her in an isolated hideaway. She awakens in terror, discovering her body is covered in tattoos—some are real, others are not. Karl vows not to complete his masterpiece *until* he has changed Maddy's spiritual and emotional being. In the meantime, he adorns her physically with a continuing network of designs calculated to erode her resistance while fueling his own desire.

The casting of Bruce Dern as the unbalanced Kinski is adroit cinematic shorthand. Unlike certain previous Dern roles, however, Kinski is a fully-rounded personality. The part draws on the actor's ability to convey emotional subtleties beyond his standard snarling, psychopathic portrayals.

Maud Adams



Top: Bruce Dern. Maud Adams among the tattoos. *Bottom:* Adams becomes a living canvas before shooting.

Maud Adams' characterization of Maddy is another example of obvious typecasting that returns unexpected resonance. A former international, high-fashion model, the tall, blonde Swedish actress is called upon to interpret a multi-layered character in a complex human drama. Her previous roles include **The Man With the Golden Gun**, **Rollerball**, and **Playing for Time**.

"I was attracted to **Tattoo** because it was the first part that came along which required *real* acting ability," says Adams. "I started performing ten years ago, and after a number of feature films and TV shows, I was essentially typecast. I understood it when I began, but as I continued to work, I wanted to sink my teeth into something more demanding. I've been studying for years, and I abandoned modeling to devote all my energies to acting. I wanted to test myself. **Tattoo** offered me a serious, intense part, particularly in the last third, which is basically a two-character drama.

"It was the kind of role I had been hoping for, but I must admit, I had apprehensions—not about playing the part, but personal reservations over nudity and violence.

"I have always been very cautious about getting undressed for films, and have turned down work when I felt it was unnecessary. As you grow up, however, you begin to accept your body as *just* a body, and I thought I may have been too prudish in the past. In this case, the nude body is a canvas, and essential to the story, so I decided it was time. It was difficult, but I'm glad I did it.

"I was more concerned about objections over violence against women. **Tattoo** is about an act against a woman's will. As a woman, it bothered me, but as an actress, I had to put those feelings

EVERY GREAT LOVE LEAVES ITS MARK

TATTOO

MAUD ADAMS REVEALS HOW BRUCE DERN GOT UNDER HER SKIN IN THE NEW EROTIC THRILLER

aside. Sometimes it's necessary to show these things, to make people aware of them. Plus, it was *too* good a part to let pass by.

"When I saw the finished film, those areas I worried about seemed *totally* remote. I didn't have the same reservations, and I don't think women will have cause to complain. It's more of a an examination of the hostage syndrome, in which the captive begins to feel sympathetic towards the captor. We even used what happened to Patty Hearst: she was thrown into a closet after an escape attempt, as was my character. Watching the movie *was* unsettling, because of the disturbing, sinister story."

Tattoo bears a superficial resemblance to another hostage film, **The Collector**, with an added Hitchcock quality evident in its suspense elements. But it is the tattoos which add the vibrant, erotic undercurrent to the movie.

Essential to the storyline, the tattoos had to be both durable and believable. They were designed by illustrator Isadore Seltzer, and applied by make-up men Fred Blau and Mike Hancock, who worked on **The Illustrated Man**. Using special cosmetic dyes and paints, they rendered temporary tattoos which endured under hot studio lights and cold showers for several weeks. To facilitate the process, body casts were molded of Dern and Adams, on which the tattoos were drawn. Then, 87 small silk screens were made from the figure patterns, each corresponding to a different body part.

"I didn't know anything about tattoos before the film," says Adams. "Actually, I thought they were revolting. I didn't mind if somebody else wore them, but I couldn't imagine one on me.

"When they were applied, however, I found them very attractive. My body seemed very beautiful with tattoos. I wore all of them, on the set *and off* for two weeks. I wouldn't want to have one permanently, but if I did, I'd wear it on the back of my neck."

Wearing the skin illustrations was only one of the shocks Adams experienced on the film. "The process took six hours and five people to complete," she reveals. "It was strange, because all the make-up personnel, but one, were men. I had to take off all my clothes, and while I'm not particularly bashful, it was rather odd to have these strangers touching my body in a small, private room.

"Everyone had their own sections to complete. They fit together the outline patterns, pressing and painting here and there. I had to remain standing for about three hours during the outlining, then I laid on a table while they brushed on the colors. If somebody started tickling me, I could scold him without opening an eye. Only my torso was painted so the tattoos could be covered by my kimono. Usually, only slight touch-ups were needed.

"The first night of shooting after the kidnapping, my make-up men were working on me, while another group painted Bruce in a nearby room. When we were halfway through, a lunchbreak was called, and I got a message from Bruce that he wanted me to stop over. I walked in. He was standing there *completely* naked. He said, 'I wanted you to have a look at me the way I really am—not as a tattooed man.'

"At first I was startled. Then, I laughed! But, once I got over the shock, I responded to the way Bruce talked to me so frankly and openly. He really broke the ice. It was the *best* thing he could have done to relax both of us."

Fortunately the actors developed a rapport, because their director, Bob Brooks, put them through a series of difficult situations. Brooks is a Philadelphia native, who made his reputation in New York and London as an art director, still photographer and TV commercial director. Shooting over 1000 60-second spots, he began long-form drama with **Space:1999**. Writing the original short story for **Tattoo** on a Sunday afternoon, he spent two years developing it into a feature film screenplay, with the aid of Joyce Bunuel, the daughter-in-law of French director Luis Bunuel. Like many commercial directors, Brooks brings to his work a demanding eye for detail and a penchant for unusual shots.

Above: Adams and Dern in **Tattoo**.

"The first scene after I regain consciousness in Kinski's hideaway was very difficult, for both artistic and technical reasons," says Adams. "I had to awaken, discover I'm naked in a strange place with my abductor watching me. Then, I look in the mirror, see the tattoos on my body, and become very angry. Going from passivity to total outrage is quite difficult. I had to do it several times, and I remember wondering, 'God, will this *ever* end?' There were a lot of rehearsals, because I had to smash the mirror with precise timing, and we had a *limited* supply of mirrors."

Adams' previous modeling experiences did not make Maddy easier to play. The actress and her role had little in common, other than a familiarity with photographer's studios.

"Fundamentally, I am nothing like Maddy," Adams observes. "She's basically a character part, very free, swinging, modern. I'm more conservative and reserved. The most difficult aspect was portraying the changes her personality undergoes during the film."

Maud Adams' experience in **Tattoo** will undoubtably draw attention to her acting abilities—and her torrid love scenes with Bruce Dern. Being extremely explicit, they have been the subject of considerable examination in the press.

"Bruce and I became very close while we were working, but we were *not* lovers," Adams declares. "He was quite helpful to me, and I felt very close to him, but there was never any romance. The one love scene we had was very intense, very realistic, but there was no penetration, which is what some people are questioning.

"Bruce did interviews with **Oui** and **Playgirl**, and in describing the love scene, he used what I consider stupid, chauvinistic terms. Answering one question, he misled people into thinking we really engaged in intercourse.

"I was furious! It was a betrayal of our friendship. I felt it was incongruous for him to say it, because he really respects women. It was a shock, very disappointing. We've spoken since, but it's still a sore spot between us."

Such chatter will dominate talk shows and scandal sheets when **Tattoo** is released in October. What will probably be overlooked is the fact that the film went into production without a solid finish.

"We didn't really know how it would end," says Adams. "There were different possibilities, but it was during rehearsals that the solution came to me—the image of a *pieta*. That gave us a direction, and that's how we shot it. But, I can't reveal the ending.

"**Tattoo** will probably stir up more controversy, and hopefully convince people that Maud Adams is more than just another pretty face. To what extent these ideas will affect the boxoffice, only the public can determine."

As a result of **Tattoo**, artists in the trade expect a renaissance of an artform which dates back to the ancient Egyptians. The temporary tattoo applications will doubtlessly become a chic fashion trend. But for the truly adventurous, *nothing* can replace the bite of the needle.★

BEHIND THE CAMERA

A CANDID CONVERSATION ABOUT THE PAST AND FUTURE FILMS OF STEVEN SPIELBERG

DIRECTOR INTERVIEW BY STERANKO

*At 35, Steven Spielberg has become Hollywood's hottest director, even though he has made fewer films than can be counted on one's fingers. After studying motion picture technique at USC, Spielberg polished his talent at Universal Pictures, directing numerous TV shows such as **Marcus Welby, Name of the Game** and **Night Gallery**. Of his two TV features, **Duel** and **Something Evil**, the former has been cited as a pure cinematic achievement, a compelling exercise in suspenseful storytelling—with a minimal amount of story.*

*Since 1973, Spielberg has released a film every other year, beginning with **Sugarland Express, Jaws, Close Encounters of the Third Kind, 1941** and **Raiders of the Lost Ark**. The essence of a Spielberg production encompasses style, speed and sophistication backed by solid technological expertise. A controversial figure, he has been both canonized and condemned for what he describes as his "self-indulgent excesses." He is nonetheless as popular with critics as with the motion picture audience.*

*Spielberg interrupted post-production on **Raiders** for the following interview with Steranko (who also contributed to the film as production illustrator). The director spoke candidly, with a ready sense of humor, about his past, present and future in films.*

PREVUE: When did **Raiders** begin for you?

STEVEN SPIELBERG: May, 1977, a week before **Star Wars**' release. George Lucas and I were in Hawaii. I wanted a vacation; George didn't want to be around when **Star Wars** opened. We were on the beach, and George asked me, "Have you ever heard of the Lost Ark of the Covenant?" Like so many people, I said, "Noah's Ark?" He said, "No, no, no, no, no, *not* Noah's Ark! The Ark of the Covenant contains the Ten Commandments which were brought down from Mount Herob by Moses.

PREVUE: Did George know about Hitler's interest in occult and religious myths?

SPIELBERG: Yes. He knew that Hitler was superstitious and interested in astrology and the future—his future, certainly. George wanted to combine the Ark, Hitler and a type of Holy Grail treasure hunt set in 1936 involving an adventurer.

PREVUE: Then the plot was fairly well developed in 1977?

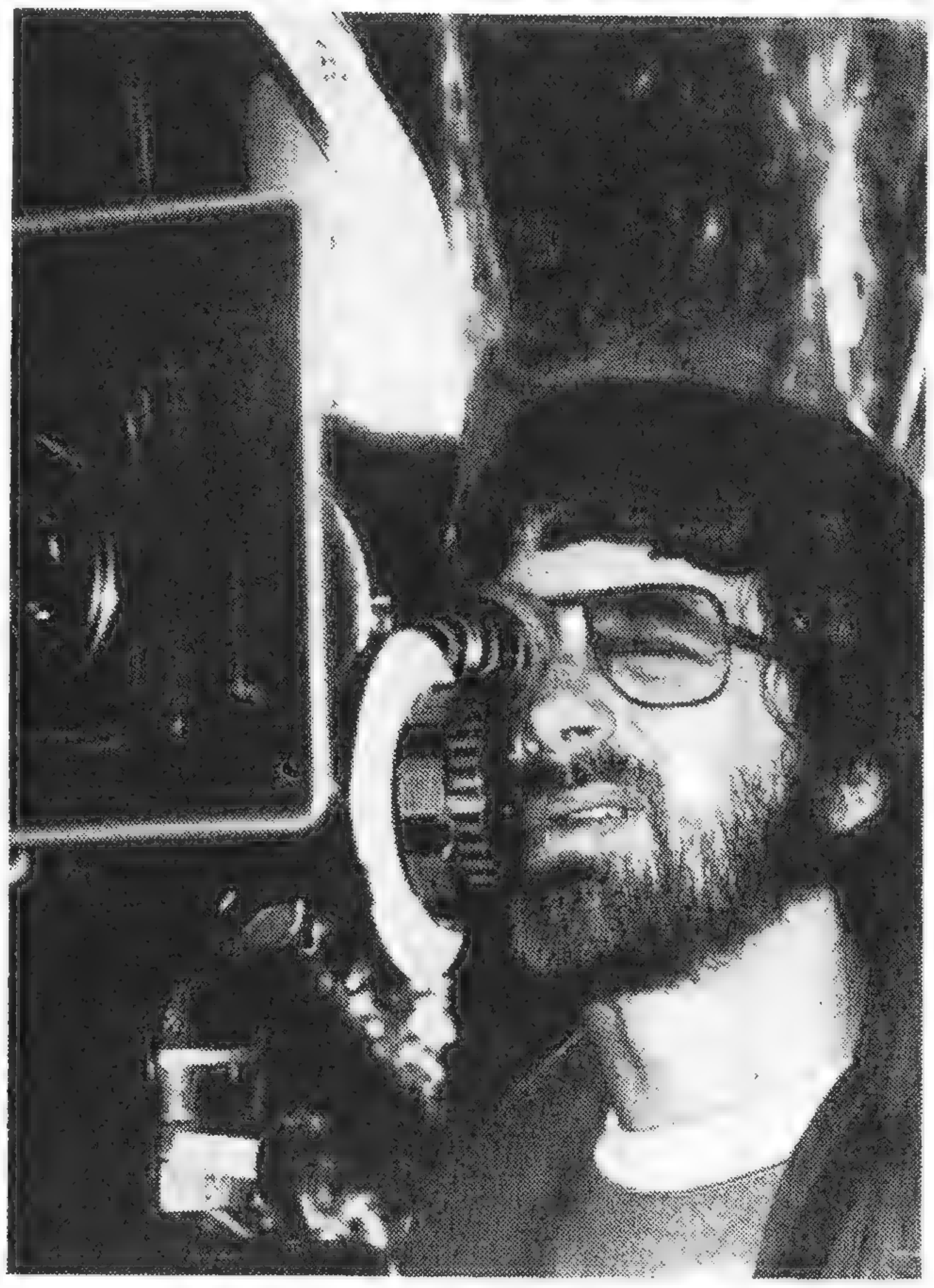
SPIELBERG: Exactly, he suckered me with a really great story, knowing I was unavailable for about two-and-a-half years. I was finishing **Close Encounters** and committed to **1941**. George knew I couldn't do **Raiders** until 1980, but I began to make time.

PREVUE: What intrigued you about the story?

SPIELBERG: It mixed a pseudo-religious history with cliff-hanging serialization. I'm a fan of the '30s, especially pulps like **Amazing Stories** and the Republic serials. We thought mixing the best of the serial action and this eccentric, baroque myth would produce an interesting movie.

PREVUE: So, you're sitting on the beach in Hawaii, while George tells you the story...

SPIELBERG: All the while, we're building the *definitive* sandcastle out of dark lava sand. It was the size of a small bathroom. It withstood the onslaught of the Pacific Ocean for about 45 minutes. I built a moat around it that allowed the castle to survive at least 20 extra minutes.



PREVUE: While George was telling the story, were you directing it in your head?

SPIELBERG: I usually do. Whenever I hear a story, even if it's "Once upon a time..." I've got it directed upstairs. It's cheaper that way. I usually come out under-budget in my imagination.

PREVUE: You came in under-budget and under schedule on **Raiders**?

SPIELBERG: We came in way under-schedule and *on*-budget. That was my challenge, something that I was determined to do for personal, selfish reasons.

PREVUE: John Landis said that there was a contingent from Hollywood waiting for you to fail (**PREVUE** 42). Is that true?

SPIELBERG: Landis loves to chase away the slight grey cloud of **The Blues Brothers** from over his head by bringing up **1941**. While the rest of the world has forgotten the film and the *fact* that it made $50 million in worldwide film rentals, John hasn't. He mentions **1941** in the same breath as **Blues Brothers** as if we should be ashamed of them; they are only joined at the hip in that both are capricious in their visual disgorging. They're overly, almost needlessly visual, with stories that should have been simpler. I really like John Landis, and I don't resent his way of using my movie as a smokescreen for his film.

If **1941** had been a hit, the critics would have waited for another picture to fail. They *were* waiting for me after **Jaws**, but they liked **Close Encounters**. It made money and got good reviews. After a certain amount of success, critics are always ready to pounce if you fall off that pedestal they imagine you've built for yourself. **1941** is not a bad picture, but it isn't a great one. Still, it doesn't deserve the amount of flack it's gotten. By the same token, it did deserve a ruler across the knuckles.

PREVUE: Was there additional pressure on you during **Raiders** because of **1941**?

SPIELBERG: Not at all. I was in bed with **Raiders** long before **1941**. I don't make movies to prove things to people. If I did, I would have made **Ordinary People** instead of **Raiders**. When people expect consistency in one's performance, they're usually surprised.

Actually, it had two shooting schedules: the original Paramount-approved 87-day schedule, and a secret one, *The Spielberg Shortcut*, of 73 days. I only let my crew see that schedule, so no one would scream if we went 87 days. I worked hard, and, essentially, the film was done in 72 days. I spent four months planning every sequence in Tunisia, Gafsa and Souse, and on the sets at Elstree. I never worked that hard in my life, or compromised as much either.

PREVUE: Was that surprising?

SPIELBERG: It's not *my* style of moviemaking. There's usually a kind of visual metaphor in my pictures. In this case, I went back to a more traditional sense of filmmaking. I placed the camera to tell the best story possible, not to be stylish. **Raiders** is as threadbare visually as anything I've ever done, but it's incidental because there's so much going on within the frame. You won't be aware that the camera is *not* moving 300 feet laterally with crossing action or that there *aren't* tricks with a zoom lens. You're not aware of the absence of the things I usually do.

PREVUE: Does that mean your style may be in a state of transition?

SPIELBERG: Whatever a style means. George

Lucas and Francis Coppola both have certain styles of shooting movies, as do all directors. My style—and Francis'—is more expensive than most. I had to repress that in order to make **Raiders** on schedule.

PREVUE: But that was your own decision—

SPIELBERG: Yes, because I still had a strong story. Why impose a style on something that, because of the nature of the material and the performances, is already highly stylized?

PREVUE: Did you agonize over doing scenes without intricate camera work?

SPIELBERG: In Tunisia, I often felt this would look *great* in a crane shot with a sweeping arm shot down. Then, I'd realize we couldn't get a crane up a 400-foot mountain in the first place. There were all sorts of small compromises I had to make for the good of the movie.

PREVUE: As the director, does this economical visual style work?

SPIELBERG: Yes, it's the kind of picture that Sam Wood, Victor Fleming, John Farrow or Michael Curtiz would have done. It has a very simple style that compliments the material. Visually, the film does *not* upstage the story and the characters.

PREVUE: When George told you the name of the lead character, what was your response?

SPIELBERG: I said, *"Indiana!?* That's the name of *your dog!* What *are* you talking about?

PREVUE: Did he already have the nickname, "Indy?"

SPIELBERG: Larry Kasdan, the screenwriter, came up with Indy.

PREVUE: How was Larry chosen for the screenplay?

SPIELBERG: I had just met him and had Universal purchase his screenplay, **Continental Divide**, which I was going to produce and direct. He really knew movies, stayed up late to watch the old classics. He was an advocate of good storytelling, a Rudyard Kipling style.

George didn't want to write **Raiders**. He asked me who I'd recommend, so I proposed Larry do it, and brought him in to meet George. Larry's very quiet. George is kind of shy. None of us said very much. I thought nothing was going to come of the meeting.

PREVUE: Harrison said you and he spent ten hours on a plane, working out why the character does what he does (**PREVUE** 45). Were you prepared to answer all of those questions?

SPIELBERG: Oh, yes. I had the same questions about certain facets of the character. Many things we did were a matter of filmic convenience, elements that audiences never question unless you're making a very realistic movie. If you're making **Kramer vs. Kramer**, you have to supply a few more answers to how and why characters behave. In our case, we were *both* trying to bring a humanity to Indiana Jones so you would not only sympathize with him, but also understand why he would risk his life for a mythological antiquity. It was my idea to make him an agnostic and have him make faces whenever he hears such words as "God," "religion," or "faith." He takes the Ark of the Covenant with a grain of salt. Of course, he learns his lesson in the end. We did many little things to humanize Indy and make him more accessible.

The same thing happened in **Jaws**. When I wrote my version—everybody had a shot at the script, though mine was actually the last draft written—I made Roy Scheider, Chief Brody, aquaphobic. That characterization wasn't in the book or in the Sackler or Bench-

Above: Steven Spielberg demonstrates the reaction he seeks from Harrison Ford during the tomb sequence in **Raiders**. *Below:* Ford and Karen Allen reminisce about old times. Indiana Jones finds treasure—and trouble. Ford battles the Sherpa intruders.

© 1981 Lucasfilm, LTD. ARR

Right: Karen Allen faces the Nazi brand. *Overleaf:* The fight under the Flying Wing. Indy finds a way out. Steven Spielberg in a quiet moment.

ley scripts. I was determined to give Brody a fear of the water to overcome *beyond* fighting the shark. Using that humanizing element, was essential for me in trying to direct an actor in a part that was bigger than life. We did the same thing with Harrison's character in order to give him a handle, and the audience a reason for saying, "Yeah, I understand why he feels that way," or "Yeah, I think he's a fool." Either way, Indy's different than he was in the original draft.

PREVUE: Was the original idea not to go with big name stars?

SPIELBERG: Yes, we wanted to find and create a matinee idol from scratch. George and I combined our small egos into one massive ego, hoping to *make* somebody's career. Instead, we only enhanced them.

PREVUE: What are the similarities in attitudes between you and George Lucas as filmmakers that allowed a film to be made with one coherent vision?

SPIELBERG: We both love the audience *more* than our indulgences. We want to give people a good time, to get the best possible rise from whoever pays to see our movies.

PREVUE: Did George have any suggestions about how your visual style should be amended for **Raiders**, or did he say, "It's up to you. It's your film"?

SPIELBERG: He said it was my film. As a matter of fact, anytime he didn't like something I proposed, rather than say, "No, you can't do it," he would smile, shrug and say, "Well, it's *your* movie." You have to take that within the context of its delivery in George's inimitable singsong fashion. It was, essentially, my movie. At the same time, I invited George to be my collaborator, to come in and help make the film. He did. He came to London for three of our nine shooting weeks, and to Tunisia two out five weeks. He was in Hawaii and France during our time there.

PREVUE: What elements did you and George see differently?

SPIELBERG: Nothing technical, just ideas. One concerned Toht, the head German honcho. Ron Cobb had conceived in a number of drawings the fact that Toht has a right arm which he never uses. Apparently, it's dead, a wooden arm. When the gunfight at the Raven began, Toht aimed his finger and fired *through* it. He took a banana clip and inserted it into his wrist. Suddenly, the sleeve fell away and you saw a gun built into where his right hand used to be. He lost it in some kind of weird, Hitlerian experiment. Ron and I had designed a machine gun that shot right through his finger. George didn't like that, because he felt it put us too much into another mode, and we were trying to stay away from anything resembling Bond or **Star Wars**. So, the gimmick went. The gunfight is still in the film, but Toht is just a regular villain.

Ron and I had worked on another idea concerning the German base. We actually used the submarine tanks in LaRochelle, France. I wanted to tour that base in the film, packing it with Phantom F-16s and other planes even more advanced than today's best jet fighters. They would have been adorned with swastikas and iron crosses in a sort of baroque, almost deco style. The idea is that some Wernher Von Braun-type character was working in the base's inner sanctums and pushing the frontier of science ahead 60 years.

PREVUE: But, the concept was lost along the way?

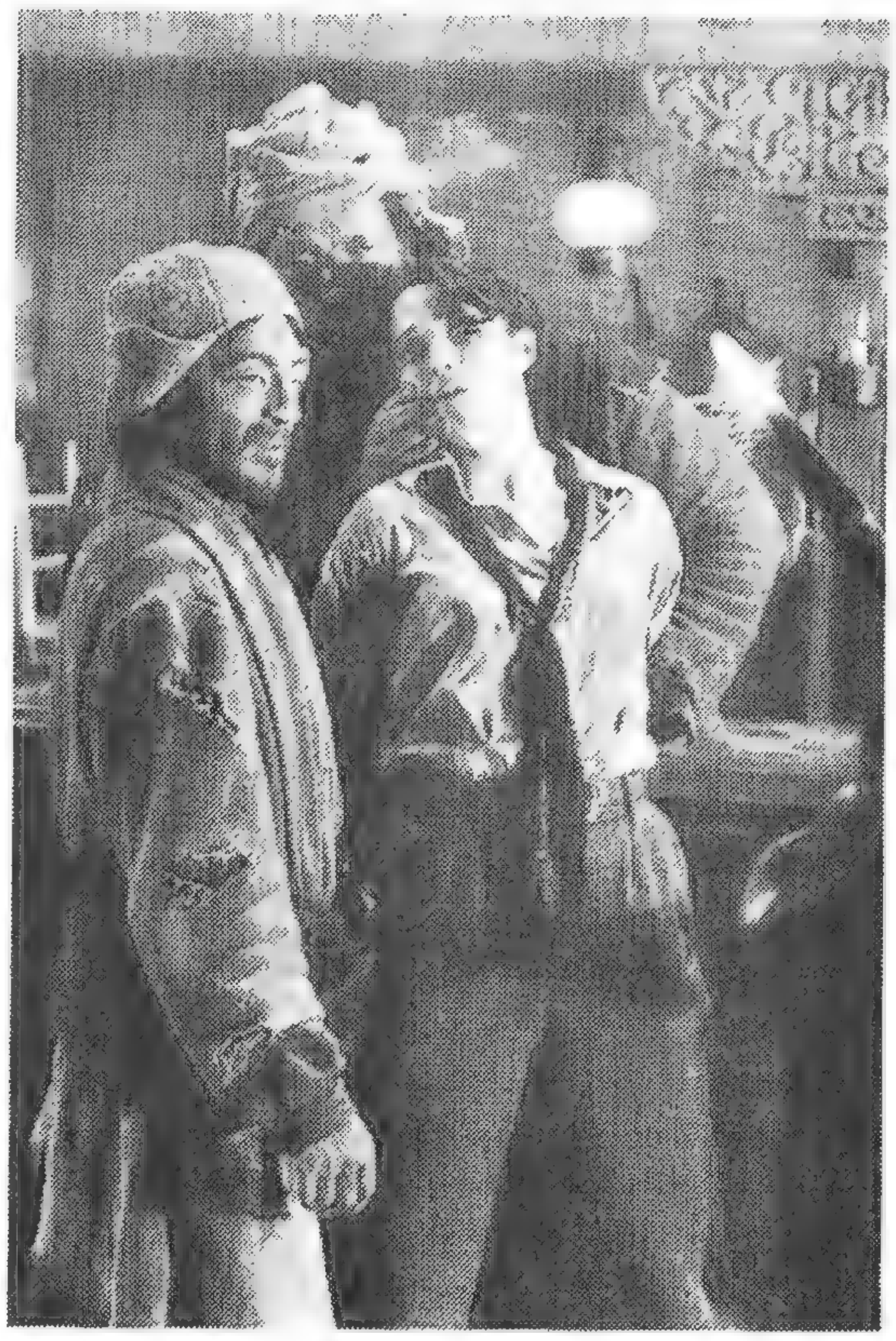
SPIELBERG: Yes. That's how I wanted to make the film; it's really the only area in which George and I differed. He wanted a more utilitarian approach where the cleverness and thrills come from the wit and intelligence of the characters, not from the technology. I'm very good at superimposing a *neat* technology over a realistic story.

PREVUE: Imagine the effect on an audience as the hangar doors roll back to reveal planes that are obviously a half-century ahead of their time?

SPIELBERG: Audience still gasp when they see that sort of thing in James Bond pictures. That was George's point, "Yes, they'll gasp, but they'll go next door and see the new Bond picture and gasp just as much. Let's give them something different than what they'll be seeing in summer 1981." I agreed.

PREVUE: What about the second unit work?

SPIELBERG: Essentially, I only had two cameras going. Mickey Moore shot a lot of the truck chase second unit. Frank Marshall, my line producer, shot second unit of the monkey running down the street, hiding in baskets, jumping over Arabs. Otherwise, there wasn't much second unit in the picture.



PREVUE: As usual, John Williams composed the score?

SPIELBERG: We're joined at the quaver. It has full underscore, 90 pieces and 25 voices.

PREVUE: What's your favorite scene from the film?

SPIELBERG: The one where Marion tries to get Belloq drunk. He feigns being a bad drinker. She takes advantage of that to effect her escape, when, in fact, he's a better drinker than she is. He drinks her literally right under the table and into complete submission. There are dozens of scenes in the film: chases, fistfights, flying wing stuff, snake pits, cliffhangers and close calls. I love them all, but that one scene, for some reason, is my favorite.

PREVUE: What was the most difficult scene to shoot?

SPIELBERG: The snake pit, with its 8,000 snakes. How do you find your mark when there are 8,000 snakes?

PREVUE: With great care!

SPIELBERG: Believe it! Between takes, they had to be returned to their holding bins, otherwise, they would escape through the floor. Many of them did. It took time to wrangle the snakes. As a matter of fact, I thought I was going to blow all the days I had *saved* on the snake sequence. Fortunately, we found a method for handling them that was able to speed things along.

PREVUE: Do you have a fear of snakes?

SPIELBERG: No, but watching dailies was interesting. Some people had no fear of snakes, but others couldn't even *watch* the screen. Even if you're not afraid, it's very unsettling to see 8,000 squirming snakes wanting to *eat* you.

PREVUE: Another interesting element is the flying wing. Where is it now?

SPIELBERG: We left it in Tunisia. I'm sure the Bedouins have put a tarp over it and are living underneath.

PREVUE: What were its real capabilities?

SPIELBERG: It was built to taxi and turn on its axis, but not to fly. It could have flown, though; it was aerodynamically sound. It's interesting how much the wing looks like a **Star Wars** ship. The '30s' designers were so far advanced with the flying wing. It didn't have much of a payload capacity, so it was impractical for use during World War 2. Still, it looks very modern.

PREVUE: Whose idea was it to use the flying wing?

SPIELBERG: George's. He's loved them since he was a kid. He said, "We must have a flying wing and the truck chase in the film." The chase came from your painting of Indy transferring from his horse to a truck. We used your artwork in the same way George uses Ralph McQuarrie's universes for **Star Wars**. Indiana Jones' costume is based on that great painting you did of him in the desert. (Steranko's visualizations of **Raiders of the Lost Ark** were presented in a special poster book insert in **PREVUE** 43.)

PREVUE: It's the classic serial approach again. While we're discussing props, were the U-boat sequences problematical?

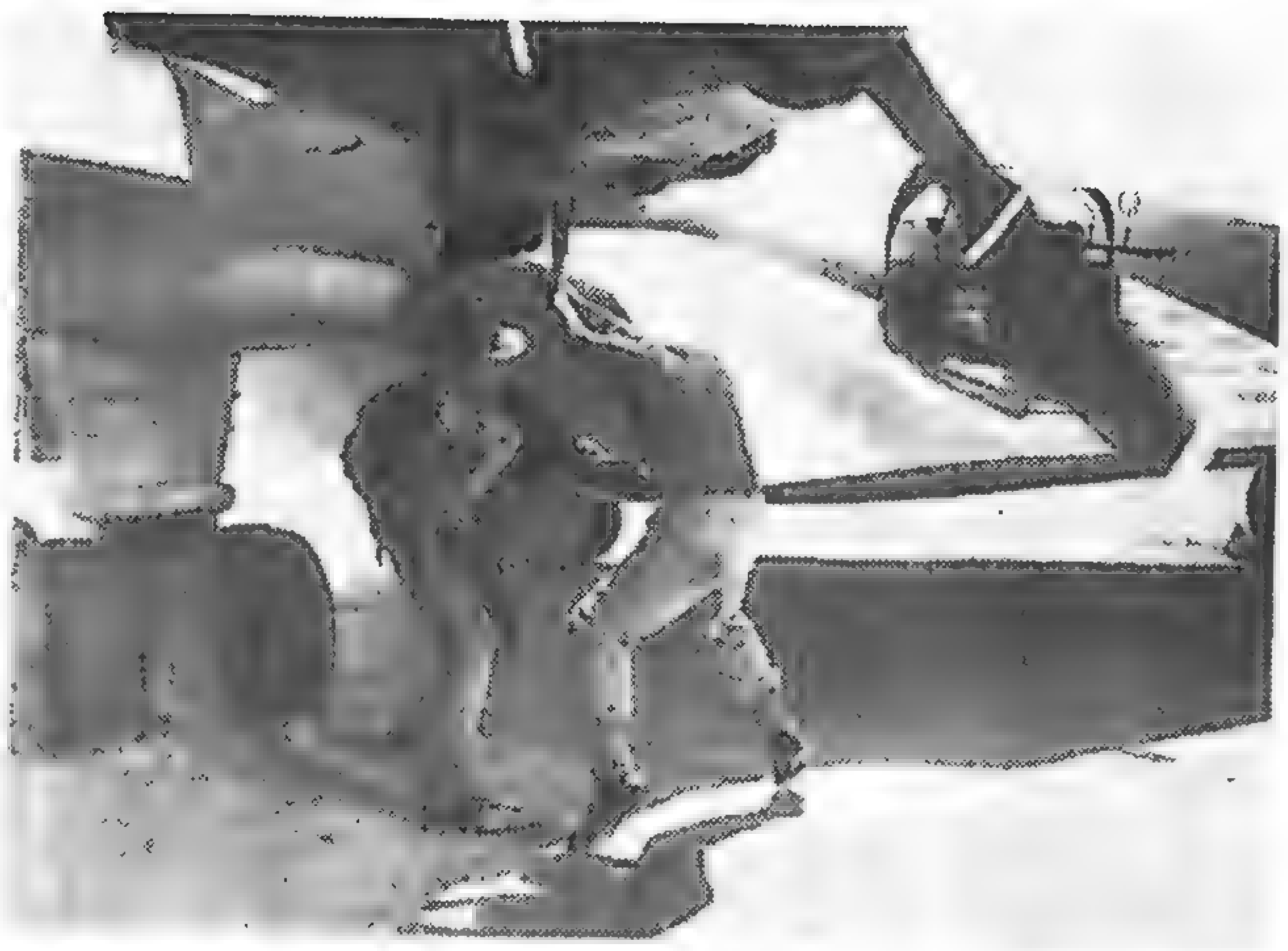
SPIELBERG: No, other than the fact that half of the English crew wasn't used to working in water, and they were over the sides. We rented a mock-up submarine that was built for another picture called **The Boat**. It was to be filmed in the same general area of the Mediterranean where we shot **Raiders**. We got permission to use the boat, but we had to bring it back in whenever the swells got over three feet. It was a full-size, 130-foot U-boat, but it was unsafe in really choppy water. Otherwise, there was some *risk* that it would break up. We went out and shot. Five months later, they began photography on **The Boat**. On the first day of shooting, they hit six-foot swells. The boat broke into two pieces and *sank* 100 feet to the ocean bottom. They never recovered it; it's a very sad story.

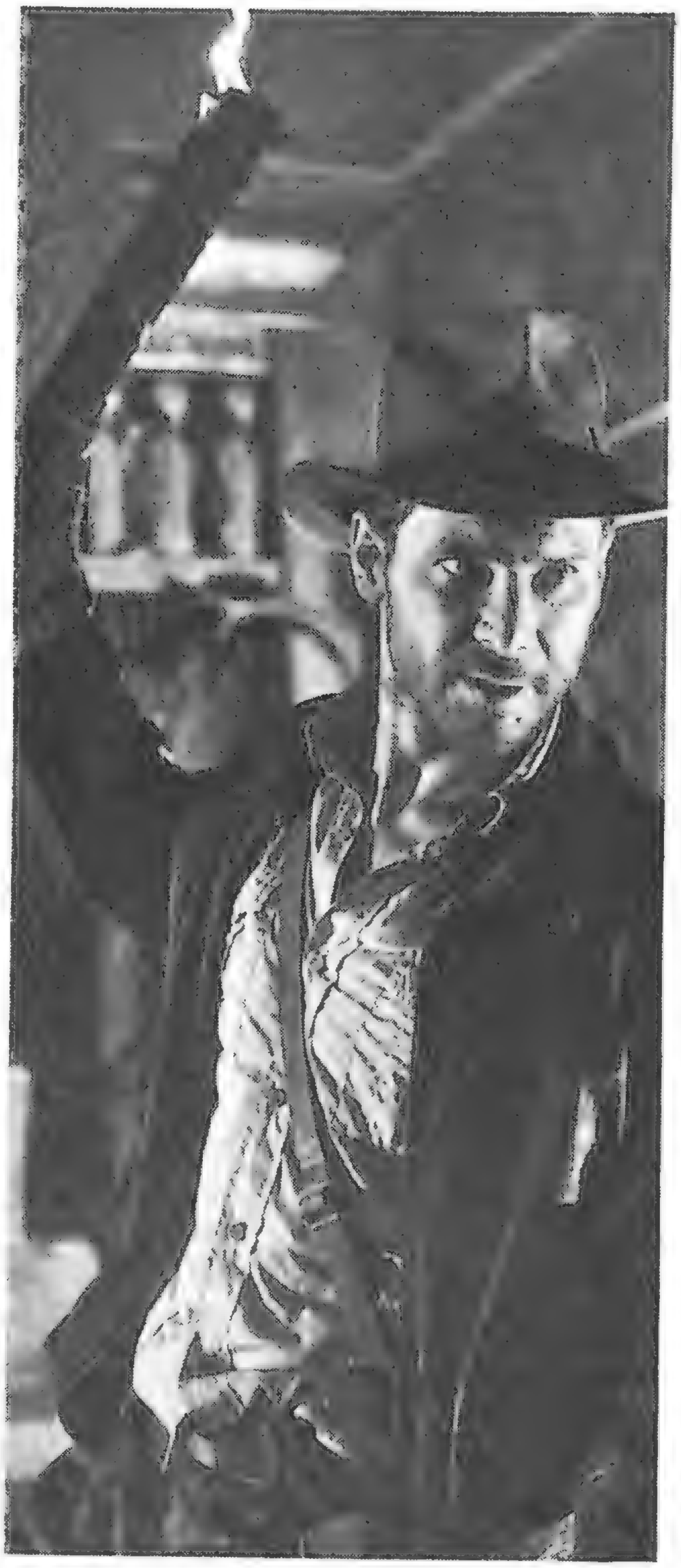
PREVUE: What's the technique of working with a couple thousand extras?

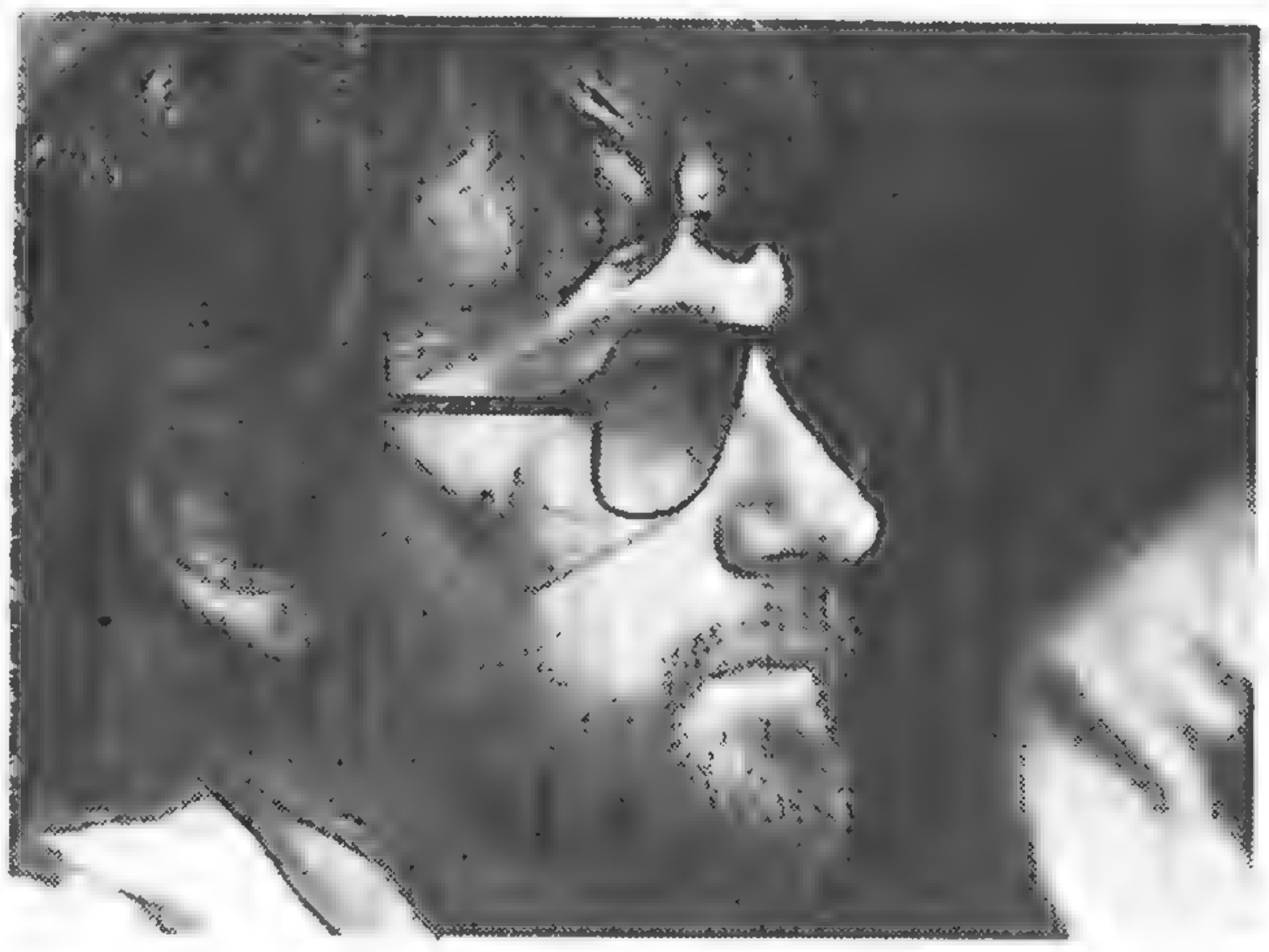
SPIELBERG: That they get paid *every* day and *without* delay.

PREVUE: Fear?

SPIELBERG: Right! There were 600 extras from the city of Kairouan in one scene. We spent about three hours putting marks down, little wooden stakes, so they knew *exactly* where to stand. It was very important to the scene's composition. We couldn't get the shot before noon, so, I called lunch—a *big* mistake. All of the extras reached down, pulled out their stakes and took them along to lunch. When they came back, they didn't know where to stand.







PREVUE: How did the desert treat you otherwise?

SPIELBERG: It was very uncomfortable. I consumed a gallon of water every day, a quart-and-a-half in the morning, two-and-a-half quarts in the afternoon after lunch. I went to the bathroom very little, that's how much water my body used. It was 135 degrees every day.

PREVUE: If somebody told you to go to Hell, you would have stayed right where you were.

SPIELBERG: Yeah. We had six weeks scheduled for Tunisia. I shot it in four and a half without compromising. I just worked fast. The crew wanted to get out of there *so bad* we were averaging 40 shots a day with two cameras outside.

PREVUE: If Roger Corman hears about this, he'll be beating down your door.

SPIELBERG: Sure, I'd do 40 shots a day for Roger, but what I get paid as a director is the *entire budget* for one of his films.

PREVUE: Though **Raiders** is really your first all-action film, you have the sensibilities of an action director.

SPIELBERG: That's a compliment. I'm not an action director by design or nature, but by circumstance, in terms of the pictures I've felt comfortable doing. Essentially, I'm a love story director, but nobody's aware of that except me. In several years, when I start making very small pictures, people will say, "Yeah, but didn't he also make an action picture called **Raiders of the Lost Ark**?"

PREVUE: No one will believe *that*. What I meant was you know things about movement that most others will never realize. You can take a static scene, find the right camera angle and movement and *make* it come alive.

SPIELBERG: My next film is very much like that, a small, personal science fiction film. We're working on ways to put visual movement into what is essentially a "four-wall" movie. The project combines my "kids" film idea with the **Night Skies** science fiction idea. Melissa Mathison, who co-wrote **The Black Stallion**, wrote the screenplay. The film is now called **E.T.**

PREVUE: Extraterrestrial? What's happening with **Close Encounters II**?

SPIELBERG: There will *not* be a sequel.

PREVUE: And **A Guy Named Joe**?

SPIELBERG: That's been re-titled **Always**, and will be shot at MGM next year. It's a remake of the 1942 Spencer Tracy film that's updated to 1983.

PREVUE: George told me you'll direct one of the **Star Wars** films (**PREVUE** 42).

SPIELBERG: Yes, the fourth one to be made, actually the first one of the trilogy.

PREVUE: When will that get underway?

SPIELBERG: Whenever George feels like it.

PREVUE: If **Raiders** has a sequel, will you direct it?

SPIELBERG: I have that option. More than likely, I will *not* direct, but closely supervise it, almost as a co-producer, with George.

PREVUE: Republic serials and Doc Savage are only the beginning. A similar approach could be taken with The Shadow or The Green Hornet.

SPIELBERG: I want to do it with Blackhawk. And, if I do it, you're the production illustrator. You've got the job right now. I'm so anxious to do it, and we're currently negotiating for it. Like **Raiders of the Lost Ark**, it could make a hell of a series. ★

THE UNCENSORED BO

(continued from page 28)

vises, lays down on the floor, and enjoys the picture.

Taking photos with John can be fun—but, it can be rough, too," Bo says. "We'll yell back and forth while we're shooting. John will say, 'I don't *care* if the water's cold, don't grimace when it hits you! Let's either take pictures or knock it off!' Then, I'll get into it.

"After every photo session, we look over the prints to see what works and what doesn't. 'I *like* this, but this *doesn't* look good.' Soon, you get a feeling about what photographs well, and you try to find it again next time."

Bo is perhaps as famous for her magazine photo layouts as for her film work. The layouts, of course, were shot by her husband, who has established a secondary career in the photography field with his compelling visualizations of Ursula, Linda and Bo. For **Tarzan**, he not only acted as cinematographer and director, he was the unit's still photographer as well.

"I want my pictures to have a candid quality," Derek says, "but still be well-balanced. I want *everything* working. Bo has to be in the right position as a beautiful wave breaks; the wave has its own beauty, power or tranquility. Everything around Bo is supporting her, and she, in turn, is supporting the harmony of her surroundings.

"I look for honesty in the happening. If she's naked, there's a *reason* she's naked. Bo won't be standing naked on Hollywood Boulevard unless there's a purpose—like if she's doing a kinky film where her character actually does that—and I was taking a photo to convey it."

Derek's example reminds one of the work of Helmut Newton, the photographer whose erotic pictures were used in **The Eyes of Laura Mars**. "I've seen his stuff," Derek comments, "sharp, weird, kinky, bizarre. I loathe it. I prefer David Hamilton, whose work is lovely, not distorted or violent. Yes, I know there is violence out there, and that if everything were beautiful, there would be no beauty—but I could live with that."

On the screen and in his personal life, Derek has made love to some of the world's most beautiful women. One wonders how his experienced eye measures the fair sex. "Can I find beauty in *all* women? Unfortunately, no. Too many of them are uptight, just like guys. We put on armor to defend what we think is our frailty, and foul up our own personalities. We try to placate society too much for our own good.

"I've never articulated what I look for in women, but I guess what pleases me most are eyes that you can swim in when you look at them, eyes that are open, free, clean and untainted. I'm not fond of girls with a hundred yesterdays.

"I dislike what most of the sex symbols have done, pushing their boobs up, using bras with nipples built into them. I don't like that kind of teasing, in photos, movies or real life. Too many girls take their clothes off as if they're giving you the biggest present in the world: 'Here's the Holy Grail!'

"I have no set guidelines for nude scenes, but I would never shoot one with a girl like that. That's *why* we do so much nudity; we're trying to make sex a magical happening. Because you've got bouncing bosoms doesn't mean you're sexy. That doesn't turn me on. Bo isn't sexy because she takes off her clothes, she *is* sexy. It comes from her eyes, from everywhere.

"Bo is a very petite girl, not voluptuous at all. There's a nude sequence towards the end of **Tarzan** where she's painted white in preparation for a sacrifice—and she looks like a marble statue come to life.

"Look at any image of Bo, on film or otherwise, she's never cuddling herself, never saying, 'I'll wet my lips and we'll get along!' She's that way naturally, in life, a non-flirt. She never even flirts with me—and I could use a little of that. Bo is different from Jayne Mansfield and Raquel Welch. Bo is not selling anything. She is very virginal in her manner and expression. Those who are jealous of her success call that stupidity, but it's not. It's a big-eyed look at life.

"It's the kind of thing that both men and women can relate to. It's not threatening; there's no arrogance about her on the screen because she doesn't have any in life."

Bo Derek's sweet, sensitive, sexy appeal is a refreshing high contrast to the sweaty supervixen sell that has been pitched to society in every medium from the TV tube to the T&A rags. Though Bo has decorated the fantasies of many amorous males, Derek believes in the sanctuary of distance. "I don't feel I'm sharing Bo with anyone," he says. "She can run across a screen stark naked, but she's not giving you anything that is really her. It's just a fleeting image that stays with you for awhile in memory. I suppose there are people who think they own you because they paid five dollars for a ticket, but Bo's only there to entertain for a moment, an image on celluloid."

I guess it happened because we didn't want *any* doubles in the film," Bo says, "not even stunt doubles. We think it heightens the excitement of a story when an audience actually sees the performers in all scenes—even the dangerous ones."

Bo pauses for a moment to collect her thoughts, to go back to the time in the jungle when the danger was real, as savage as any Edgar Rice Burroughs ever wrote about. "It started at the place where we rented the animals, Gentle Jungle. We were picking out what we needed for the film, and found this old lion who was literally *born* into the movie world. He was the offspring of another lion John had worked with on **Frontier Circus**.

"I fell in love with him immediately. He was so tame, I sat down on the ground next to him. He'd growl a little, which meant he wanted to be petted, and we knew we had found the lion we were seeking.

"So, we packed everything off to Sri Lanka, and, as I started checking out the chimps and other animals, I noticed something peculiar. The lion that was sent was bigger, stronger, younger; he'd fix a *stare* on you, lock you in his eyes like he was waiting for some kind of a chance. We didn't like it. We were spooked!

"The only scene with lions was the one on the beach we planned to shoot on the Seychelles Islands. We kept the cat for six weeks without using him, and *never* got comfortable with him. Miles took him out and worked with him a bit, but not very much. Sri Lanka is well-populated, and there were crowds wherever we worked, so we didn't want to make the lion more nervous than he already was.

"We hoped to get him used to the beach where it was peaceful, and the surroundings were open and nice. There were few people around, and we didn't want to use the cage. We were also supposed to have four female lions for the scene, but they never came because of some contractual problems. None of them, except the male, could do what the trainers said they could anyway, so we decided to go with the male lion *alone*.

"For a week, we shot the sequence just before the lion scene: the safari goes ahead to search for the elephants' graveyard; I've stayed behind to bathe and swim in the surf. When I come out to get my clothes, a lion runs out of the bush, and I retreat into the water. It's the first time we see Tarzan; he finds me in this dangerous situation, and tells the lion to cool it—he's a friend of the jungle animals. Then, he goes into the water and pulls me back to the beach. I fight him, but he overpowers me.

"We began to shoot the lion footage—he's running along the beach, I'm just ahead of him jumping into the surf—doing it over and over for three days. You shouldn't run around a lion, but I'm always just out of his reach. John is a hundred yards away, shooting with his favorite telephoto lens, so that what looks just out of reach is really a good distance. John was very careful about that.

"In the next scene, I'm in the water and the lion is waiting on the beach, just before Tarzan's entrance. At this point, we staked the lion to the ground using an almost invisible tether that tested at 10,000 pounds. At *no* time could we get the cat to stalk like you usually see in the movies. He was supposed to be trained for it, but, apparently, the only time they behave like that is when they *really* attack something.

"The lion wasn't supposed to be in the next shot, so he was staked just out of camera range. Miles came into the water, and began to drag me ashore as the script required. Because he was moving backwards, he didn't notice he was getting close to the lion. But I noticed it—and so did the lion.

"The cat, by the way, was named Dandelion, and he wasn't old like most movie lions. His shoulders were high, and he was the biggest lion I've ever seen. On the beach, he looked huge, and as Miles pulled me out of the surf, I tried to indicate we were getting too close to him.

"My sister was watching the scene from another vantage point, and she was the first to see that the lion had escaped from his tether. She yelled, *'He's free! He's gonna get Bo! HE'S GONNA GET BO!!'* Actually, he'd gotten loose sometime earlier, and gradually moved towards us. No one realized it; they were all watching the action.

"John heard the yelling, but from his position, it looked like the lion was exactly where he was supposed to be. He told me later he remembered thinking, 'Oh, that's pretty good! We're *finally* getting some action from the lion.' He was crouching now, ready to pounce.

"I was in Miles' arms, looking around him, and I saw the lion take a big leap and run *straight* at us. I screamed, but Miles didn't know what was really happening, because I've *been screaming* all along as part of the scene. It's strange; my life didn't flash before my eyes. I recalled all the Disney animal documentaries I'd seen, where the lion chases the little hyena and runs right over the camera. Now, he was running the same way *—at us!*

"Miles never knew what hit him. The cat struck us and raked out with his paw, around Miles, like he was trying to swat me away. Thank God, he didn't have claws or I'd be in *shreds* now! Miles landed on top of me, and the lion was on both of us. He made some kind of sound. My only thought was, 'Miles! Is he OK?' Then, I heard another voice, but only in my head. It was John, *'Screw Miles! Get the hell out of there!!'* I thought, 'I'm going!'

"I crawled out to the water because I knew the

(continued on page 63)

SHOCK TREATMENT

Bless my soul! Brad and Janet return for a

The Rocky Horror Boob Tube Show!

Can Richard O'Brien do it twice in a row?

FILM FEATURE BY JACK WARBECK

...with Hugh Beaumont, Tony Dow, Barbara...
(click)
Why, you no good, dry-gulching, bushwacking varmint. I'll...
(click)
locomotive! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's...
(click)
and the score is 12 to 9 in the top of the second inning...
(click)
batches? We ain't gotta' show you no stinkin' batches!...
(click)
Hokey smokes, Bullwinkle!...
(click)

As you may recall, in their last adventure, Janet Weiss, and her fiance, Brad Majors, were seen crawling away from the blast crater left by a fleeing alien spaceship disguised as a Tudor castle just outside of Cleveland. Dressed in fishnet stockings and sequined corsets, and accompanied by a mad scientist in a wheelchair and opera hose, they were, in the words of their impeccably tailored narrator, "Lost in time, and lost in space. And meaning."

Well, those two crazy, mixed-up kids who tugged the heartstrings of millions in **The Rocky Horror Picture Show** are back. They got married and settled down in Denton, U.S.A., the only town in America that *is* a television studio. Join them, and meet their old friends, Ralph and Betty Hapshatt: he's the emcee of an inspirational program devoted to mental health, called **Faith Factory**, she's his wife.

Stay glued to your seats for the latest thrilling chapter in the continuing story of Brad and Janet, as they experience marital mis-ups and hilarious TV madness.

(music)

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
Jessica Harper as Janet Majors
Cliff DeYoung as Brad Majors and
Cliff DeYoung as Farley Flavors in
Shock Treatment
(more music)
co-starring
Richard O'Brien as Cosmo McKinley
Patricia Quinn as Nation McKinley
Charles Gray as Judge Oliver Wright
Ruby Wax as Betty Hapshatt
Nell Campbell as Nurse Ansalong
Barry Humphries as Bert Schnick
Oscar Drill and the Bits
Music by Richard Hartley and Richard O'Brien
Written by Richard O'Brien and Jim Sharman
Produced by Lou Adler, Michael White
and John Goldstone
Directed by Jim Sharman

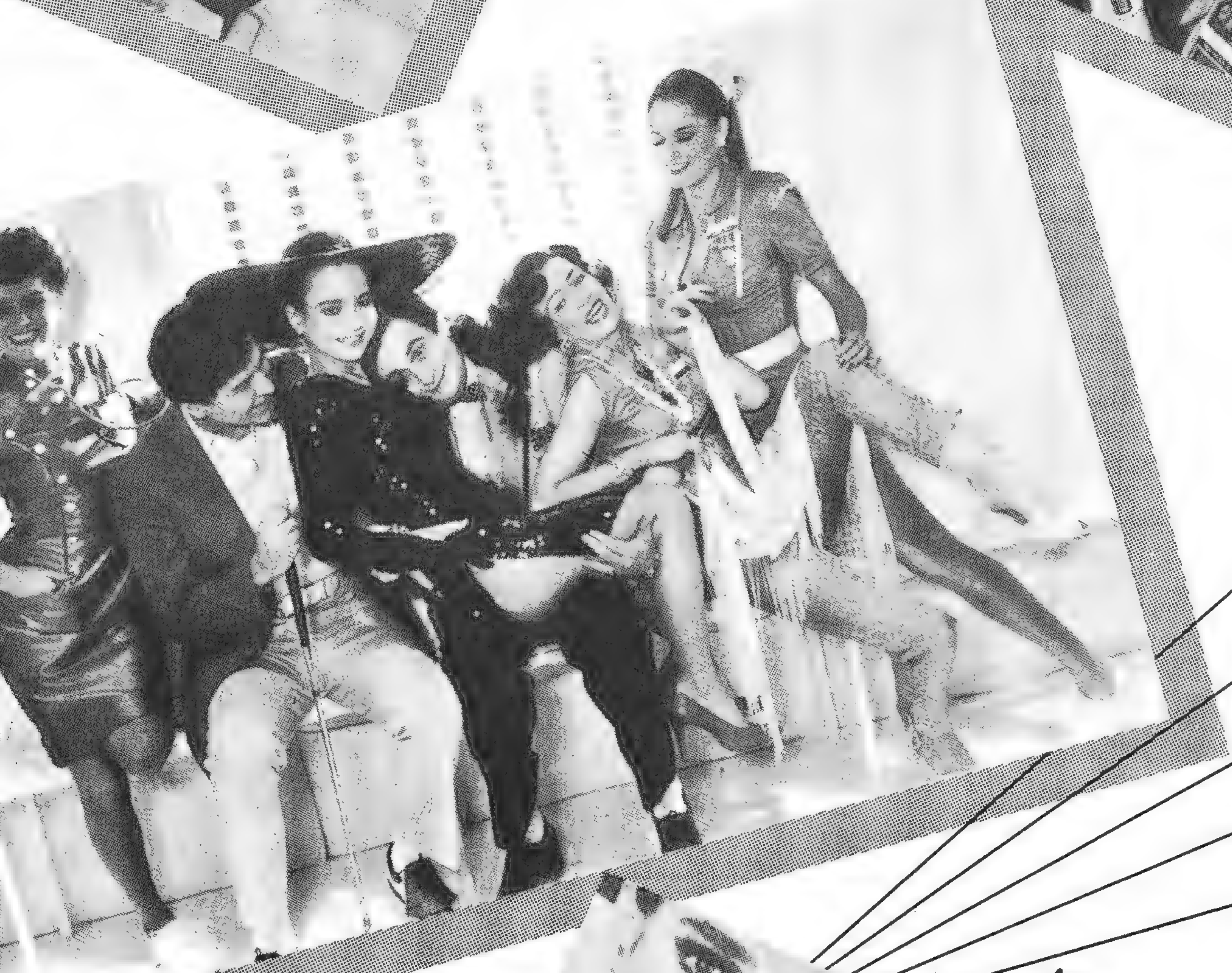
(music)

Our tale begins when Brad and Janet Majors, unable to find wedded bliss, seek to resolve their dilemma by becoming contestants on the daytime counseling show, **Marriage Maze**. Their host is the ever-popular, blind, Viennese therapist, Bert Schnick.

The couple is observed on a TV monitor by the station's sponsor, fast food king and programming czar, Farley Flavors, an oily look-alike for Brad. Fixing his gaze on Janet, Flavors is smitten by her beauty, and puts the wheels in motion to make her Denton's very own superstar. Farley also recognizes Brad, his clean-cut twin, against whom he bears a long-standing grudge. Flavors rigs the outcome of the **Marriage Maze** and has

ROCKY HORROR AGAIN!

Jessica Harper entertains Barry Humphries and Richard O'Brien with her own special brand of table manners. Right: Humphries and O'Brien check each other's mike for possible disfunction.



Above: A Family Portrait with (l. to r.) Patricia Quinn, Manning Redwood, Jessica Harper, Barry Humphries, Darlene Johnson and Nell Campbell. Left: Jessica Harper, Cliff deYoung in the spotlight.

Brad committed to the local insane asylum, Dentonvale, run by Cosmo, Nation McKinley and Nurse Ansalong.

Janet soon finds herself on an adventure beyond time and space, in that twilight zone known as television land. Soap operas, quiz shows, medical serials and panel discussions overwhelm her. Showbusiness becomes her life, presided over by the famous egghead and specialist in in-depth debates, Judge Oliver Wright.

Meanwhile, Brad discovers that his doctor, Cosmo, is really a quack from the station's longest-running hospital series. Learning that Farley Flavors is the secret power behind...

Due to technical difficulties, we have lost our signal. We will present the following ***Backstage with Shock Treatment*** *documentary until the problem is corrected.*

"I wanted to be a dancer and studied modern dance for years," says Jessica Harper, the lively, golden-voiced brunette who has stepped into the Janet Weiss role, originally popularized by Susan Sarandon in **The Rocky Horror Picture Show**. "I really stumbled into acting. If I hadn't auditioned for **Hair**, and gotten into the show, I don't know what would have happened."

The daughter of a New York singer/actress, Harper has enjoyed a successful career in films, including Brian DePalma's **Phantom of the Paradise**, Woody Allen's **Stardust Memories**, and the upcoming Steve Martin comedy, **Pennies from Heaven**.

"Janet is definitely Little Miss Middle-Class," according to Harper. "She's lived her whole life in a frilly little doll house, and Brad is the ideal mate for her.

"In the first movie, Janet was loyal to Brad but also interested in exploring the bizarre world of Transylvania. In this film, she's still loyal, but really loves doing all these *odd* things with all these odd people. She's not at all reluctant to leap into this new role of TV superstar. She discovers that she really *is* a naughty girl."

Tackling the dual role of Brad Majors and Farley Flavors, Cliff DeYoung has the opportunity to play both hero and villain in **Shock Treatment**. From the Broadway production of **Hair** to TV-movies, including **Sunshine** and **Centennial**, the young star has carved out an impressive career in show business. He's no stranger to the music world, either, having performed with the rock group, Clear Water.

"I modeled Brad after David Eisenhower," DeYoung reveals. "Brad is Mr. Squeaky-Clean America, straight out of the '50s.

"Farley Flavors is not Mr. Clean. He's a snake-oil salesman with slicked back hair. I tried to give Farley the same qualities that Jack Nicholson's characters embody. Nicholson's screen persona, in many of his films, epitomizes the slick, fast-talking American with the smile of a reptile, who turns out to be scheming and manipulative.

"The film is about television and the influence it has on our English-speaking culture. It's about how peoples' lives are managed by television. It's not as far-fetched as it may seem."

We'll be right back. with Barry Humphries, songwriter Richard O'Brien and more, following this commercial message.

"It's not a sequel...it's not a prequel...it's an equal!"

We're talking with producer John Goldstone and a panel of experts about **Shock Treatment**. Does it compare to **The Rocky Horror Show**? You be the judge.

"No one has ever explained the precise reason for the **Rocky Horror** phenomenon," says Goldstone, "so it would be impossible to start out to create a cult film. You cannot second-guess a cult."

"You could say we're going to give audiences a new perspective on what is served up every day as reality," says director Jim Sharman. "In **Shock Treatment**, we decided to turn the whole world into one big TV show.

"The real relationship between **Rocky Horror** and **Shock Treatment** is the consistent involvement of the same creative team. The intentions of the two films are quite disparate, the only tangible links being Brad and Janet as catalyst to the plot."

© 1981 20th Century-Fox

What happens to Brad and Janet?

What strange secret links Brad and Farley Flavors?

Will Brad and Janet survive Farley's fiendish plot?

Will they live happily ever after?

For the answers to these and other cliff-hanging questions, tune in **Shock Treatment**. Starts in November, at a theater near you!

We're back, with a newcomer to the cast, Barry Humphries. He is an Australian comic actor, whose lunatic wit and touring one-man stage-show has delighted audiences in Sydney, London and New York. He is also an accomplished cartoonist, whose Aussie hero, Barry MacKenzie, celebrates the sublime pleasures of chugging down cans of Foster's Beer, vomiting, urinating, and passing out. As the blind Bert Schnick, Humphries makes his international film debut.

"It was a very interesting script and an attractive role, because I'm drawn to these fantasy creations. None of the characters are deeply rooted in any kind of reality, and Bert Schnick is the most bizarre of them all. I play him like a silent film villain of the German cinema of the 1920s, a Dr. Caligari.

"What I enjoyed most about the film was the production numbers. The songs have great vitality, and the sets are colorful and cartoon-like. The movie is like one of those terrific old Hollywood musicals gone *totally* out of control."

Writer, composer, actor, lunatic, genius...mere words can't begin to describe the man behind both **Rocky Horror** and **Shock Treatment**—Richard O'Brien:

"We always knew there would be a follow-up to **The Rocky Horror Picture Show**. There's always a **Son of...** a **Bride of...** and a **Son of Rides Again**.

"But we wanted to do something totally different. At first, Brad and Janet's home was a real place. Everything was real. We were going to shoot on location in the U.S.A. Then, the actors' strike intervened. We had to film in England, in a studio. There, we came up with the idea of setting the whole production in a TV studio, and making the whole film look like it was shot off a television soundstage."

Commenting on his role as Dentonvale's keeper, Cosmo McKinley, O'Brien observes, "Cosmo is a phony. Just because he's got a doctor before his name, he feels he can cure people. But, *he's* the one who needs curing."

O'Brien's co-star in **Shock Treatment** also appeared as his incestuous sister, Magenta, in **Rocky Horror**. Once again, she plays the part of a not-quite-straight sibling, Nation McKinley. Ladies and gentlemen, Ms. Patricia Quinn.

"That's right, folks, we're together again! Nation is a somewhat different character, though. She's all terribly clean and healthy—on the outside, at least—but, inside, she's rotten to the core. If she wasn't, I never would have been cast. I'm always a baddy. I don't know why. I'm really a very lovely person."

Raunchy rock 'n' roll music was a vital element of the **Rocky Horror** formula, and **Shock Treatment** promises more of the same, with the addition of Broadway pop influences. Composer, arranger and co-songwriter Richard Hartley explains his complete working relationship with Richard O'Brien: "Richard often writes a song which is not complete. I complete it."

Shock Treatment's still photographer...

We return now to our regularly scheduled program, already in progress.

...leaving the Denton viewers clamoring for more.

Have Brad and Janet really escaped the evil clutches of Farley Flavors? Or is their getaway just another special effects trick? Does the door through which they've fled lead to true safety or another TV studio? One thing is certain, their lives will never be the same after crossing the threshold to the outer limits.

THE END?

(music)

I remember, doin' the Time Warp. Drinking those moments

Stay tuned later tonight, for **The Tonight Show starring Johnny Carson**, with Johnny's guest host, Burt Reynolds. Joining Burt will be Angie Dickinson, David Letterman, Liberace, Dr. Joyce Brothers, Buster Crabbe, Robert Blake, Bob Hope and Jerry Mathers as the Beaver

(more music)

do the Time Warp again. Let's do the Time Warp again. Let's do the Time Warp again... ★

SWORD AND SORCERY'S MIGHTIEST HERO COMES EXPLOSIVELY TO THE SCREEN

THE MAKING OF AN ADVENTURE EPIC

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

FILM FEATURE BY KEN BRUZENAK

The room was large and ornate, with rich tapestries on the polished panelled walls, deep rugs on the ivory floor, and with the lofty ceiling adorned with intricate carvings and silver scrollwork. Behind an ivory, gold-inlaid writing-table sat a man whose broad shoulders and sun-browned skin seemed out of place among these luxuriant surroundings. He seemed more a part of the sun and winds of high places of the outlands. His slightest movement spoke of steel-spring muscles knit to a keen brain with the co-ordination of a born fighting man.

Robert E. Howard

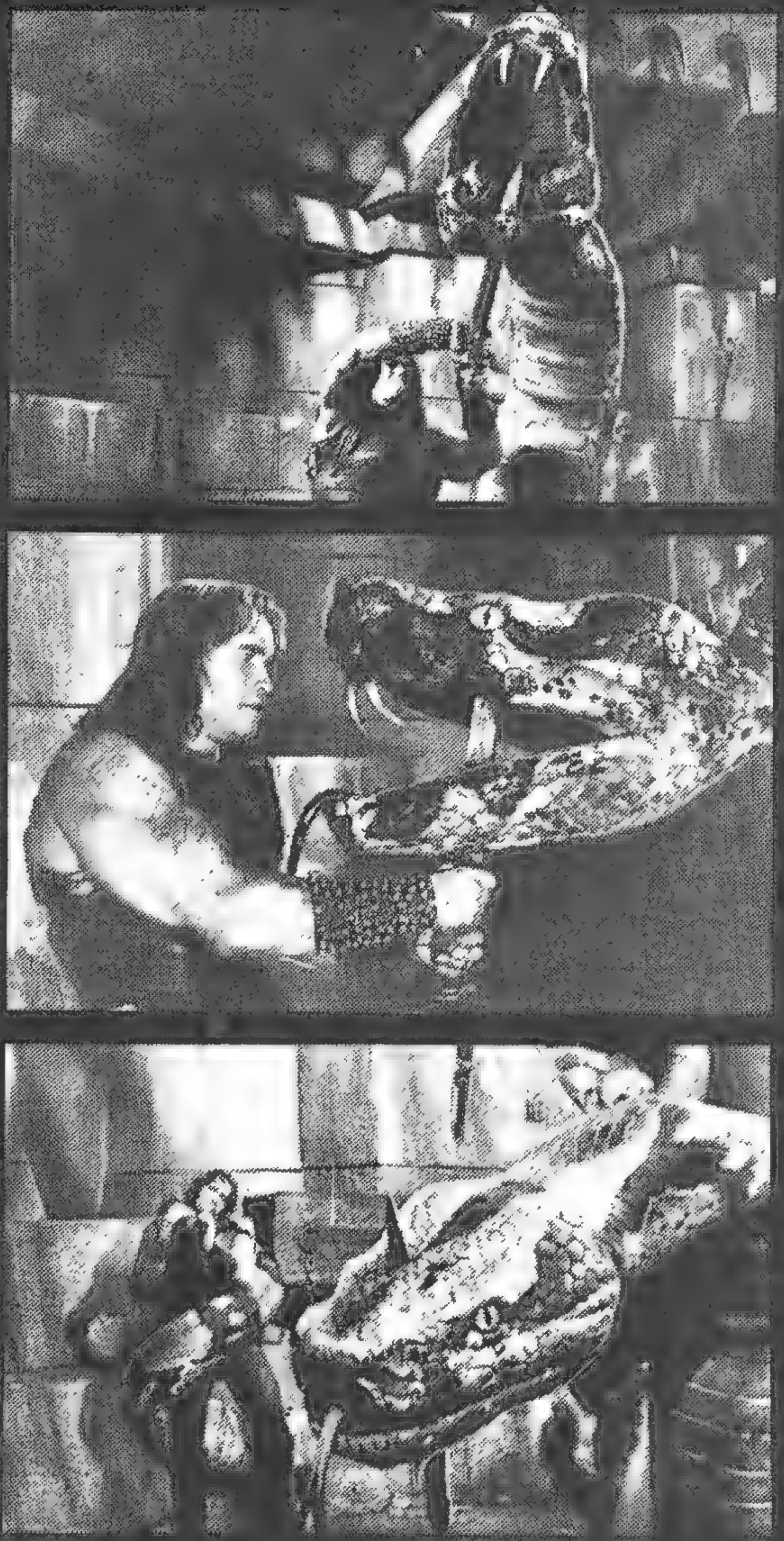
In these four concise sentences lie the birth of sword & sorcery fiction. The trappings of exotic old-world fantasy, combined with the glorification of spartan, animalistic virility, gave **Weird Tales** readers the first glimpse of Conan the Barbarian in *The Phoenix on the Sword*, published in December, 1932. Mercenary, thief, pirate, king, Conan appeared in 21 complete tales by Howard, and enjoyed only moderate success until his paperback revival in 1966.

Rough-hewn heroics of blood, thunder, magic and horror, the Conan adventures' simplistic savagery was electrifying to a new generation of readers. Evocative cover paintings by Frank Frazetta perfectly captured the dark aura of violence. Sales got hot. To satisfy reader demand, Howard's files were posthumously scoured for unfinished tales, notes and non-Conan stories by L. Sprague deCamp. New stories and novels were added to the canon by deCamp and other popular fantasy and science-fiction authors. Copycat heroes materialized. Three successful comic book series and a newspaper strip were published simultaneously.

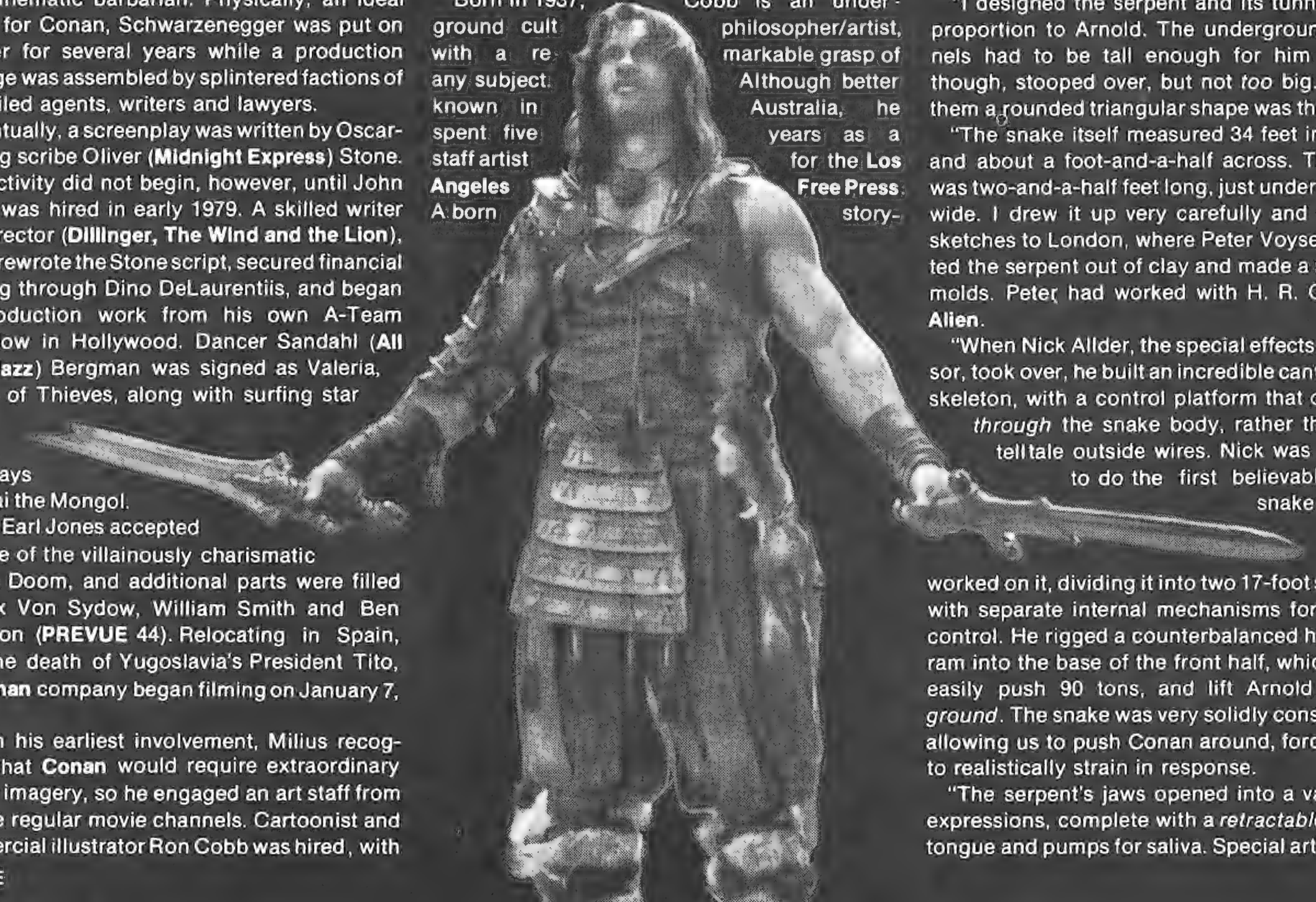
Plans to expand the Conan empire into films were clouded by memories of vapid Hercules epics and tangled legalities. It took the appearance of world champion bodybuilder-turned-actor, Arnold Schwarzenegger, to spur interest in a cinematic barbarian. Physically, an ideal match for Conan, Schwarzenegger was put on retainer for several years while a production package was assembled by splintered factions of embroiled agents, writers and lawyers.

Eventually, a screenplay was written by Oscar-winning scribe Oliver (**Midnight Express**) Stone. Real activity did not begin, however, until John Milius was hired in early 1979. A skilled writer and director (**Dillinger, The Wind and the Lion**), Milius rewrote the Stone script, secured financial backing through Dino DeLaurentiis, and began pre-production work from his own A-Team bungalow in Hollywood. Dancer Sandahl (**All That Jazz**) Bergman was signed as Valeria, Queen of Thieves, along with surfing star Gerry Lopez, who plays Subotai the Mongol. James Earl Jones accepted the role of the villainously charismatic Thulsa Doom, and additional parts were filled by Max Von Sydow, William Smith and Ben Davidson (**PREVUE** 44). Relocating in Spain, after the death of Yugoslavia's President Tito, the **Conan** company began filming on January 7, 1981.

From his earliest involvement, Milius recognized that **Conan** would require extraordinary screen imagery, so he engaged an art staff from outside regular movie channels. Cartoonist and commercial illustrator Ron Cobb was hired, with comic book artist William Stout put on the payroll to assist (see interviews in issue 38).



PHOTOS: Left: Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan, Sandahl Bergman as Valeria, and Gerry Lopez (fromt) as Subotai. *Preceeding page:* Conan in bizarre camouflage for a savage guerilla raid scene. *Above:* Conan battles the serpent in the Tower of Set.



Born in 1937, Cobb is an underground cult philosopher/artist, with a remarkable grasp of any subject. Although better known in Australia, he spent five years as a staff artist for the **Los Angeles Free Press**. A born storyteller, with a talent for the mechanical, Cobb is a personable and diverting individual, who once caricatured himself as a smiling, shaggy buffalo.

Dark Star, for which he designed spacecraft with John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon, was Cobb's initial experience in film production. The creatures in **Star Wars**' Cantina sequence came next. Called upon to illustrate a few ideas for O'Bannon's **Alien**, Cobb quickly became involved with every aspect of set, prop and model design. In true it-could-only-happen-in-Hollywood fashion, Cobb was catapulted to the position of production designer for **Conan**. By the end of filming, he had created over 57 interior and exterior sets, converted two warehouses and an aircraft hangar into soundstages, and transformed an abandoned convent into a barbarian saloon.

"John Milius wanted to have me determine the look of **Conan**," says Cobb. "He fought to get me into his contract, then he put me in charge, even though I hadn't had much experience." During the 20 weeks of filming, the artist also performed many unexpected duties, such as supervising special effects, second unit directing *and* acting.

Cobb's specific assignment was to create the Hyborian Age, Robert E. Howard's mythic era which pre-dates recorded history in Europe. There is no reference on the subject, and familiar Greco-Roman imagery was eliminated to avoid identification with Biblical sword and sandal sagas. Cobb designed architecture from mud huts to walled cities. His most elaborate and complex structure is the Tower of Set, a house of worship for the evil snake cult, whose leader killed Conan's family.

"The Tower called for a double-decked platform with a huge temple, a gigantic pit in the floor which connected with a snake cavern, pillars, passageways, tunnels and secret shafts," says Cobb. It was also the scene of one of the most technically difficult sequences in the film, due to the mechanical intricacies of a giant snake that attacks Conan.

"I designed the serpent and its tunnel lair in proportion to Arnold. The underground channels had to be tall enough for him to walk though, stooped over, but not *too* big. Making them a rounded triangular shape was the secret.

"The snake itself measured 34 feet in length, and about a foot-and-a-half across. The head was two-and-a-half feet long, just under two feet wide. I drew it up very carefully and sent my sketches to London, where Peter Voysey sculpted the serpent out of clay and made a series of molds. Peter had worked with H. R. Giger on **Alien**.

"When Nick Allder, the special effects supervisor, took over, he built an incredible cantilevered skeleton, with a control platform that operated *through* the snake body, rather than with telltale outside wires. Nick was anxious to do the first believable giant snake in films, so he really worked on it, dividing it into two 17-foot sections with separate internal mechanisms for greater control. He rigged a counterbalanced hydraulic ram into the base of the front half, which could easily push 90 tons, and lift Arnold *off the ground*. The snake was very solidly constructed, allowing us to push Conan around, forcing him to realistically strain in response.

"The serpent's jaws opened into a variety of expressions, complete with a *retractable* forked tongue and pumps for saliva. Special articulated sections, that could twist and coil, were built and photographed, using careful camera angles, to be inserted in the editing. In the film, Conan tries to steal a giant gem, the Eye of Set, guarded by the snake. The scene took days to shoot, and it's one hell of a battle, with lots of gore. Conan is tossed all over an altar chamber until he drives a long dagger into the snake's mouth and cuts its head off. It's *real* Howard material.

"Every once in a while, we tried to recreate a Frazetta painting, to imitate the obligatory imagery, and this scene was one opportunity. We thought it would be a nice signature piece to include. I also kept the Conan covers in mind while deciding the scale and color scheme for the snake sequence."

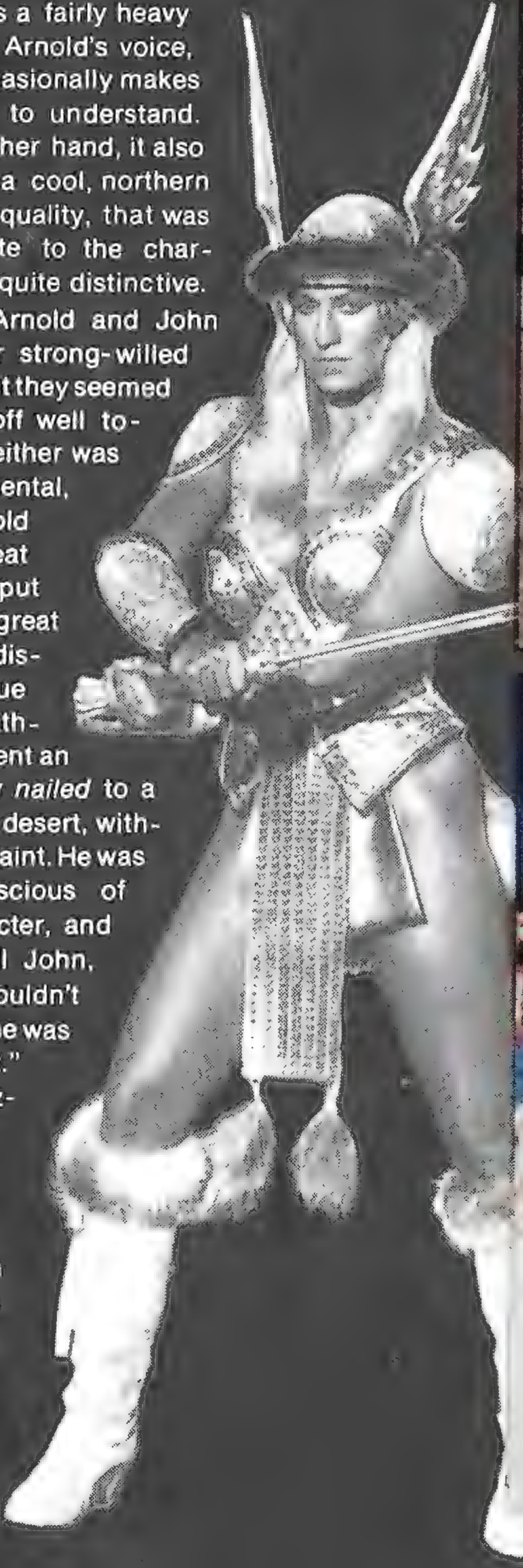
Essential to the battle's believability was the larger-than-life presence of Conan, a quality suitably provided by Arnold Schwarzenegger. Banking his entire acting career on this showcase role, Schwarzenegger is following in the footsteps of his childhood idol, bodybuilder Reg Park, an early '60s film Hercules.

"Arnold worked very hard," Cobb observes. "He took Conan as a challenge and approached it seriously. He developed his acting tremendously, and was vastly improved over anything I'd ever seen him in before. I was impressed by his ability. He looked very good in the part and handled it well. His size didn't get in the way because he trimmed down for the cameras, and we decided not to have him bare-chested and flexing, but clothed, most of the time.

"There's a fairly heavy accent in Arnold's voice, which occasionally makes him hard to understand. On the other hand, it also gives him a cool, northern European quality, that was appropriate to the character and quite distinctive.

"Both Arnold and John are rather strong-willed people, but they seemed to hit it off well together. Neither was temperamental, and Arnold had a great time. He put up with a great deal of discomfort due to the weather, and spent an entire day *nailed* to a tree in the desert, without complaint. He was very conscious of the character, and would tell John, 'Conan wouldn't say this;' he was often right."

Schwarzenegger's initial appearance in **Conan** brings him in contact with The Wheel of Pain. It is a giant grindstone,



turned by slave-power. By pushing the wheel, the young Conan, in a series of lap dissolves representing the span of a decade, grows into the massively-muscled barbarian. Located in a hidden valley of a mountain range west of Madrid, the Wheel of Pain also performed an unexpected task the film could not fully exploit—*it worked!*

"I designed the Wheel structure over a pit, which had to be jackhammered out of bedrock, and everything was braced with ironwork," Cobb explains. "There was an access tunnel under the pit in which women fed hoppers and bagged the finished flour. It featured chains and pulleys and enormous grinding stones that could have crushed grain except the stones were hollow fiberglass and not heavy enough. The set dressers gave everything an impressive finish of lashed-together logs, weathered metal and weird carvings. It even made a creaking and groaning sound, which was a tremendous bonus.

"The Wheel was mounted on bearings, so Arnold could turn it alone, as the script demanded, but the mechanical engineering was *too* good. The Wheel spun around like a giant top. Unknown to John, several of the crew and I were pushing on the opposite side out of camera range, *against* Arnold, to simulate weight and resistance."

The Wheel of Pain is a prime example of Milius' approach toward augmenting the Conan saga. Both reverential and audacious, his screenplay adds dynamic new elements while remaining true to the heavy, brooding spirit of Howard's tales. Though he drew inspiration from *The Thing in the Crypt*, *Tower of the Elephant*, and *Queen of the Black Coast*, Milius has not sewn together a patchwork of unrelated Howard scenes. Rather, he has woven them into a newly-plotted story recounting the coming of Conan.

Pulp purists in search of wild Hyborian action on an epic scale will not be disappointed. Milius has retained the ferocity which made the sword & sorcery genre infamous. "**Conan** may be the most violent movie ever made," says Cobb, laughing. "I've lost track of the beheadings, dismemberments and stabbings John filmed. There were mechanical torsos with waving arms and removable heads, arrows in eyes, throats slit and barrels of blood. Everybody expects an R-rating for the film, so I'm sure John will tone down the explicitness, but he definitely filmed a barbaric conflict."

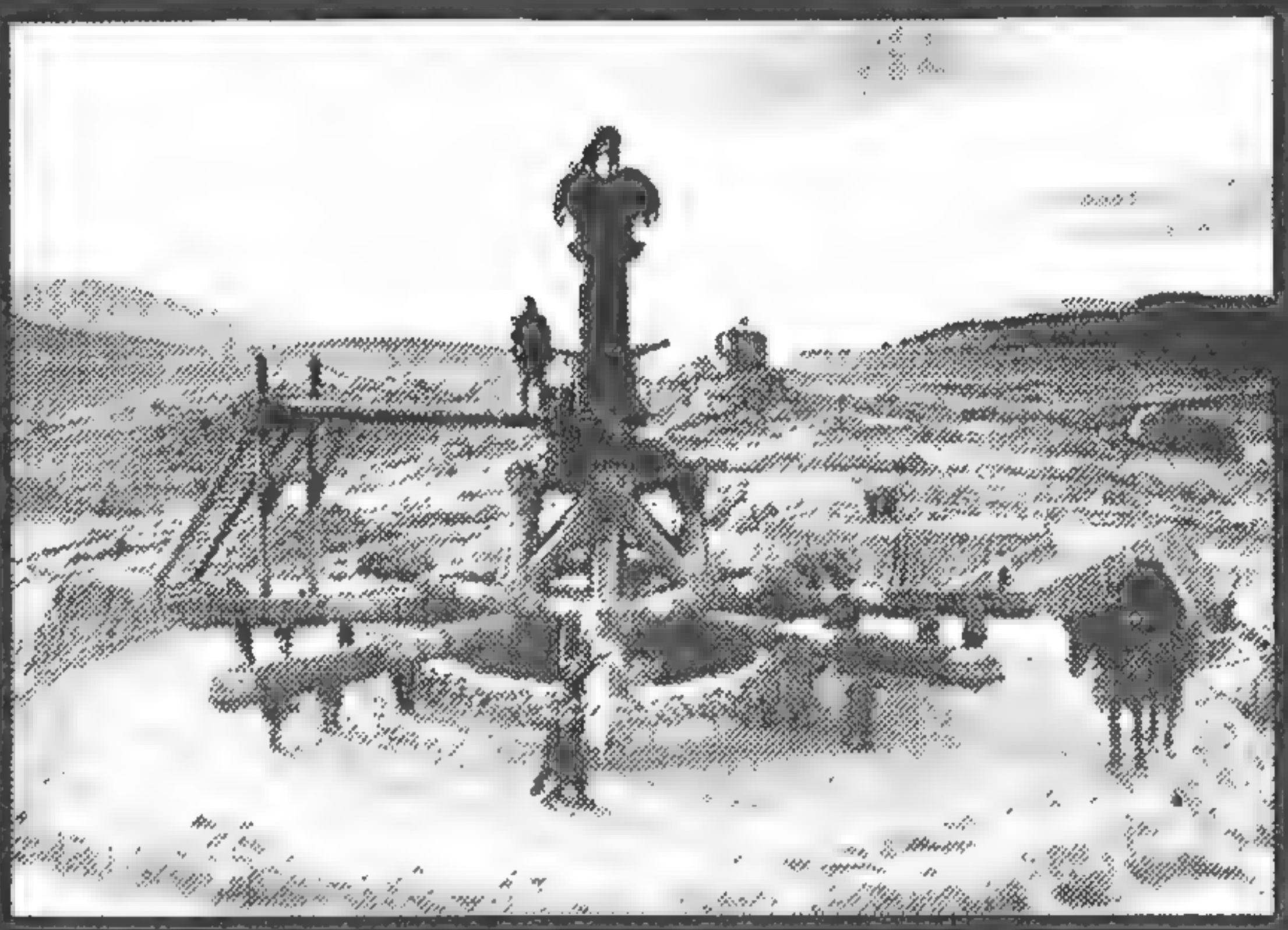
Milius also captured the "gigantic mirth" which Howard attributed to Conan, but seldom displayed. Sparingly, yet with the robust wit of a jocular knee to the groin, the screenwriter brought much-needed humor to the film. Stoned on Black Lotus, Conan dispatches a lion by falling on it, and his method of inquiring about a two-headed snake banner is a showstopper.

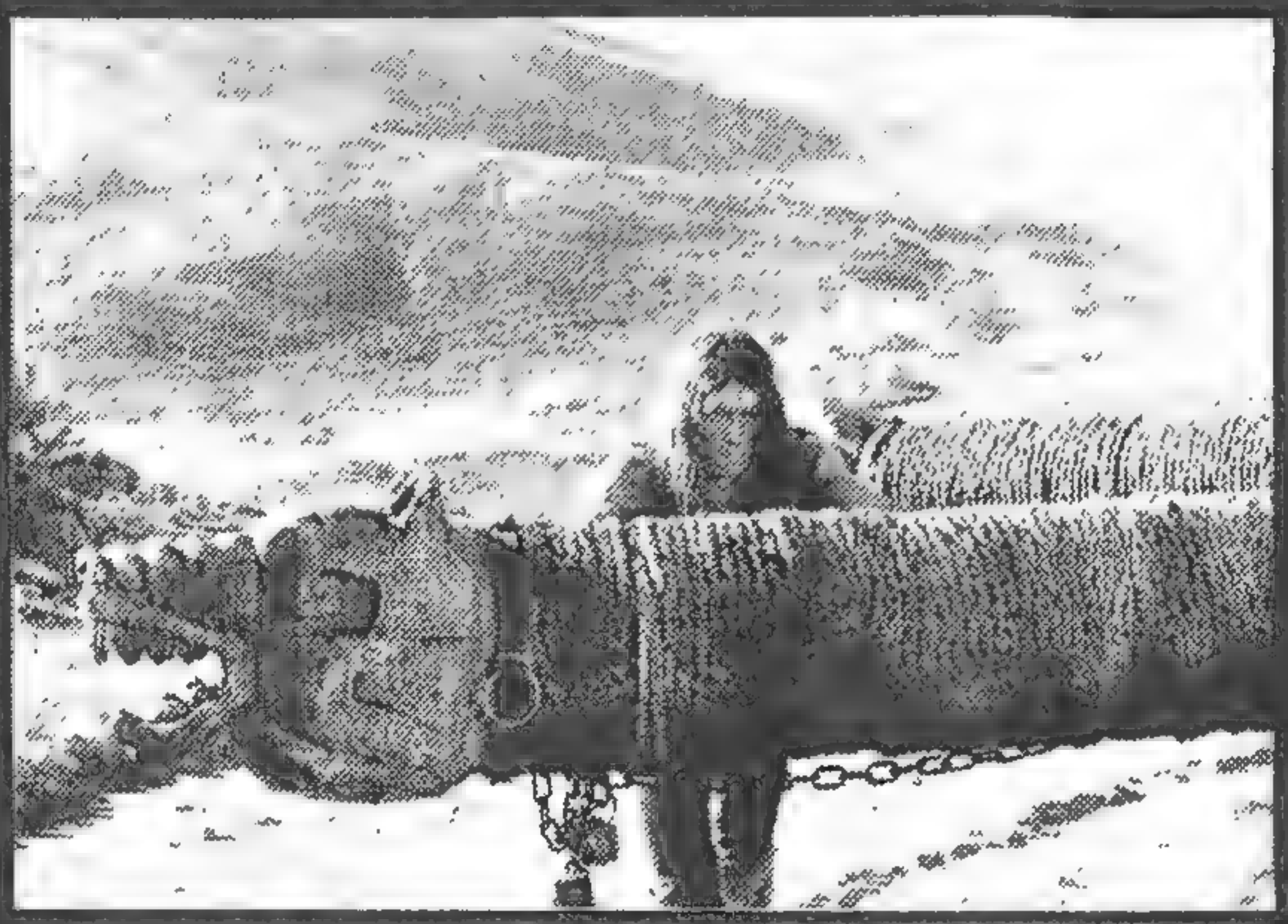
Providing an appropriate arena for these hybrid Howard/Milius adventures was a challenge Ron Cobb eagerly accepted. "The opportunity to create a culture, an entire world, was certainly my prime motivation for doing **Conan**," says Cobb. "I was intrigued by the idea of developing a new design concept which would permeate a society from top to bottom, with variations in suits of armor, architecture, clothing and ornamentation.

"Perhaps the purest example of this goal emerged from the Cult of Set, and their temple on the Mountain of Power. Their symbol was a double-headed snake, a motif I carried through the Temple of the Serpent, the interior of the Tower of Set, staircases, uniforms, costumes and a ceremonial procession.

"I integrated a stylization which evolved from drawing endless variations of snake imagery. I didn't consciously emulate Aztec designs, but I noticed, later, that I was thinking along similar lines of simplicity and impressionism. Snakes have an inherently exotic look, a Chinese dragon look, but if you approach them with an angular, formal art style of very straight and severe lines, the obvious Asian motif can be avoided.

"The Temple structure itself was rather like an ornamental Japanese gate, made of wood. It had mosaic inlays of serpents, brass fittings, carved decorations and lots of blue tile, with just a hint of Hindu gaudiness. It was the film's largest exterior construction, designed to be photographed from any angle. People could walk in and out of it in long shots as well as close-ups, just like a real building. Most films do this kind of structure partially with matte paintings.





PHOTOS: *Left, clockwise from top:* Conan crucified on the Tree of Woe. Arnold wrapped in wolf skins. The Orgy Chamber. Detail of the Wheel of Pain. Schwarzenegger and Milius discuss a scene in the settlement at the base of the Mountain of Power. The Mountain of Power Temple under construction. *Above:* Conan and the Wheel of Pain.

"My favorite scene in **Conan** came when the great procession of 2000 Set worshippers marched up the valley, to the Temple on the Mountain of Power, with the priests in their robes and the flamepots burning. Thulsa Doom delivered a dramatic speech you could hear a *mile* away. I had the feeling the Temple of Set would be the film's masterpiece, and seeing it showcased so spectacularly thrilled me.

"For the climax, Nick Allder pumped gasoline into the Temple and torched it. Film sets are not made to last, are too expensive to warehouse, and never durable enough to be tourist attractions. Milius simply wrote a fiery finish to the story and razed the Set set for the cameras. It exploded, burst into flame and began to burn downward. We still needed the lower part of the Temple for additional takes, however, so there were a few panicky moments when Nick rallied the local fire brigade to save it. Nick stood by, rather mildly amused, as they tried to put the fire out—and *failed*! Suddenly, he ran in, ripped some panels down and showed them the key fire points before it was too late. The Temple really

PHOTOS: ROBIN LOVE

PHOTO: DAN MERKEL

burned great, though—like a giant torch on the hillside in the evening light."

Though a novice in the production design field, Cobb professes to have encountered few difficulties. More experienced men might have thought twice about tackling a $17-20 million Dino DeLaurentiis film with an independent-minded director like Milius, dealing with a genre seldom seen on the screen. Cobb's grasp of the sword & sorcery sub-culture in literature and art made him a valuable addition to the **Conan** crew. But, it was his skill and knowledge in practical sciences which allowed him to communicate his concepts to the technicians while staying within the budget.

"I was prepared for some disappointments and shocks," the artist admits. "I am very well aware that, no matter how many drawings you do, it is just possible that the finished product, in three dimensions, towering over you, simply won't work. *That* was my nightmare. I was extremely gratified to find that everything in **Conan** looked great, if I may say so. This was my first opportunity to demonstrate to everyone, including myself, that I *did* know what I was doing. The many drawings, and the close supervision I gave to construction, color and finish, translated very well into reality.

"The system that worked for me was to sketch a plane and elevation view of an object on graph paper, in detail, in scale. At that stage, I also pursued the design and function of the piece until I was satisfied. By the time I finished, the draftsmen could virtually trace off the drawings, refine the rough spots and fill in the repetitive patterns.

"I had two art directors working with me, and a good team of technical artists and draftsmen. It also helped to have rapport with the construction manager, Aldo Puccini, who was responsible for the 50 to 200 laborers building the sets. We employed sculptors and painters from Italy and England, as well as every available film craftsman in Spain. Luckily, English was a second tongue to most of the Europeans; I discovered I have *no* gift for languages."

If Cobb is disappointed by any aspect of his **Conan** experience, it is that he had to compromise his designs due to budget considerations: "Determining precisely how much money goes into a DeLaurentiis film is not easy. I know Dino wanted a $17 million movie, and John agreed to try. We went over slightly when we added a few days to the 19-week shooting schedule.

"For economic reasons, we had to resort to renting Mongol and Persian props and costumes for crowd scenes. It's easy to rationalize that Howard did the same thing when he mixed Iron Age and Bronze Age technologies, but I was still sorry to do it."

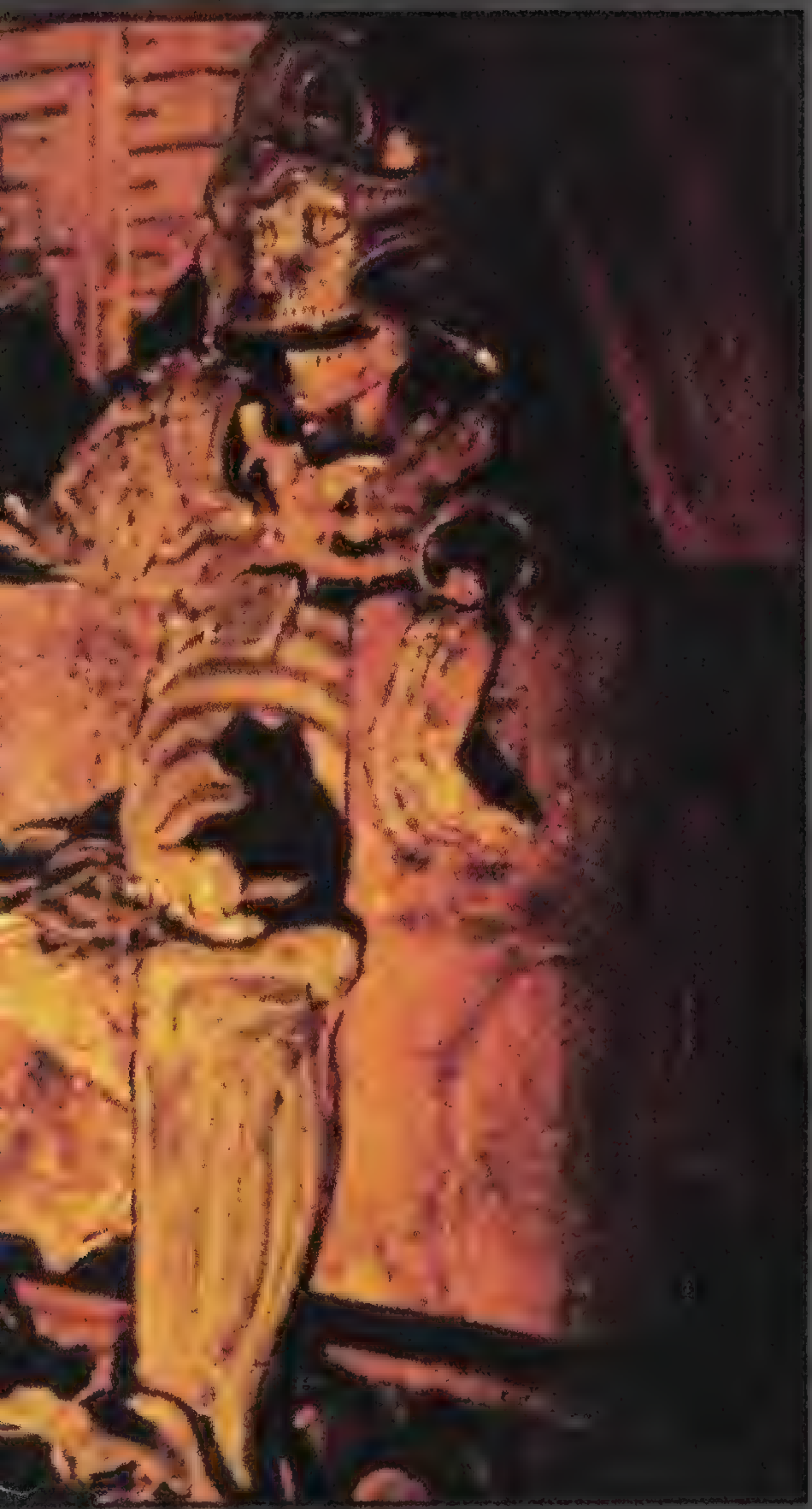
In a futher cost-cutting measure, special effects sequences were meticulously planned. Added realism was achieved by staging all the film's sorcery live, on location.

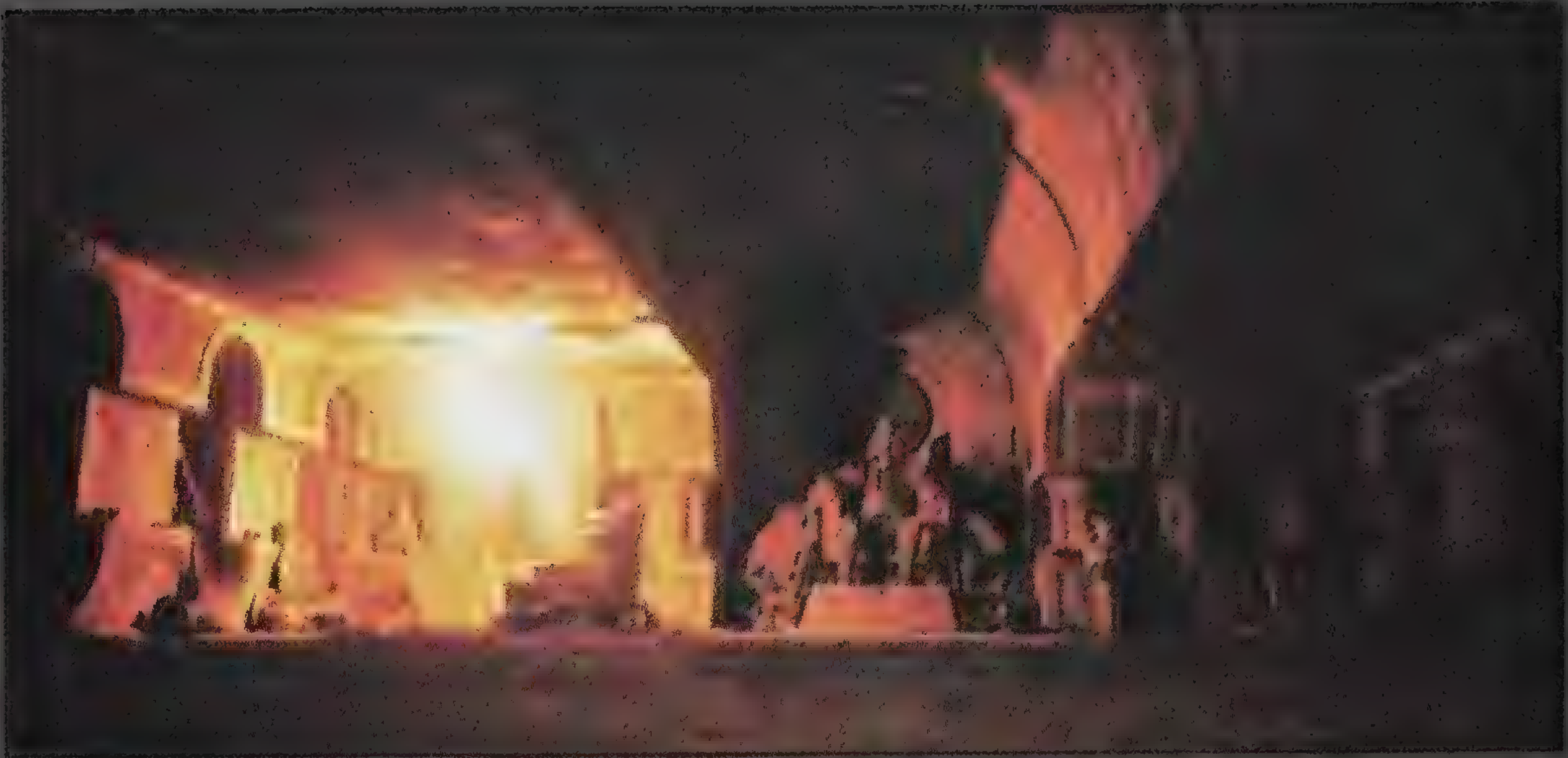
"John, Nick and I went to great lengths to avoid using optical effects," explains Cobb. "That means few blue screens and no animation. John wanted to see his work in the dailies, not six months later in a lab. We all hoped to avoid the phoniness of matte paintings, and I didn't feel I had the time to paint them.

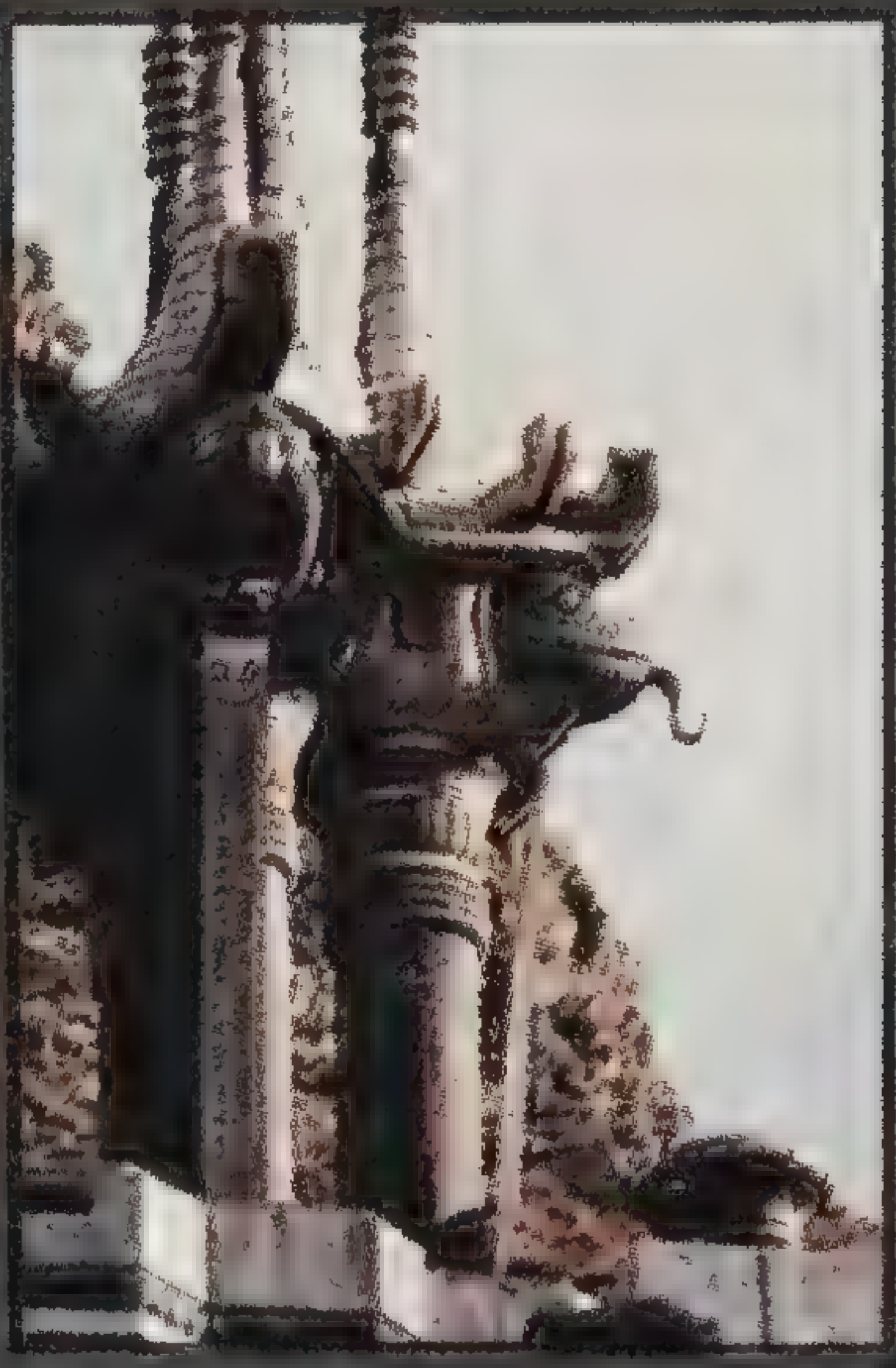
"Nick was able to handle most magic effects in terms of mechanisms, like the giant snake. There is another scene, in which Conan pitches the Wolf Witch into a fireplace, she bursts into a fireball, bangs around the inside of a hut, burns through a door and flies, wobbling, into the night. It was done with a simple pyrotechnic effect on a wire, a newly-developed flame-retarding chemical, and careful editing. Cut together, the scene is quite convincing. John wanted the sorcery in **Conan** to be dynamic, but the swordplay generally came first.

"We avoided matte paintings by using an old trick: blending models against backgrounds. We had Conan and Subotai running toward the camera, followed by a long pan that looked forward at a sprawling city, all in one take. The trick was that only *half* the city was real, the rest was a foreground miniature.

"By exploiting the camera's monocular vision, and plotting the focal depth carefully, it was possible to imperceptibly superimpose a scale model onto a city set left over from an old movie. Unlike a matte painting, the miniature city was three-dimensional, subject to the same light source as the real buildings. We even lit fires on the faraway mountain so the smoke appeared to be coming from the model. By having people moving in the distance, the illusion of reality be-







came complete. While I always preferred this technique, it took the skills of a master model maker, Emilio Ruiz, to construct the miniatures, plot the camera alignments and make it work. The whole process is simply amazing, and I *defy* anyone to figure out where it was used.

"When it came time to film these scenes, John wanted my 'artist's eye,' as he put it, overseeing them. Many shots were elaborate illusions, incorporating a great deal of design, and I knew how they should look. That's how I *started* directing, and John just kept giving me more.

"**Conan**'s official second unit director and stunt coordinator, Terry Leonard, was kept busy picking up specialized action footage John didn't have time to film. I got to do a little, too, in a scene of a horse charge. All I really wanted was the hooves of Conan's stallion, thundering by and kicking up sand in a backlit effect, but we quickly discovered that Arnold's double wasn't much of a rider. He never passed exactly where the camera was focused, though he almost ran over me a few times. The equipment got trampled once, but we finally got the shot.

"I even became an actor when John asked me to do a bit as a vendor questioned by Conan about the Cult of Set. I had about a page-and-a-half of dialogue about the snake worshippers and their takeover. At the end, when Conan turned to leave, I tried to sell him some dope. It was just a throwaway line, like, 'You interested in some Black Lotus? Good stuff, just off the boat from Kush.' "

Responsible for balancing such lighthearted moments with the sombre Howard violence is John Milius, and a more suitable match of artist and subject would be hard to find. The rugged, honest, physical ethics of Conan are shared by the writer/director. Regarded as a Hollywood eccentric, Milius commands a larger-than-life image.

"John directed from a motorcycle," says Cobb, "and he was simply incredible to watch at work. He was very fast and impatient to get on with the job, and very decisive: two or three takes was the average per shot, and he pushed to get 15 to 20 camera set-ups every day.

"Unfortunately, he wasn't always too communicative—he kept his vision of the movie pretty much to himself. But, when he came onto a set, it was whiz-bang, a long series of precise orders. Everyone scrambled around trying to figure out what came next. He was particularly involved with the characters, the plot and keeping the story moving. Stunts, in particular, really interested him. I think action scenes are his primary reason for making films, and he had great rapport with the stunt coordinator.

"The film ends with a giant battle among huge, Stonehenge-like mounds, in which a whole cavalry troop charges Conan and Subotai. John made up the detailed action as he went along, cutting the film in his head. Some horse falls and combat effects got pretty harrowing, but John was in seventh heaven.

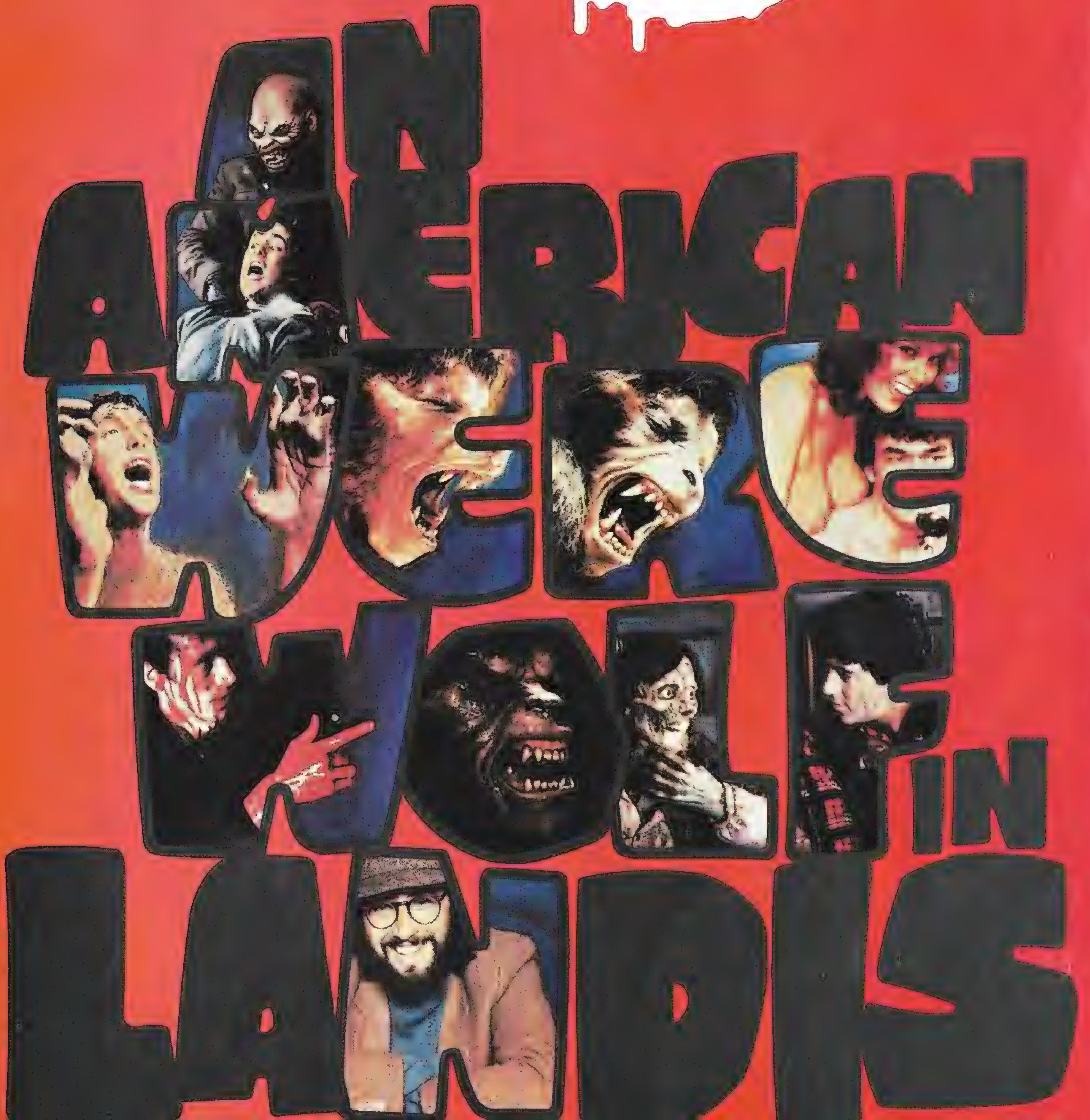
"In fact, the only time I ever saw John at a loss for an idea was in the city scene involving a pair of elephants. We were in a street filled with thousands of extras. Right in the middle of a formal

(continued on page 65)

PHOTOS: *Above:* Cobb at the Mountain of Power Temple entrance. Milius with William (Conan's father) Smith's head. Conan finds a sword in the Tomb of the Atlantean General. Another view of the Thing in the Crypt. Three views of the Mountain of Power Temple. *Left:* Barbarians battle in the dunes. Valeria tends the Cimmerian's wounds. Among the Stonehenge-like rocks, at the film's climax, Conan triumphant.

A
HOWLING
CONVERSATION
WITH THE MOST
UNPREDICTABLE
DIRECTOR OF
THEM ALL...

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LANDIS



DIRECTOR INTERVIEW BY STERANKO

*Any conversation with John Landis is like getting through to the eye of a hurricane. Few directors are able to exert as much explosive energy and enthusiasm as Landis—and that's only before breakfast! (Some readers have written admitting it took them months to recover from our previous interview in issue 42 covering **The Blues Brothers**).*

*Landis' films, **Schlock, Kentucky Fried Movie, Animal House** and **Blues Brothers** have become cult classics, set box office attendance records, and caused a permanent case of side-stitches in the American entertainment scene.*

*The Chicago-born director spent the past year in England shooting **An American Werewolf in London**. He spoke to **PREVUE** during the final production phase, relating the unlikely genesis of the project, its harrowing evolution, and eventual release—or escape—to remarkable success.*

*He is currently developing four new projects, and will probably undertake **Dick Tracy** early next year. WARNING: the conversation picks up where it left off in issue 42!*

PREVUE: What have you been doing with yourself since we talked last year?

JOHN LANDIS: Well, I went to England and made **An American Werewolf in London**.

PREVUE: Were you bitten by a ravenous dog as a child—that you have this obsession to make a werewolf movie?

LANDIS: It's not *really* an obsession. It started in 1969 when I was a flunkie—now they're called production assistants—on **Kelly's Heroes** in Yugoslavia. I was being driven from Belgrade to Novi Sad on a one-lane road that's 600 miles long. Somewhere in the middle, at a crossroad, traffic was held up. I had a Yugoslav driver named Sasha who went to see what was happening.

He came back, really laughing and angry about "these fucking peasants." I said, "What's going on?" Ready? It was a *gypsy funeral!* I got out and watched it, an incredible thing. There was a priest and 12 people burying this guy at the *center* of the crossroads. He was wrapped in a burlap bag, covered by rosaries and garlic, just like a Universal movie. And I said, *"Hello?"* He was a known rapist who had been shot escaping from a crime scene, and he was being buried *in* the crossroads so that he couldn't get up and cause trouble.

It was 1969, I was 18 years old, and these people were *dead serious*. I was genuinely amazed. They really believed it! Then, I began thinking about Christianity, devout Christians who believe in the Immaculate Conception and that the world was created in seven days—or six days, rather—and Jews who believe that Moses came down the mountain with tablets. People believe this stuff. They're not superstitious gypsies who you can dismiss; they're sophisticated, educated and worldly.

To me, the Christ legend is *equally* valid as werewolves and vampires; they all deal with the supernatural. In fact, the basic tenets of Christianity concern monsters and demons. People believe in Hell. The Judeo-Christian heritage is no different than any other world religion. I'm not making any value judgments. I'm only talking about beliefs.

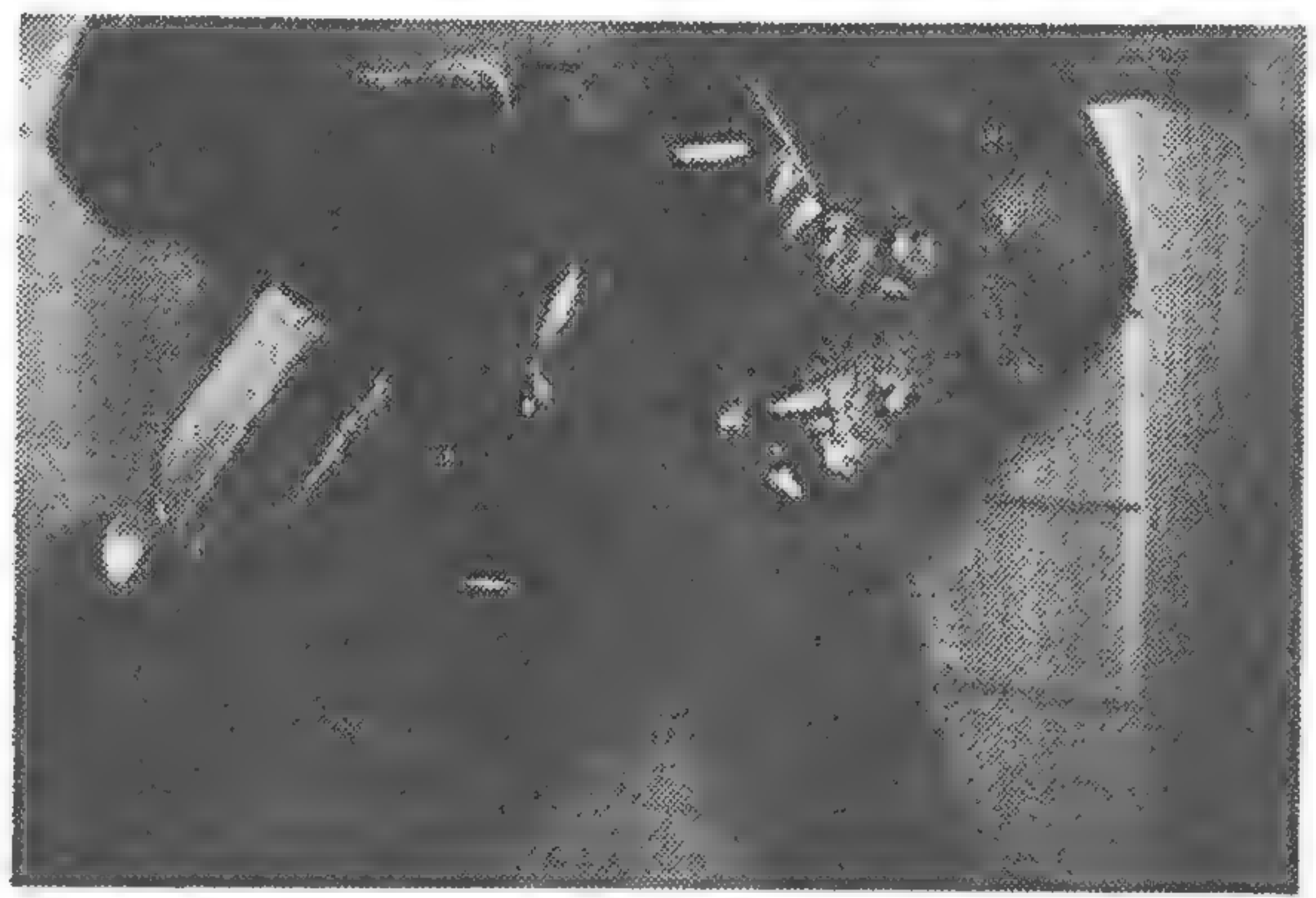
We watched the burial, then left. I'd been writing scripts, as I always did—I've got a trunkload of them which will *never* see the light of day—and I wanted to deal with a supernatural theme in a completely realistic, contemporary setting.

PREVUE: But no one in the film believes in werewolves?

LANDIS: Not at all. In fact, the movie's premise is: how would you react if you were faced with something so ridiculous? Become a **WEREWOLF?!** Turn into a monster and *eat people?!!* It's absurd! Therefore, the whole film is very odd. It's a monster movie that conforms to the classic literary and cinematic definitions of the genre.

PREVUE: But you haven't told me why your monster is a werewolf.

LANDIS: Originally, I had been thinking of vampires, but—no pun intended—they had been done to death. So, I came up with a werewolf instead. The sexual metaphor also interested me; with a metamorphosis, you're basically talking about an erection, a part of your body that transforms. I was intrigued by the overt sexuality.


An unexpected guest in David's dreams.

Jenny Agutter and friend.

An unpleasant transformation.

Since I was a young kid in Europe at that time, my leads became young kids in Europe. People would read the script and say, "John, this is too *frightening* to be funny." I would say, "It's not a comedy." They would say, "But, it's *very* funny." Which it is! It's *BOTH!* I'll give you an analogy. OK, it's Saturday night in Pennsylvania, you and a friend go to see a movie. You come out and say, "Let's get something to eat." Your friend nudges you in the ribs and says, "Look at that guy!" Across the street is a guy, 6'4", wearing white pancake makeup. He's in red lipstick, mascara, eyeliner. His hair is greased back in a pompadour about three feet high, and he's wearing a scarlet cape. He comes up to you and says—like Bela Lugosi—*"Good e-ven-ing!"* How would you respond?

PREVUE: I'd probably interview him for **PREVUE**.

LANDIS: No, you wouldn't, you'd be on your back in the gutter, with this man tearing your throat out with his teeth. You would experience fear and pain, and eventually, death. But, I guarantee you, you would *not* conceive of the supernatural. You wouldn't say, "Gee whiz, this guy may be a vampire, I'd better be careful."

PREVUE: That only happens in the movies.

LANDIS: Exactly. You're a sophisticated person who knows that vampires *don't* exist. **American Werewolf** is about that moment in the gutter when you're fighting for your life, and you notice —just before your blood drains into the storm sewer—that your attacker's canine teeth are three inches long. The film's about the absurd idea that the supernatural could be real, and the even more absurd idea that it *could happen*...to **YOU**.

PREVUE: Was that initially your premise?

LANDIS: My first idea was different: **An American Werewolf in PARIS**. Now, it's in London, because of Jim O'Rourke, who produced **Schlock** and then passed away. Jim was a crony of mine on **Kelly's Heroes**, Clint Eastwood's stand-in. Jim told me, "If you set it in England, you can get the Eady Plan," the British government's tax-incentive program to get people to make movies in England. Basically, you qualify if a certain percentage of your labor force is British. Then, a certain percentage of every pound taken at the boxoffice in the British Isles—and some taxes—are returned to you. I thought it meant FREE money, which, of course, it doesn't. The Eady Plan still exists in a greatly-abbreviated form, and since, in 1969, I deliberately tailored the script that way—American writer/director, two American actors and everyone else British—when I finally made the movie 12 years later, it was an Eady Plan picture.

PREVUE: Was it the same script?

LANDIS: Not really. The script I wrote in Yugoslavia is *almost* the movie I shot. The basic differences are in dialogue.

PREVUE: When did fx specialist Rick Baker come into the picture?

LANDIS: I first worked with Rick on **Schlock** in 1971. I gave him the script and we discussed the transformations then. I wanted to see flesh and bone rearrange itself, to actually *see* the distortion of a man. The metamorphosis is quite painful and unpleasant. It's not lap-dissolve-as-your-face-gets-hairy, it's horrendous, because your body is being tortured and stretched. Rick did renderings, and we mutually hit upon the conception of the beast.

PREVUE: Actual pre-production of the film, though, didn't start until 1980.

LANDIS: There was a high element of risk—financial risk, for me—involved in the project, because I didn't have a deal on the picture then. I'd finished **The Blues Brothers**, and I was running around crazed, saying, "Never again! I'm *not* making studio film. This picture costs too much money. I'm going **CRAZY!** I'm gonna make my *own* movie." Now, my partner, George Folsey, and I are the only ones who sign checks, and we can make *anything* a helluva lot cheaper than the studios. I have no overhead, it's me, you know? I'm not out to screw me. I'm very honest with myself. I'm a great guy to do business with.

This picture was made by *my* company, Lycanthrope Films, Ltd., a British firm, for a budget under $10 million. For the first time since **Schlock**, I've had *total* control of a movie. I financed it, and in the simplest terms, it's a negative pickup with Polygram, distributed by Universal in the US and Canada.

PREVUE: I'll take your word. What's the film's focus?

LANDIS: It centers on two relationships: the friendship between David Kessler and Jack Goodman, who spends a great deal of the movie dead, but plays a major part, and the love affair between David and an English nurse named Alex Price, played by Jenny Agutter. The picture is chock-full of special make-up effects. The werewolf is one of the most complex make-up jobs in history. Rick Baker said, "I would like a year of pre-production." He needed the two principals, Jack and David, to make total molds of their bodies to work from, because of what they had to wear.

I *had* to choose a start date. I said, "We're starting February 2, 1980." That was it! I didn't have a deal, I didn't have money, I didn't have anything. Rick said, "John, if you want me to do it, I gotta start." I said, "OK, start on the demons." And he said, "I can't deliver *unless*..." So, I'm personally paying for Rick, Rick's staff, and some very costly materials out of my own pocket. I ran around going, "Gee, maybe I'm making a *big* mistake."

I started casting. I'm very thorough; I see everybody, about 100 people in New York and several hundred more in LA. The character of David is naked a lot in the movie, so he had to have a good body. It's a very sexual part, and I wanted someone who was handsome and charming. Plus, I needed someone who moved well—there's lots of running around in freezing cold weather—someone who could undergo incredibly uncomfortable make-up.

PREVUE: And you found David Naughton, whom America knows as a dancing Pepper.

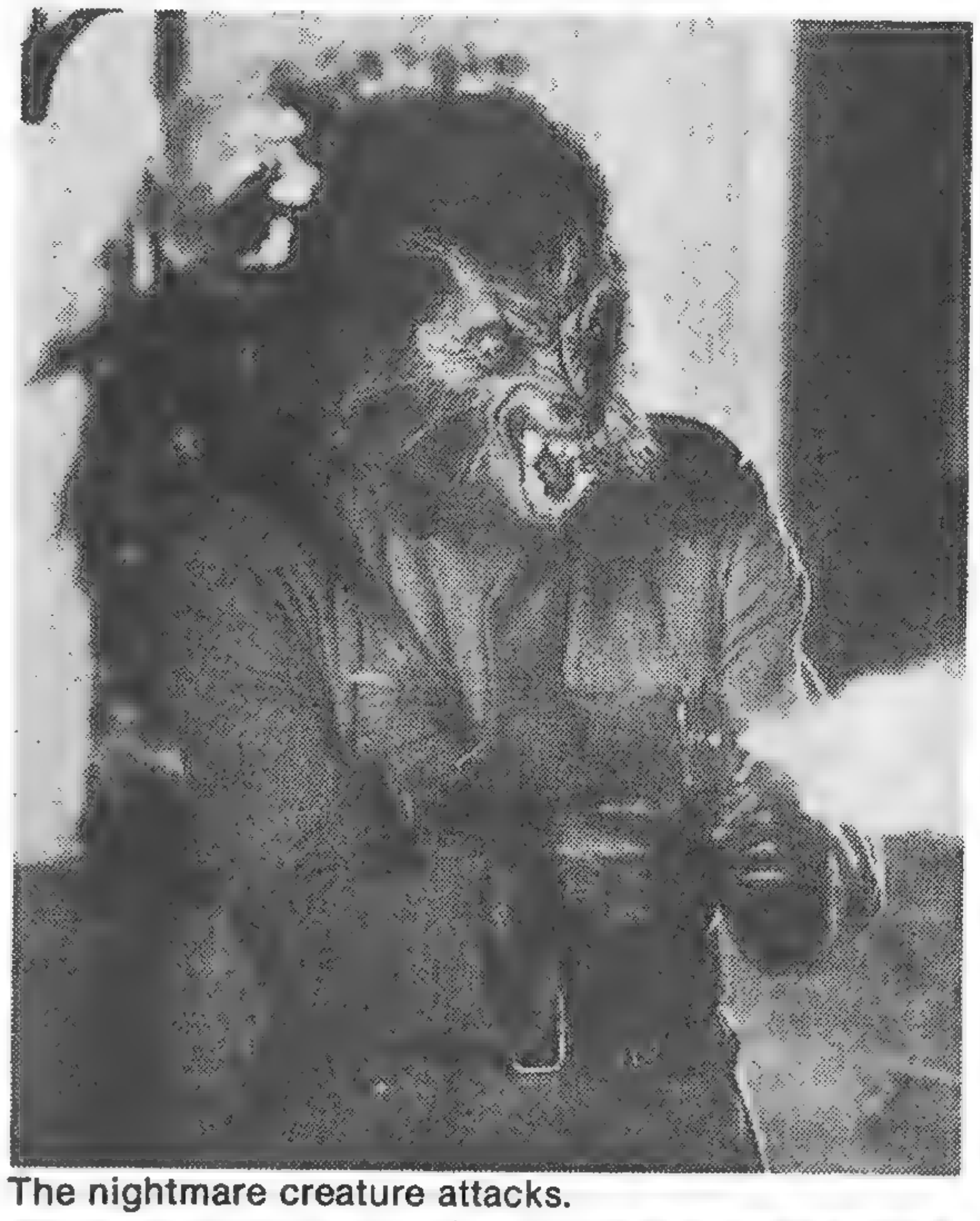
LANDIS: I didn't know who David Naughton was other than *that Dr. Pepper kid* in the commercials. Everyone says, "Gee, that guy's terrific!" And it's true, in a 30-second TV spot, his personality really comes through. My wife suggested him, "Why don't you see that Dr. Pepper kid?" I said, "Sure," but I never connected. And, in fact, I was desperate, because I'd found Griffin Dunne in New York, so I had my Jack, but no David. Finally, I met him. I was delighted. "Here's potential, maybe we can work with this guy." Now that the movie's finished, I was right. Of course, we had Rick Baker running around singing, "He's a werewolf, she's a werewolf! Wouldn't you like to be a werewolf too? Be a werewolf! Yeah! Be a werewolf!!"

Our major problem was that I had to cast Griffin and David almost a year before they work. How could I option their services, bring them to LA and have these extensive molds taken of their bodies **WITHOUT** having a deal set? I took the risk and they came to Rick's lab for a few very uncomfortable days. Finally, I made a deal with Polygram, but they wanted movie stars. They put up a sizeable amount of money and hoped to hedge their bets. I felt very strongly about wanting unknowns. I wanted the movie to be about two young American *boys*, not two young American *MOVIE STARS*. So, I had quite a fight, and once Polygram made the deal, it was my movie. Now, after our sneak preview, Polygram people go, "Boy, you were right, John," as if it was their idea all along. The only real name in the movie is Jenny Agutter, who is marvelous. And Frank Oz has a cameo as a man from the American Embassy.

PREVUE: How did the audiences at the screenings react to Rick's make-up effects?

LANDIS: They were genuinely shocked; there are things in the film that people literally have difficulty believing they're seeing. It was very important to me that David Naughton actually metamorphosize into a four-legged hellhound, a demon, not some man with a furry face. I wanted it done completely realistically. Therefore, the metamorphosis is on camera, no tricks. You'll see this naked man actually turn into a great horrific beast.

David feels the effects of the full moon.



The nightmare creature attacks.

A visit from David's dead friend, Jack.

PREVUE: How long is the transformation?

LANDIS: It takes several minutes. We're talking about some make-ups that took more than nine hours to do. Very complicated mechanics, I mean, really complex effects!

PREVUE: But there are other monsters in the film.

LANDIS: Only one *real* one, the werewolf. David has a series of frightening nightmares in which horrific things occur. And the dead Jack Goodman shows up several more times, progressively more rotted each time.

PREVUE: The Nazi monster with the gun is one of the funniest and most horrible images I've ever seen in my life.

LANDIS: It's from a nightmare, one of the more pleasant-looking beasts which are concrete manifestations of David's subconscious fears. This is a rough picture, uncompromising in its depiction of events, both physically and emotionally.

PREVUE: You've promised the audience would jump out of their seats, but were there any unexpected laughs or screams that you didn't expect?

LANDIS: I hate to admit it, but there were. I thought one nightmare was rather tame, though it ends with an image that's quite good. The whole audience screamed. I went, "*Hel-lo?*"

You get so close to a movie that you tend to lose perspective. There's a scene in a pub where one character is telling a joke. The audiences laughed at it. I used it to set up a scene, right? But they had never heard the joke before, so it got this *huge* laugh. It really caught me off guard!

PREVUE: We heard **The Howling** caught you and Rick off guard.

LANDIS: That was interesting. I first talked to Rick Baker about **American Werewolf** in 1971, about actually seeing the skull change shape. Two years later, he figured out how to do it, and it was *won*-derful.

Years go by, I'm doing things, Rick's doing things, and Joe Dante's doing things, mainly making a werewolf flick. He goes to Rick and says, "I'm doing **The Howling**. Why don't you work on it?" So he did, with his assistant, the young, extraordinarily-gifted Rob Bottin. Then one day, Rick mentions to me, "Oh, by the way, I'm doing **The Howling**." "**WHA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-T???!!!!**" I went *berserk!* He was lucky to leave the room alive. He realized, "Oh my God, what am I doing?" Rick went to Joe and said, "Listen, I owe my allegiance to Landis. Why don't you have Rob do it?" They did, but Rick gets a screen credit on the film.

PREVUE: Did you like **The Howling**?

LANDIS: I haven't seen the film yet, only stills. And, no disrespect intended, but I've read the script—it's an exploitation picture. That's not what I'm making. I'm sure that their metamorphosis is wonderful, because I think Rob and Joe are great. I really enjoyed **Piranha**, I loved **Hollywood Boulevard**. I'm not threatened by **The Howling**; quite honestly, I don't care. Still, I'm going to hold it over Rick's head *for the rest of his life*.

PREVUE:: Tell the truth. How close is it to the version in your mind's eye.

LANDIS: I got 90%, which, I gotta tell ya, is incredible.

PREVUE: Then, there's nothing left. You've made the *definitive* werewolf change picture.

LANDIS: *I* didn't. A lot of us did, Rick Baker did. **American Werewolf** is not about the metamorphosis sequence; it's about a young man confronted with something beyond human conception. That's why it's terribly funny. If I said to you, "Oh, Jim, by the way, next full moon, you're going to turn into a monster and kill people," you would say, "Fuck off!" David Kessler is a very funny, witty guy who simply believes he's neurotic or emotionally disturbed by his friend's death.

PREVUE: Have you enhanced the fear scenes with music and sound effects?

LANDIS: Elmer Bernstein wrote our score. It's unique in that there is no underscoring for *anything* that's scary. It's not silent, just realistic. It sounds like it sounds. I didn't underscore any of the frightening parts, because—when it works, it's *wonderful*, as in **Jaws** or **King Kong**. In most movies, like **The Omen** trilogy, those Gregorian chants set the audience up—"*OOOWW!*" Well, I didn't want to rely on the score for the scares. There's only about 11 minutes of Elmer's music, plus *Bad Moon Rising* by Creedence Clearwater Revival, *Moondance* by Van Morrison, and three versions of *Blue Moon*.

PREVUE: Are you going for an X or an R rating?

LANDIS: This will be what's called "a hard R." There is extremely graphic violence and a great deal of nudity in the picture. Nothing gratuitous. There's a love scene between Jenny and David that's very sensitive and sensual. The film deserves an R rating, which means those under 17 are not admitted without parent or guardian. As far as I can tell, they let anyone in who looks over 12. And there's some fairly raunchy porno, not real porno, silly, *simulated* porno.

PREVUE: What a disappointment!

LANDIS: If it's done correctly, you won't be disappointed. A major sequence is set in a real porno theater, the Eros Cinema in Piccadilly Circus.

PREVUE: Tell them John sent you.

LANDIS: Yeah, it's a living. Quite honestly, shooting the sex stuf isn't sexy, it's *work*. It was fun, but there's nothing erotic about it.

PREVUE: Aside from the porno, what was the toughest scene to shoot?

LANDIS: A street sequence in Piccadilly Circus, the main artery of London. The Metropolitan Police are not very keen on movie companies, but they gave us unprecedented cooperation. In fact, we were the *first* crew they allowed to lay dolly tracks across Trafalgar Square. We got away with murder.

PREVUE: As you did with the Daly Plaza sequence in **The Blues Brothers**—

LANDIS: Exactly. It's interesting. When **The Blues Brothers** opened in Chicago, the press mentioned our military attack sequence. The City Councilmen went *apeshit*—"Under **NOOOO** circumstances will you be allowed to do that in Daly Plaza!" We said, "No, you don't understand, we did it *last* summer." They hadn't realized that we were there on Labor Day weekend, in and out, very well organized. These guys came back to work on Tuesday and didn't even know we'd been there. Now, they look on a movie screen and see thousands of troops running by their office! Tanks on the plaza! Helicopters! Aykroyd! Belushi! They went *crazy!* They said, "You **cannot** do that! You'll cause too much destruction!" We said, "No, no. We've *done* it. A *year* ago."

In **The Blues Brothers**, remember the Nazi's car falling into the city? That car was dropped 1400 feet from a helicopter. There are two nearby buildings on the Chicago lakefront, Lake Shore Towers, that dominate the city skyline. They're apartment buildings—very lavish, 68 or 80 stories high. We dropped the car at 8:30 on a Sunday morning, with six cameras rolling: one in the helicopter that dropped the car, another in a helicopter hovering alongside, two on the ground, and two on buildings. It went perfectly. Later, we learned that the police had received six phone calls from people saying, "Hello. Please don't think I'm crazy. I live on the 48th floor of Lake Shore Tower. I was having breakfast, and a red Pinto went by my window." I love the image of, like, *"Harriet! Come here!"*

PREVUE: How did you enlist London police aid?

LANDIS: Persistence! We were able to get a lot done, because a particular police inspector was a big fan of mine. He had the **Animal House** poster in his office. I thought, "OK, we're in like Flynn now."

When you see a film sequence, you go, "Oh my God, look at that." In reality, movies are only individual pieces of film, cut together, to create impact and movement. That's especially true of stunts. If you describe a sequence to someone, they'll go, "No fucking way! Get outta here!" We went to the police with a model of Piccadilly Circus, diagrams, little toy cars and explained the whole thing. Ultimately, they said, "Right. You can shoot for two hours on Monday morning between two and four." By the time we came to it, we shot for five hours, and we *never* stopped traffic.

PREVUE: We heard you cleaned up London.

LANDIS: Yeah, the Eros Fountain! A very large, very valuable piece of sculpture that's four stories off the ground! I needed it in a shot that reveals the full moon, so we lit the fountain and discovered it was filthy, covered with graffiti. We asked, "Can you clean it?" They didn't trust anyone, "*NOOOO*, I'm sorry, no, **absolutely** not." Then, the Inspector said to me, "John, will you take *personal* responsibility?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Fine. *You* do it." So that was me, cleaning the fountain.

Jack (Griffin Dunne) warns his friend.

The courtship of Nurse Price.

Werewolf at large.

PREVUE: **The Wolfen** used real wolves. Are there any in **American Werewolf**?

LANDIS: There's a sequence at the London Zoo that involves real wolves. We found this wealthy, eccentric lord who lives 50 miles from London and raises wolves. So, we used two real wolves. It was kinda weird, because they're sorta like big friendly dogs, except every so often they go, "**Awrr-rrr-rrrrr**" and you see those tremendous teeth, and it's sort of, *Woooaaahhh!*

David Naughton not only had to do a scene with them, he had to do it *naked*. He was understandably concerned, because the wolves weren't chained. The owners said, "Oh, they won't hurt you." And you look at this wolf, and it would go, "**Rrrr.**" I had to show David it was fine, so I went in with the wolves.

PREVUE: You mean you went naked into a cage?

LANDIS: *I* didn't go naked, but I showed him it was safe. Then David did the scene, got out of the cage, and literally two minutes later, the wolves suddenly attacked one another! It was terrifying! It was like a dog fight multiplied by ten. It stopped after a few seconds. David just looked at me and went, *"Gulpppp!"*

PREVUE: **American Werewolf** seems like the kind of film that would generate incidents.

LANDIS: You're telling me! At the beginning of the Piccadilly Circus mayhem, the wolf leaps on a character named Inspector Villiers and bites his head off. The head bounces on the hood of his police car, and into Shaftesbury Avenue. Obviously, we had a false head made of the actor. This was like 4:00 AM, very few cars. We had several hundred extras for a big, complicated shot, and "Action!" *Boom, bash, eek*, it was spectacular. We're all congratulating one another, when one extra who's playing a bobby, went, "Mr. Landis, a car is coming!" I said, "**SAVE THE HEAD!**" So three policemen run into the street and stop the car. One cop bends down, picks up *this severed head* and says, "OK, go ahead." If I could have captured the look on those people's faces—they just sort of drove away, their mouths hanging down. They must have told a great story, but couldn't figure out why it wasn't in the paper.

PREVUE: What's ahead for John Landis? Your next project?

LANDIS: You wanna know the truth? I don't know. **A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court** is alive and well. I have four projects, I don't know which one will be next.

PREVUE: Are werewolves out of your blood now?

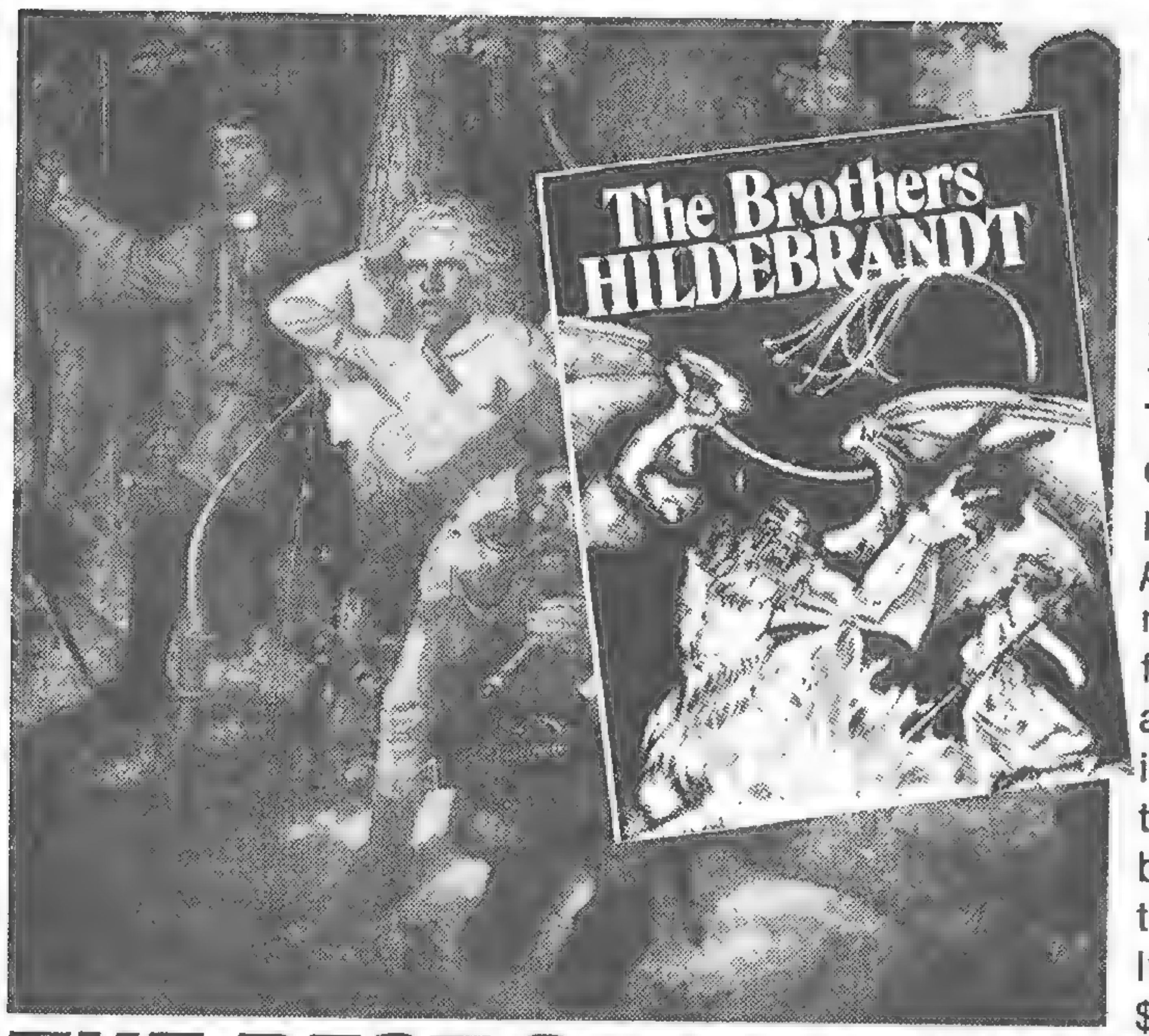
LANDIS: Yes, I wanted to make a picture unlike any other picture, which is why it took 11 years of options, one year of pre-production, and nine weeks to shoot. This sounds terrible, but the people who gave me the money thought I was *bananas*, ripe for the funny farm. My track record did it—**Blues Brothers**, despite what everybody says, ended up making a fortune, and it's still the biggest picture in Japan. Every movie I've made has turned a tremendous profit. And when you make hundreds of millions of dollars for other people, suddenly, they're terribly friendly to you. I guess until I really screw up, I'll be allowed enough freedom to make some very personal pictures. I'll tell you, Jim, you're an artist. How often do you *actually* accomplish what you set out to do?

PREVUE: Never.

LANDIS: During shooting, I was quoted as saying I got 90% of everything. It's not true. Now that the film's finished, I really believe that I got about *80%* of what I intended to get. That's amazing. I'm thrilled. The picture's gonna be very controversial. I'm convinced many people will hate it. One thing about the previews, was that there were *three* responses. One, they loved it. Two, they were baffled by it, which isn't necessarily bad. Three, they thought I was certifiable.

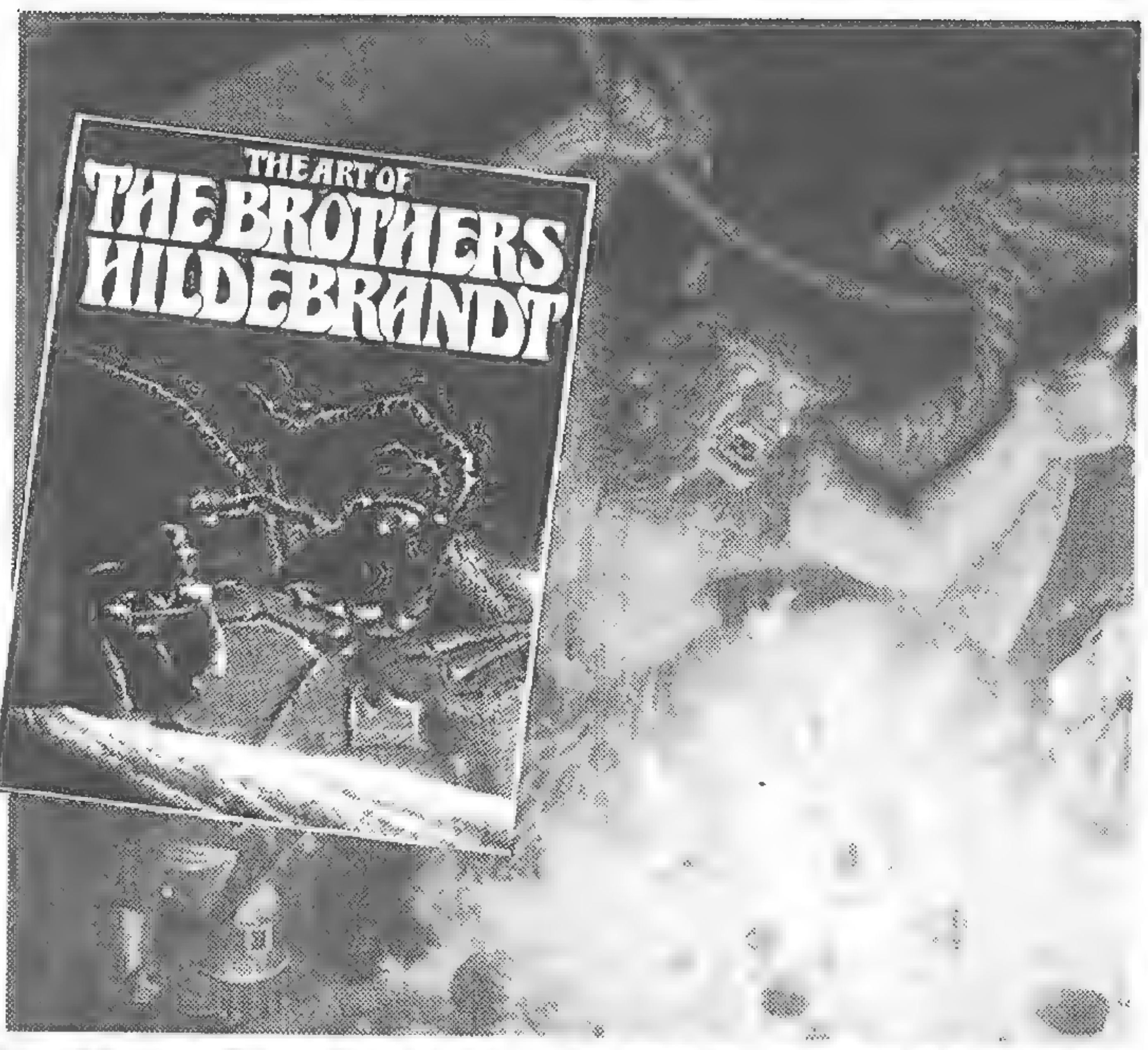
PREVUE: They could be right.

LANDIS: Who knows? Pass the garlic and the silver bullets... ★



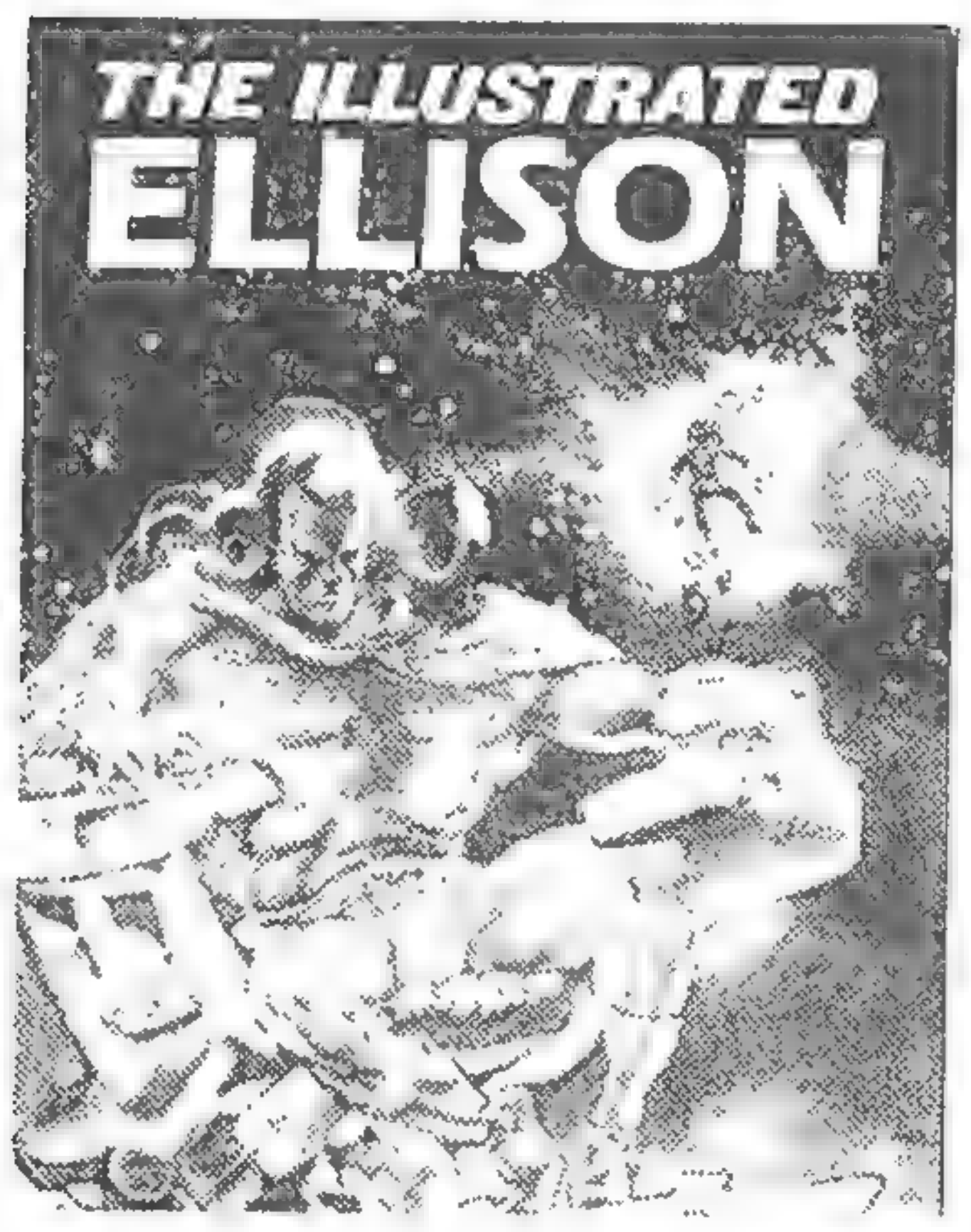
The Brothers Hildebrandt is a fascinating 52-page book of art and interviews with the two most popular *Tolkien Calendar* painters. It includes *over 50 paintings*, sketches and drawings, with ten pages of full-color. $6.00

The Art of the Brothers Hildebrandt is an oversized portfolio of *40 full-color reproductions* of the Brothers' most famous Tolkien and fantasy paintings. There are also many black-and-white illustrations and drawings to display the full range of both their fantastic imaginations, together and separately. 112 pages, softbound. $8.95.

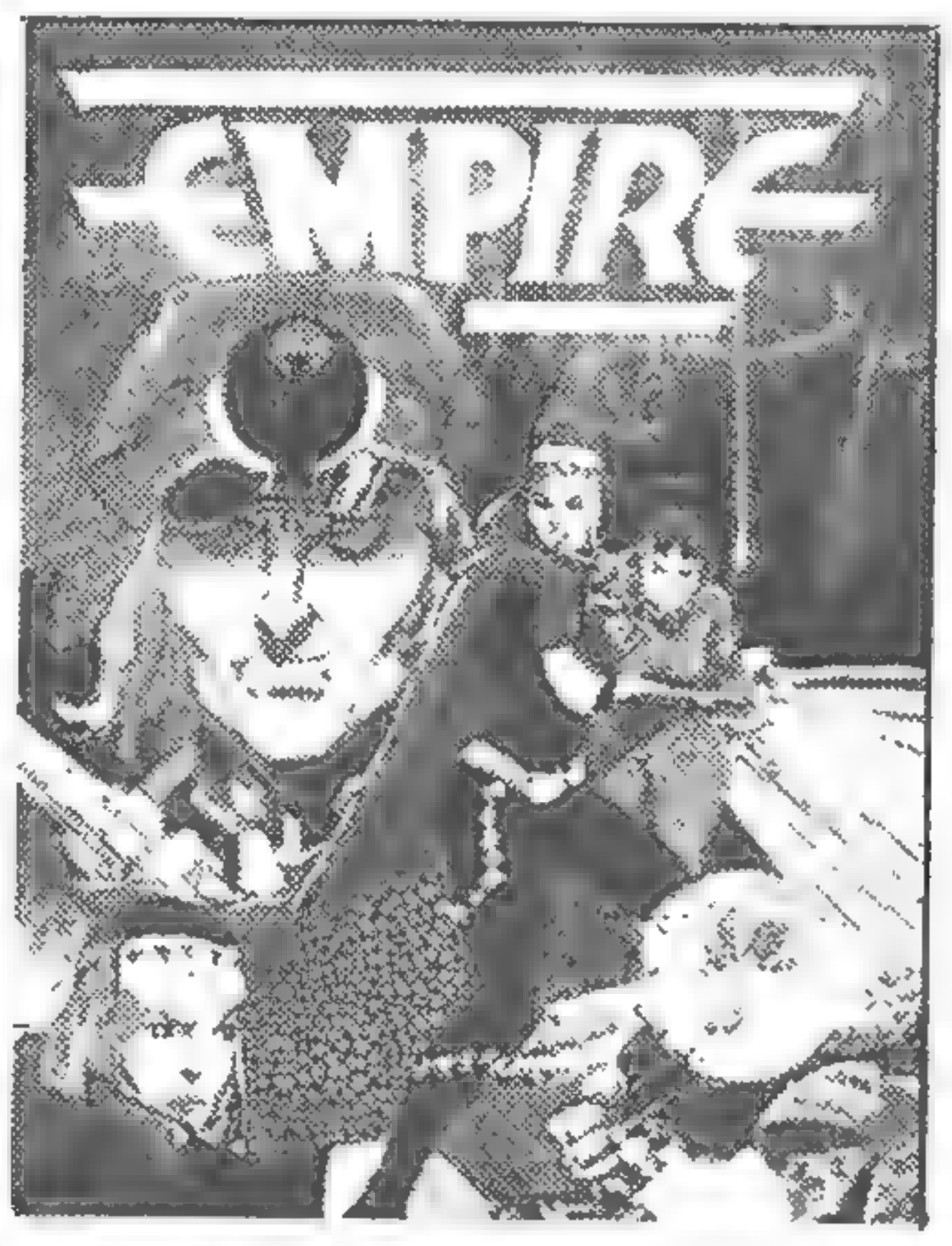


THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY ART BOOKS

The Illustrated Harlan Ellison is a book so large in scope that ten major illustrators were required to provide the imagery for seven classic tales. Tom Sutton, Ralph Reese, Steranko, Bil Stout, Mike Whelan, Alfredo Alcala and others contribute *100 pages of full-color excitement*. Paperback, $8.95. Signed hardback edition, $14.95.



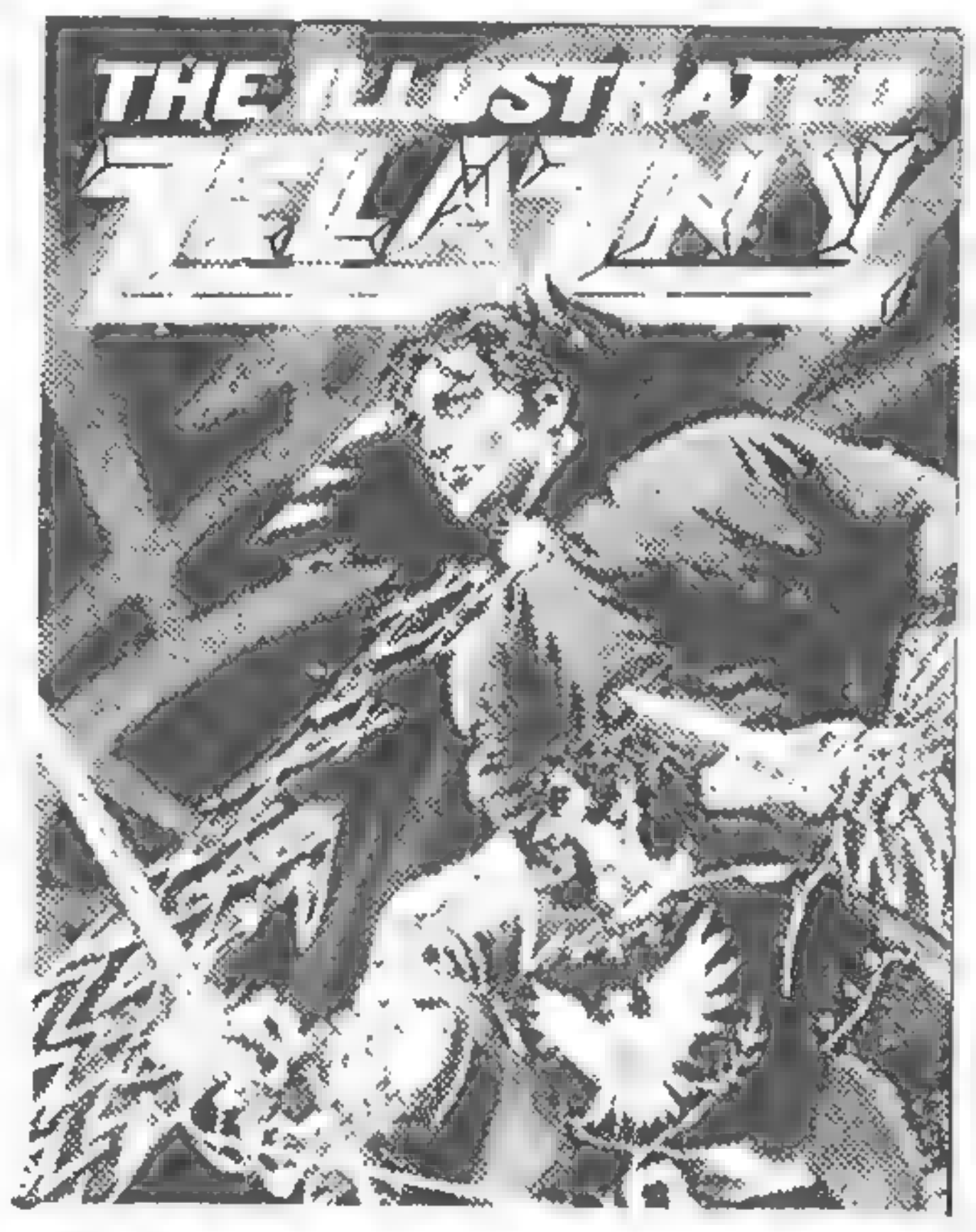
Empire—an epic collaboration of two top talents to create an *all-new science-fiction graphic novel* of cosmic warfare and heroic adventure. Author Samuel Delany and artist Howard Chaykin have joined forces on this *112-page full-color volume*. Available in softcover for $9.95, or a numbered hardback signed by both author and artist. $30.00.



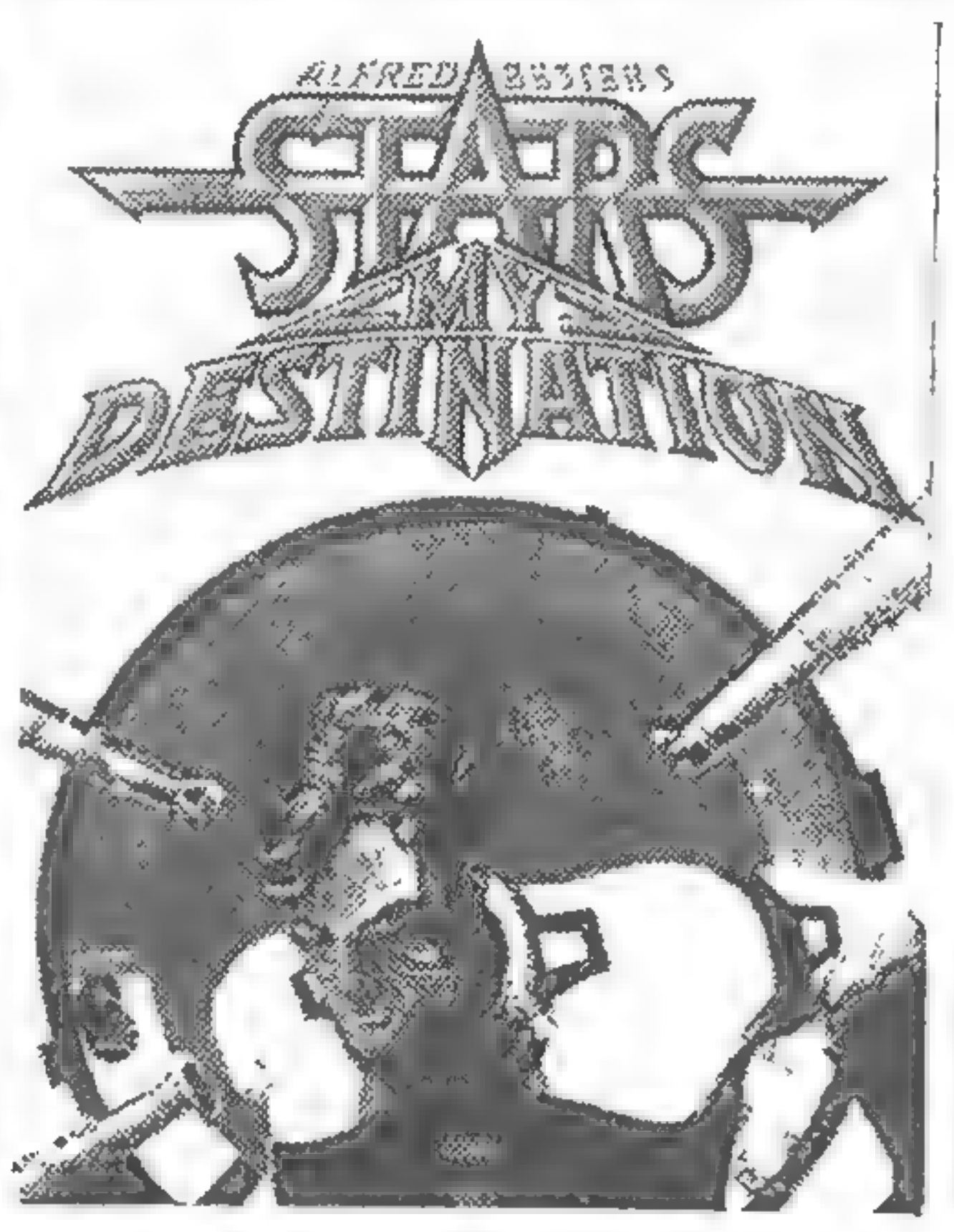
Swords of Heaven is the exciting new sword & sorcery novel created by Michael Moorcock and illustrated by Howard Chaykin, designed as an *all-new* extension of the famous series based on *The Eternal Champion*. Not an adaptation, this is a *64-page original tale* of thundering action and fantastic adventure. Full-color throughout, paperback. $6.95.

Heaven
Hell

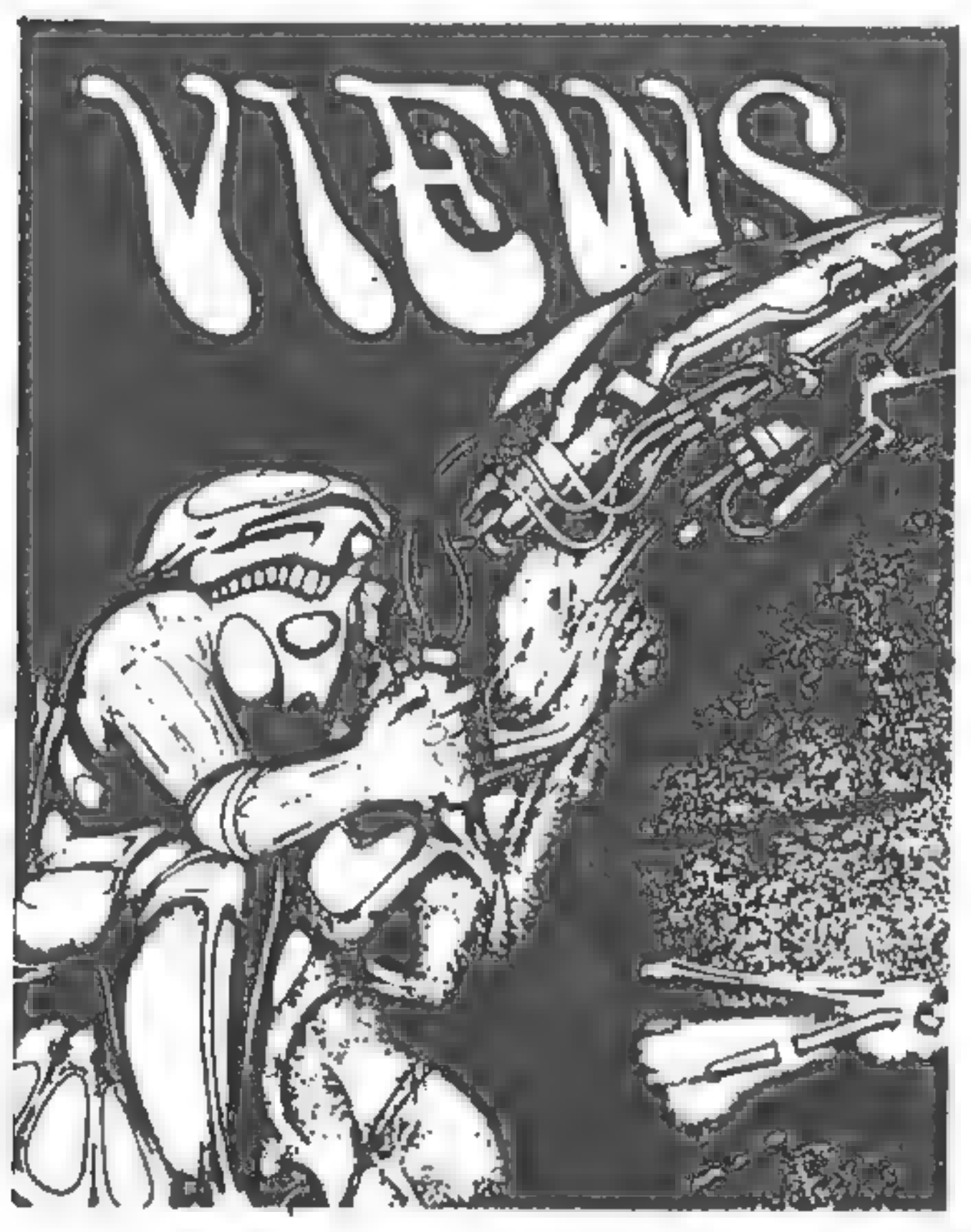
The Illustrated Roger Zelazny is a collection of graphic fantasies in a new comic format that ripples with swordplay, science and sorcery. Four stories of spellbinding adventure are brought to life by top comic artist Gray Morrow in this *big 120-page volume that's packed with color*. A series of movie poster-like murals are a special bonus. $8.95.



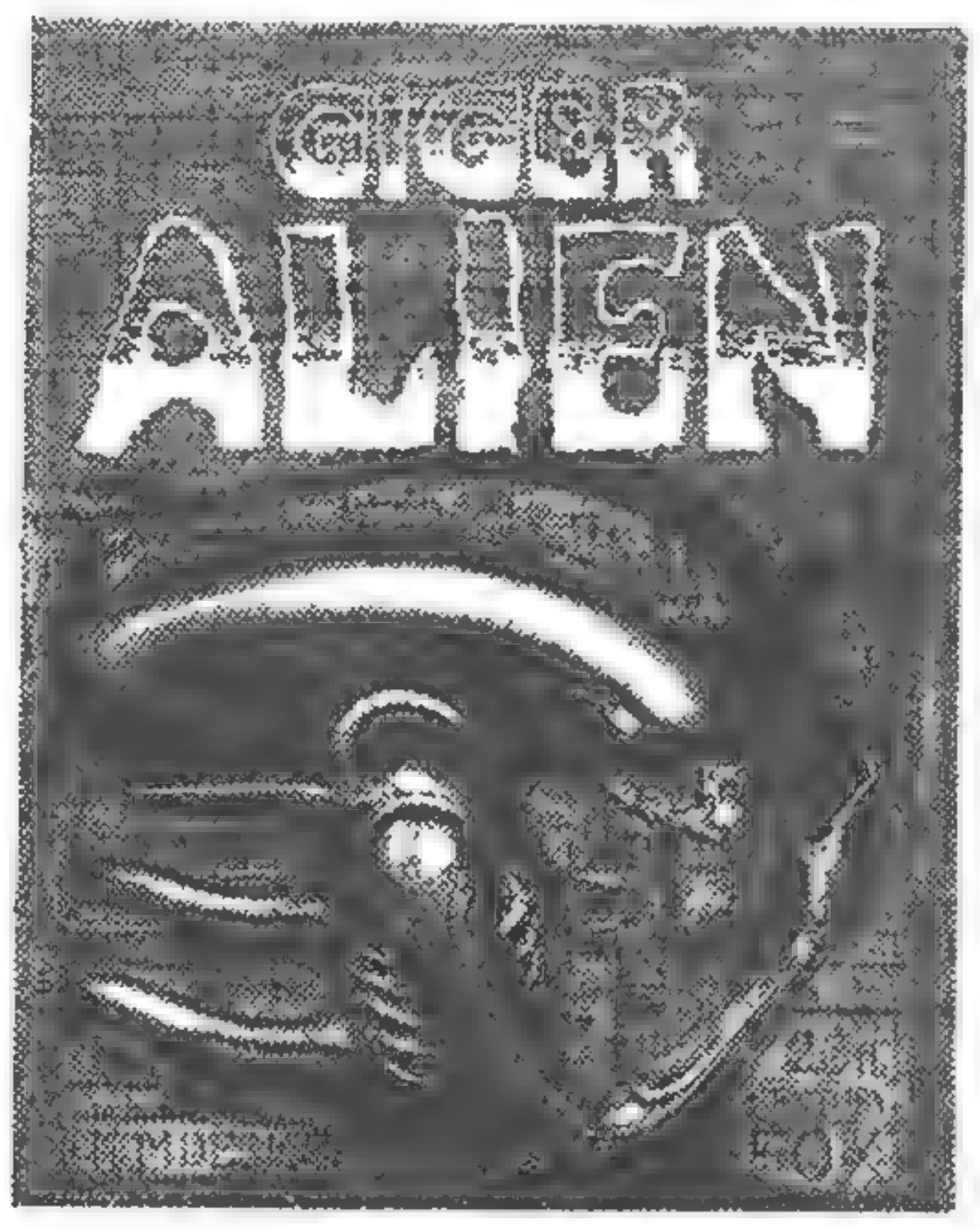
The Stars My Destination 1 begins the adaptation of Alfred Bester's award-winning space adventure novel. Illustrated by Howard Chaykin, *Stars* features *300 full-color painted illustrations* which bring this dangerous chase across the cosmos explosively to life. Available in a deluxe signed hardback edition of 3000 for $15.95, or a trade paperback version for $8.95.



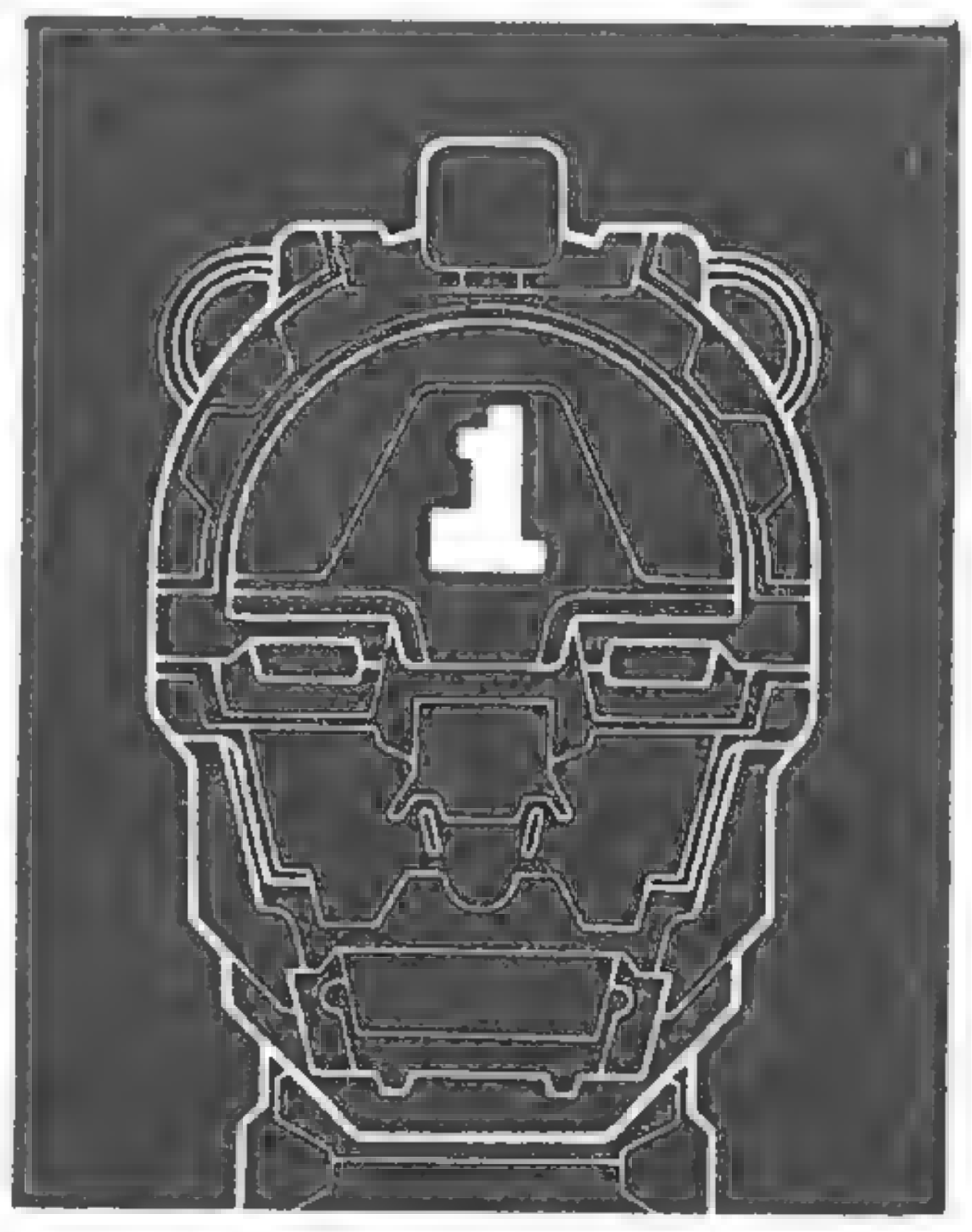
Roger Dean's Views is a blazing vision that combines powerful fantasy with conceptual reality, reproduced in a massive 12 × 12″ volume *nearly half an inch thick*. Drawn from record jackets and SF paperback covers, Dean's book explodes with technological nightmares, making it a full-color doorway into the unknown. $10.95.



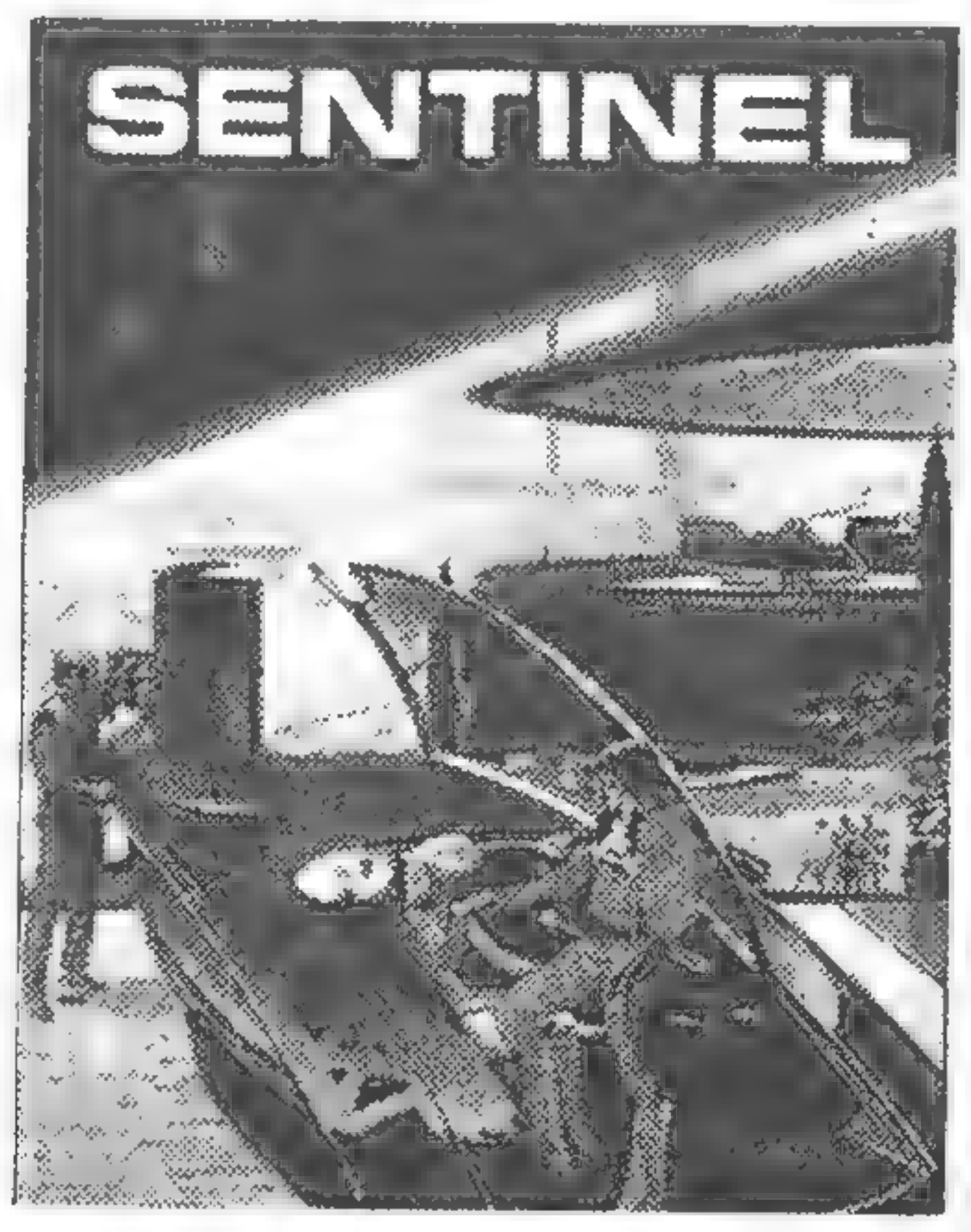
Giger's Alien tells the whole story of his work on the science-fiction horror film in a new oversized (12 × 12″) volume packed with chilling drawings and paintings of *The Face Hugger*, *The Chest Burster* and *The Big Alien*. This is the complete history of the ultimate movie terror, along with versions and *variations that never made it into the film*. $17.95.



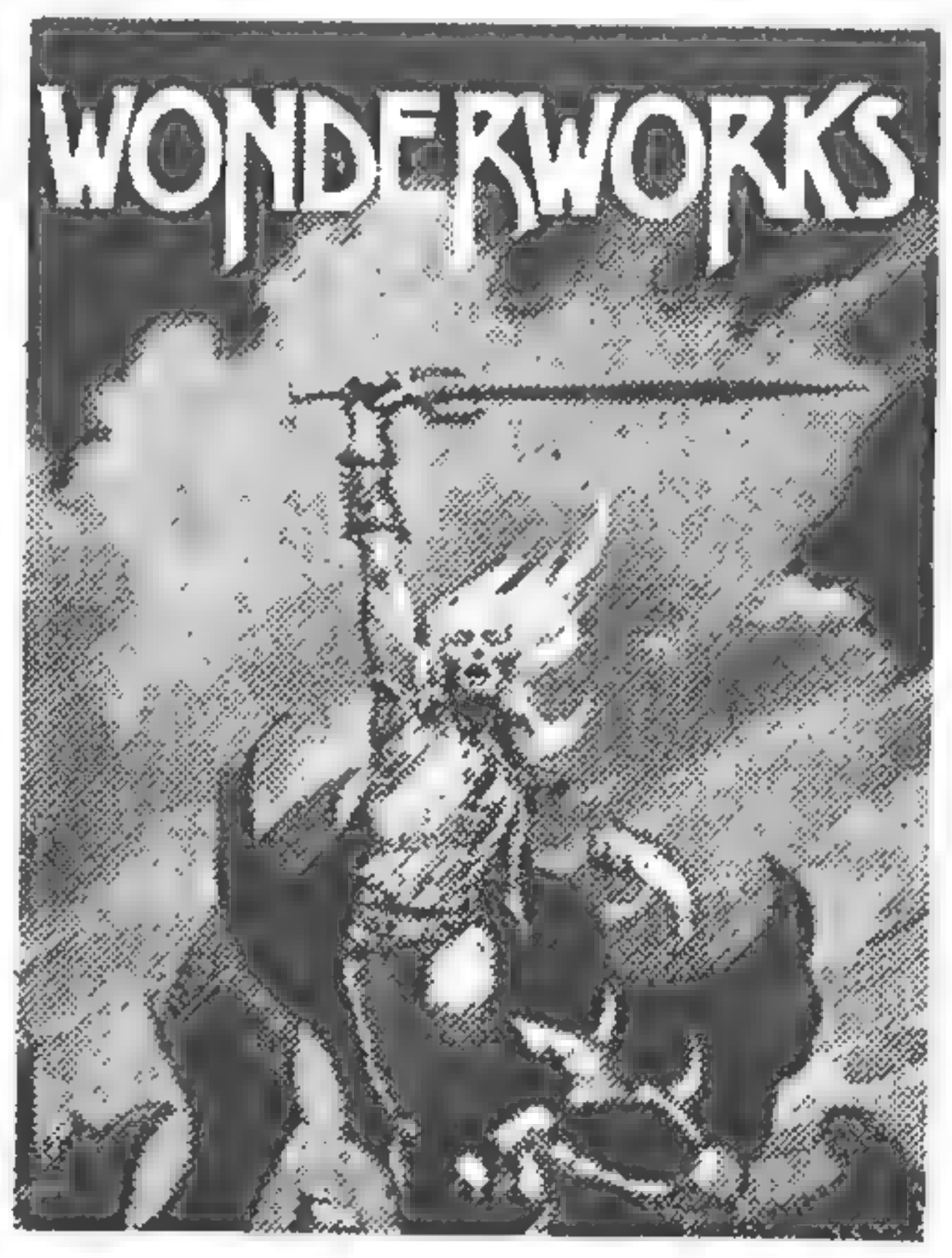
The Mike Hinge Experience explodes with incredible, mind-blowing graphics guaranteed to turn you on! Hinge visualizes maidens, machinery and magic, spacemen, robots and a touch of electronic wizardry. Over *70 illustrations in a giant 10½ × 14″ volume*, bound in a uniquely conceptual black and silver cover. A limited collector's edition for $4.00.



Sentinel is an incredible time-trip into tomorrow's technology by future artist Syd Mead. This giant 12 × 12″ volume is *over 160 pages thick* and reproduces Mead's most exciting creations—futuristically streamlined, sleekly colorful concepts—from advanced Earth transportation to galactic outposts in *full-color single and double-page spreads*. $14.95.



Wonderworks is a new collection of paintings by fantasy artist Michael Whelan. 120 pages, with 58 plates in breathtaking full-color, *Wonderworks* ranges from barbaric *Elric* visualizations to the poetic majesty of Anne McCaffrey's *Dragonriders* series. Revealing commentary is provided by Poul Anderson, Michael Moorcock, Alan Dean Foster. $7.95.



PLEASE SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY ART**

THE UNCENSORED BO

(continued from page 47)

lion didn't like it. Then, the surf rolled *out*. The lion ran past Miles and got me again. Oh, yes! I *was* afraid!

"He leaped and landed right on my rump with both front feet. I rolled over when he hit me, and I remember looking at him again, very close. Normally, the cat would just be panting and bored with the situation, but now he was completely different, snarling, just *inches* from my face.

"I rolled over again, and he bit my shoulder. He wasn't playing; when a lion goes in with his mouth, he's very serious. His teeth came down, just grazing my left shoulder and my chest. I guess if he had gotten a good grip... Then, a wave came in and covered us, and the force of it backed him off me.

"I kept going out to the deep water until I could swim. I kept going until I felt safe, even though there were sharks. I turned around and saw all the little people on the beach in the distance. By then, the trainers were there. One of them hauled off and socked the lion right in the nose—it was so funny. John was screaming like a banshee, but I could barely hear him. I was very upset, so I stayed in the water. The scene on the beach seemed so far away, so strange and surreal. I just watched.

"Later, I discovered John had shot the entire thing. It happened so fast and was over, even before the trainers could make a move to stop it. It was a freak accident, the tether had broken. It wasn't anybody's fault, including the trainers'. The head trainer kept petting the lion, 'It's OK! It's OK!' Afterward, he got into such a depression that everybody did the same to him, 'It's OK, Paul! It's OK!'

"I swam back and sat there for awhile to get over the shock of it. They took the lion away in a cage. Then, I had to finish shooting my scenes for the day. The script called for me to get caught in the waves, so I started body surfing. It was the season for bad tidal waves, and I was taking one wipe-out after another because we needed them for the story. It helped me get my mind off the situation a bit.

"It hurt to get up the next morning; my hips, everything, was really bruised. I was black and blue, and the bite that grazed my shoulder had turned purple and yellow, with a long gash through the center where his teeth had broken the skin. We didn't want to film that day, because when you come that close, you begin to realize that *nothing* is as important as life.

"After we settled down from the accident, someone asked, 'Are you using the scene in the film?' At first, we said, 'Oh, God! How can you even *think* of such a thing?' Later, we wondered if we shouldn't take advantage of the footage. Several days afterward, we decided to try to shoot the lion again, but he wasn't the same. When they put him away, he was frothing at the mouth, and everytime they brought him out, he got excited, as if it was time to catch something *again*. We finally ended up using the first part of the actual attack. It catches you off guard because you don't think the cat will attack Tarzan. The lion doesn't 'get ready' or look set up like other films —and, you can plainly see both of us, not doubles.

"It did one other thing, too; it taught me how Jane *really* might have felt—and that's an experience not too many people ever have."

Svengali or SOB?
Casanova or dirty old man?

John Derek has been called many names, and, while they may or may not be true, one thing is certain: he is one of the most controversial, colorful and charismatic figures in the public eye.

Though he's achieved considerable fame as an actor, director and photographer, Derek claims he is best at things which demand physical coordination and ability: boxing, martial arts ("before they became the 'in' thing"), swimming, archery, fencing, bullwhips, guns and riding.

While Derek may be capable of such feats of skill, the primary focus on his life has resulted from his ladies, his four wives: Patti Behrs, Ursula Andress, Linda Evans, and Bo. Although the yellow journals have ragged him constantly about his personal life, Derek is direct in describing it from his point of view.

"I'm in ecstasy when they're happy. A few years ago, Ursula, Linda and Bo gave me a birthday party at Linda's big house. I remember they all wore shirts with a picture I'd taken of them on front. And, when they turned around, their backs had a picture Bo shot of *me* with a petunia behind my ear. It was a fun evening, and we got along very well.

"Bo first met Ursula in Switzerland when she was 17. It was like meeting mother, or grandmother, or teacher. Ursula just glared at Bo and said, 'You love Linda, what are you doing with *this* girl?' She looked at Bo hard, and saw things in her that I didn't. Then, she turned to me and said, 'You're going to be in trouble; she's really beautiful.' I asked why and she said, 'If you don't know by *now* what happens to beautiful girls and the pressure from the outside...' I told her not to worry about it.

"Bo told me later that when she was a little girl, at play, she always wanted to be Ursula, the movie star. She knew that I spoke of her as this phenomenal creature, and then to meet her, Bo was in awe, and said about a word-and-a-half.

"Later, when we went to Paris after Bo had hit in **10**, the situation was very different. She was an entity on her own, not as my wife. The press mobbed her, more than Ursula, who is the Darling of Paris, a bigger star off-screen than she is on, accustomed to massive attention by the paparazzi. That night, we all went out together.

"Bo went ahead in a limo. Ursula followed in her little putt-putt car. I came afterward. The paparazzi thought they were being tricked because we split up. That wasn't so—and most of them followed Bo anyway. But, we all arrived about the same time, and we couldn't see the place. There were about 150 cameras with strobes going off.

"Bo was swept away, having fun, and we had dinner and a great time. When we left, the three of us, arm-in-arm, the paparazzi went wild. Ursula wouldn't let me get mad at them, because I'll punch anyone who takes my picture. I feel it's an intrusion on my privacy, but I admit that some of the best pictures of us together were shot by the paparazzi—I hate posed pictures, and I hate pictures of myself, but, when they're with Bo and Ursula, it's fun. As we walked out, there was *one solid light*, no pauses between strobes, for about the hundred feet we traveled to our cars.

"I was getting a little nervous, because I didn't want Ursula to be hurt by the attention Bo was receiving. She wasn't; she directed and helped Bo along, and they got very close. There was no jealousy at all. Ursula doesn't care about stardom, never did. She just wants to make a few bucks and live happily every after. We've been together often since then.

"I guess it works, because Bo knows there's no woman on earth who means more to me, no one who has more sexuality and love. Each of my

THE SHADOW KNOWS
THE SHADOW · SECRET SOCIETY ·

that thousands of his readers have been clamoring to learn more about his fantastic adventures—*and we're doing something about it!* The selection of books, posters and collector's editions offered here is the most complete collection of Shadow material available from any source. Through their compelling words and pictures, you can recapture the excitement and adventure that made The Master of Darkness the single most popular and dynamic cloaked crimefighter that ever stalked across the pages of heroic fiction, into the airwaves, and on the movie screen. Here are the thundering twin automatics that brought justice to the oppressed, the swirling black cloak and wide-brimmed slouch hat that have since become The Shadow's trademarks, the burning eyes, and the chilling, haunting laugh which warned that, "Crime does not pay—The Shadow knows!" In addition to a complete library of Shadow ephemera, there is also a fully authorized Fan Club for dedicated followers to keep up with the latest developments in The Shadow's fantastic career. Serious pulp fans may consider additional material available under the PULPS listing.

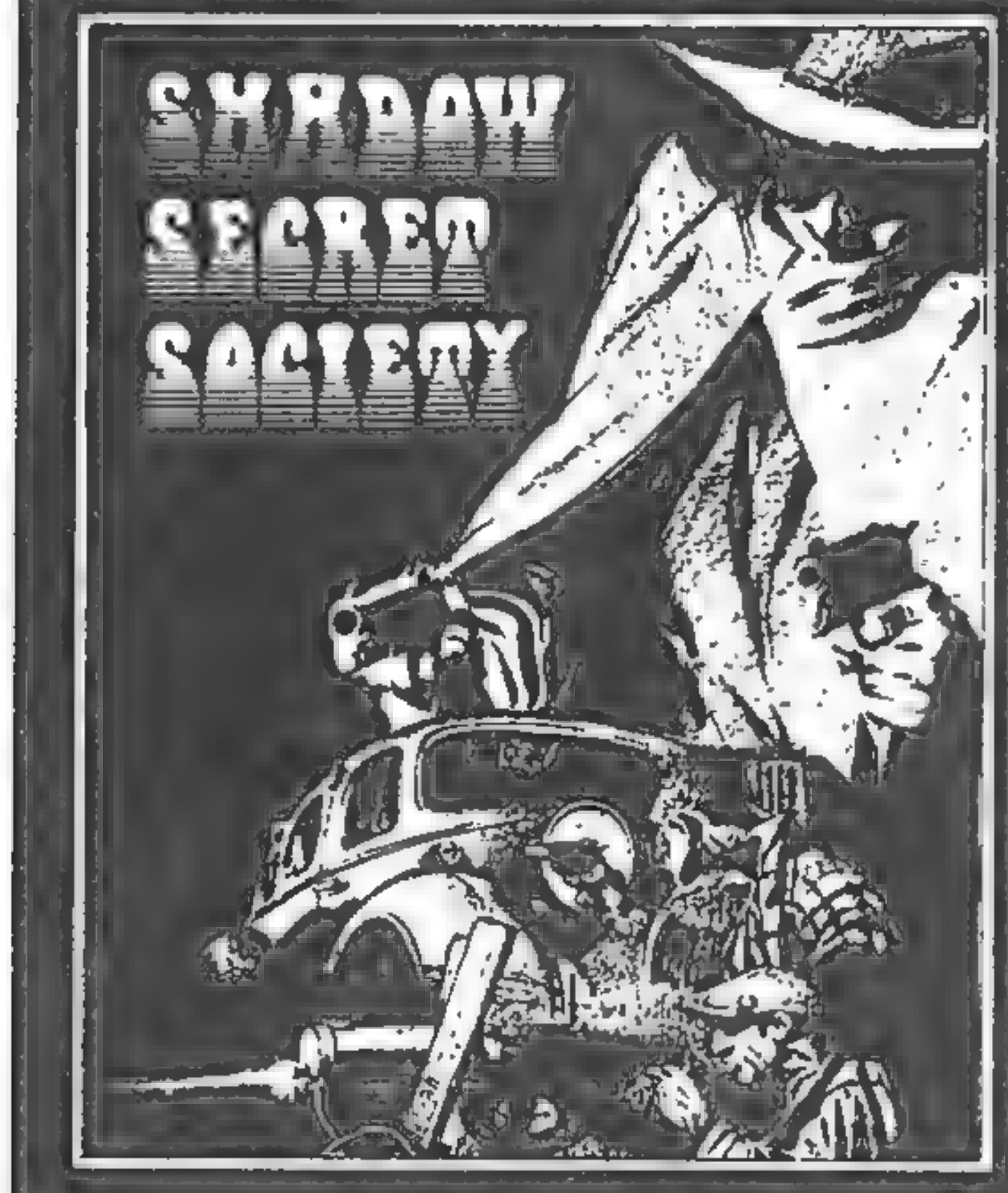
The Shadow Secret Society is a top priority organization that allows you to become a trusted agent in the cause of justice and honor. *The Secret Society Membership Kit* includes a midnight-black *identification card*—with an exclusive registration number—*a Secret Society badge, a master checklist* of pulp adventures, and a *special news bulletin*. $2.50.

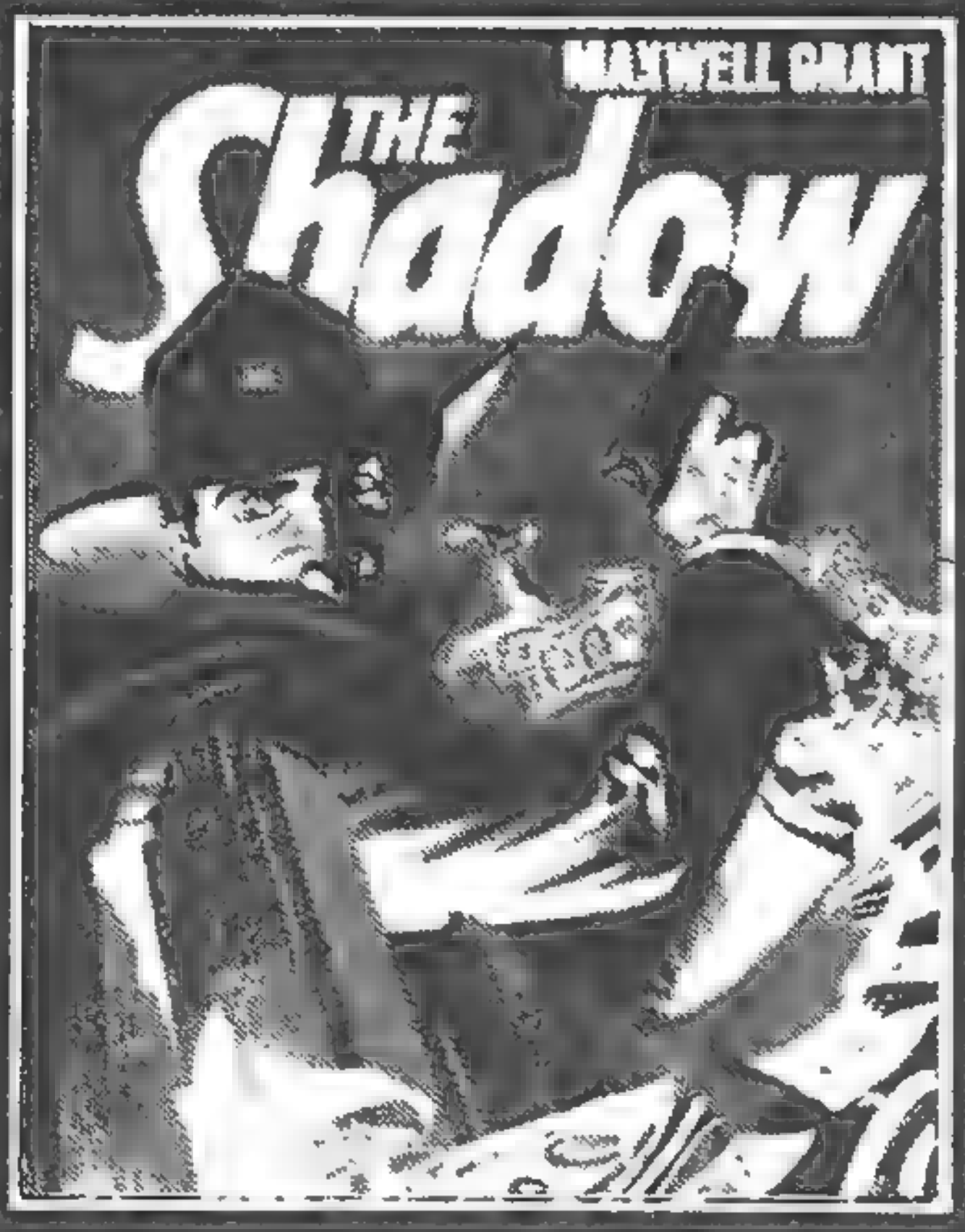
Shadow Paperbacks with original Steranko covers are out-of-print, but still in stock here. Available in two sets of six—Set 1 contains *The Living Shadow, Hands in the Dark, Mobsmen on the Spot, Black Master, Double Z* and *Crime Cult*. Set 2 has *Red Menace, Mox, Romanoff Jewels, Silent Seven, Kings of Crime* and *Shadowed Millions*. $10.00 set.

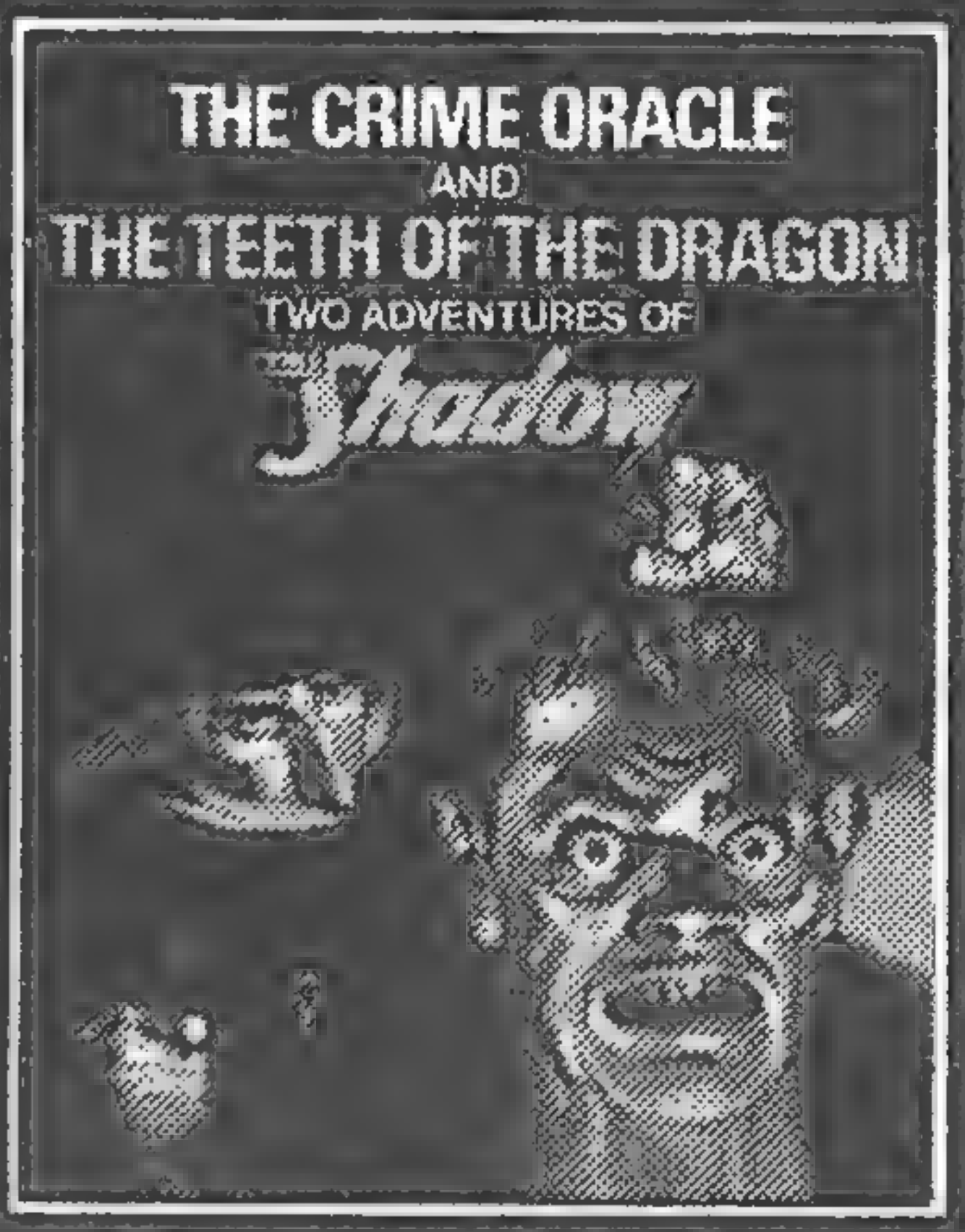
The Dover Shadow Double Novel features two sinister pulp adventures from the 30s, available now in a handsome facsimile edition containing *every word and picture* from the original. In *The Crime Oracle*, the Master of Darkness battles the gruesome disembodied spectre, The Head. Then, The Shadow glides to Chinatown to pull *Teeth of the Dragon*. $2.50.

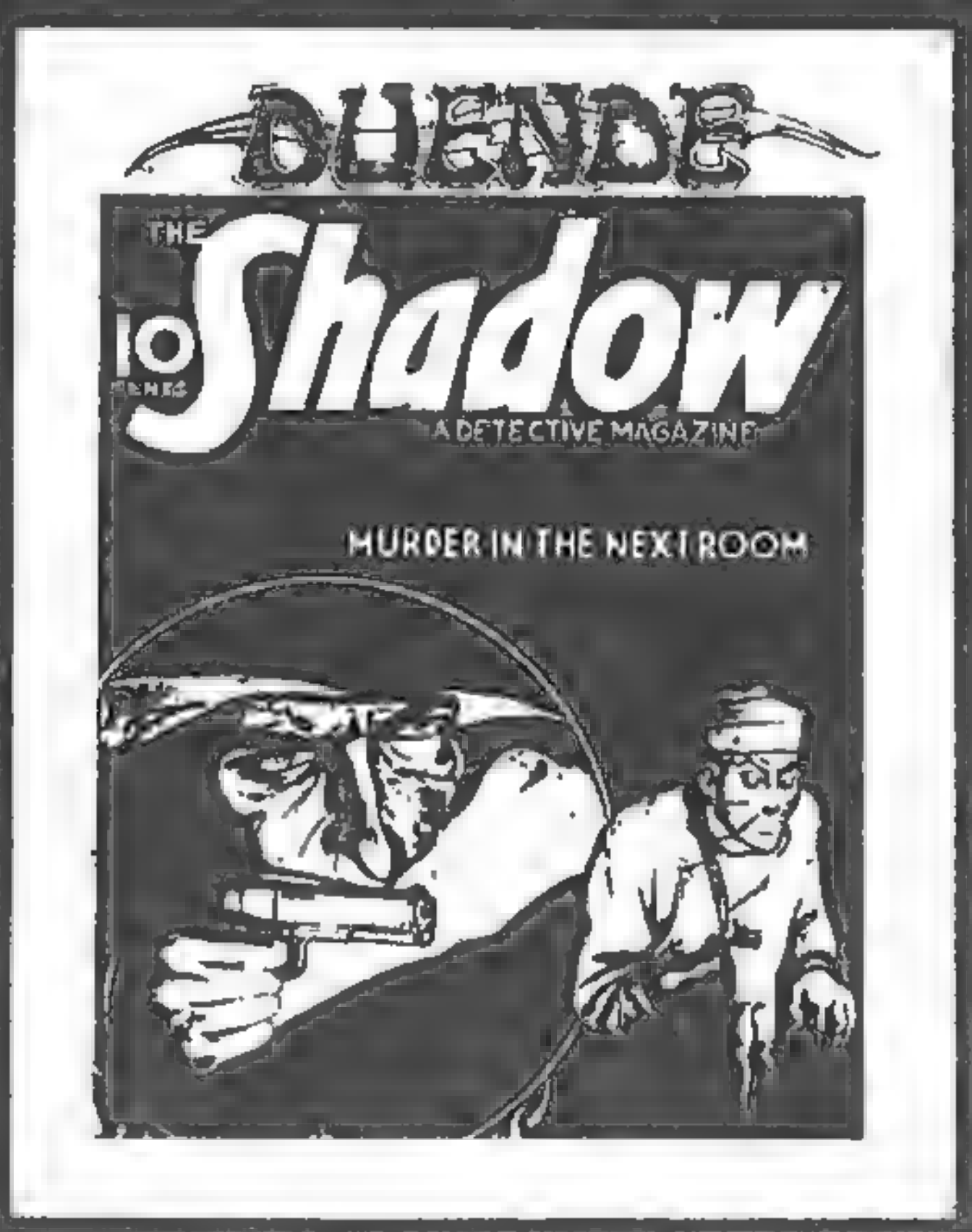
Duende—a journal and archive of pulp lore—focusing on the adventures of Doc Savage and The Shadow. *Issue 2* features an in-depth exploration of *the unknown authors of Doc Savage*, in addition to a listing of the Doc Savage novels and their *original* titles, plus a lengthy interview with Walter Gibson about the life and times of *The Shadow*. $2.00.

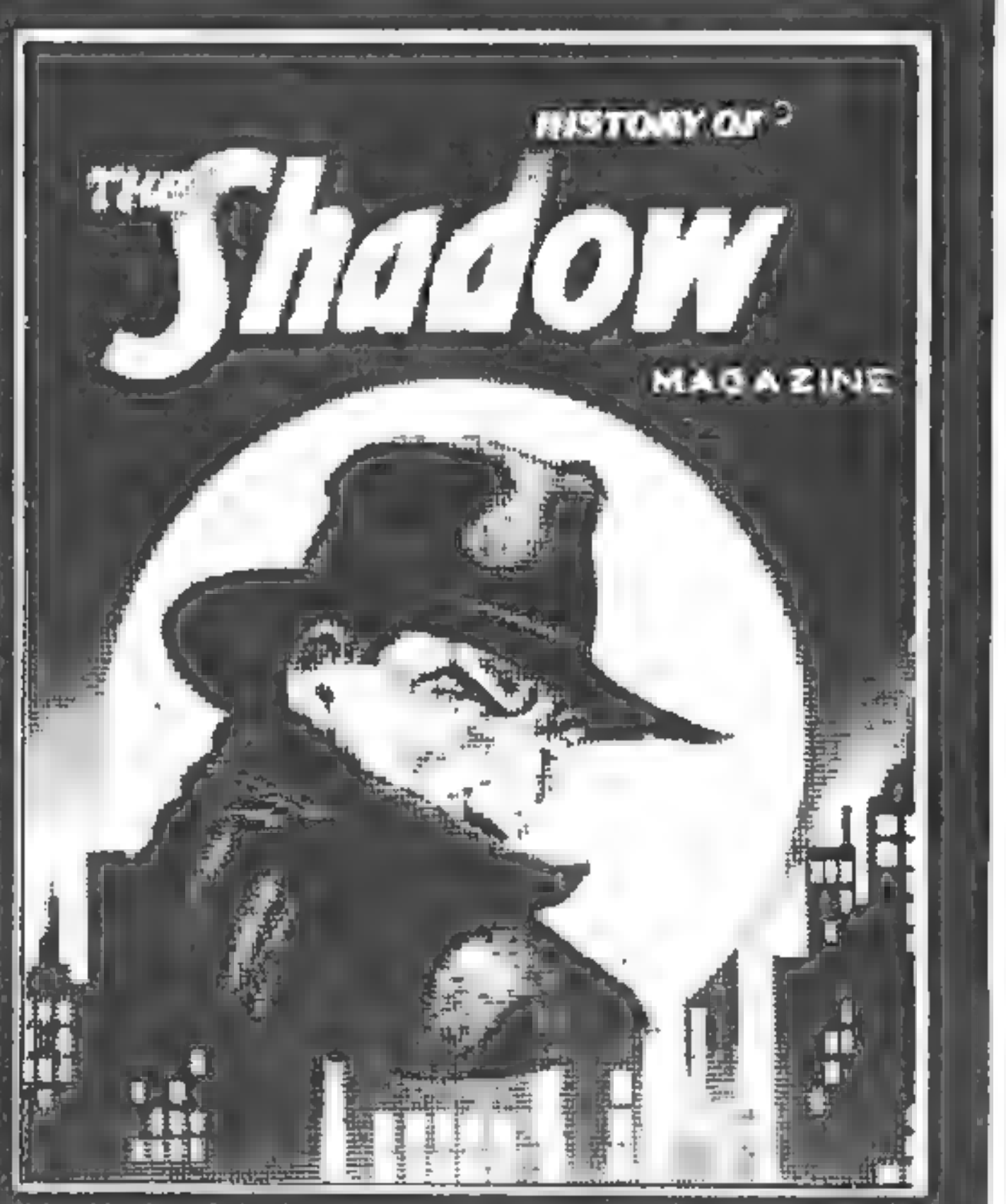
The History of the Shadow is a sweeping study of the pulp's premier Master of Darkness, scrutinized and analyzed in over 40,000 words, tracing the most remarkable crimefighting career ever recorded. Also featured is *The History of the Purple*, Walter Gibson's strange account of the famous fire-opal ring, and a *new Gibson novel*. $7.95.

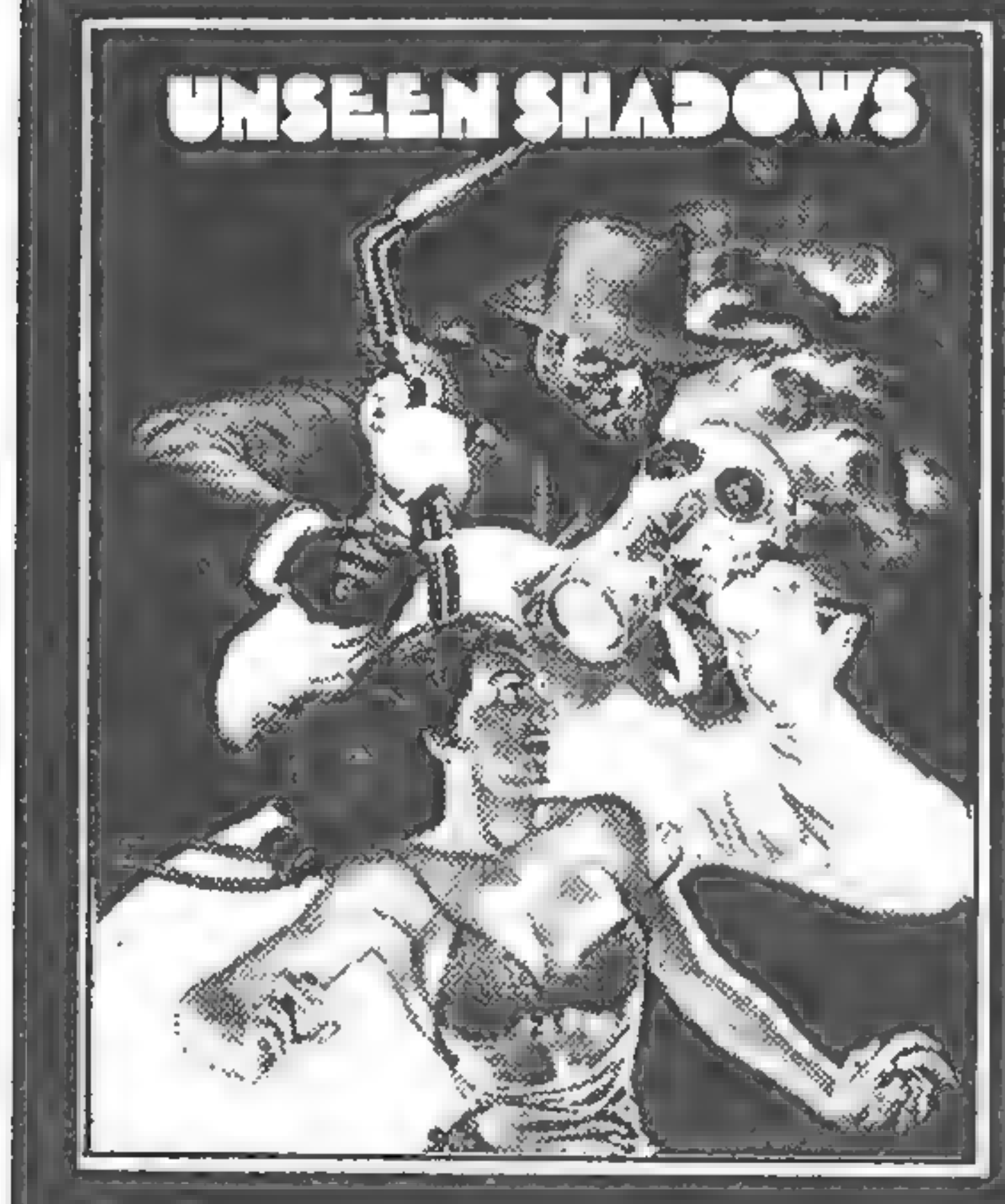




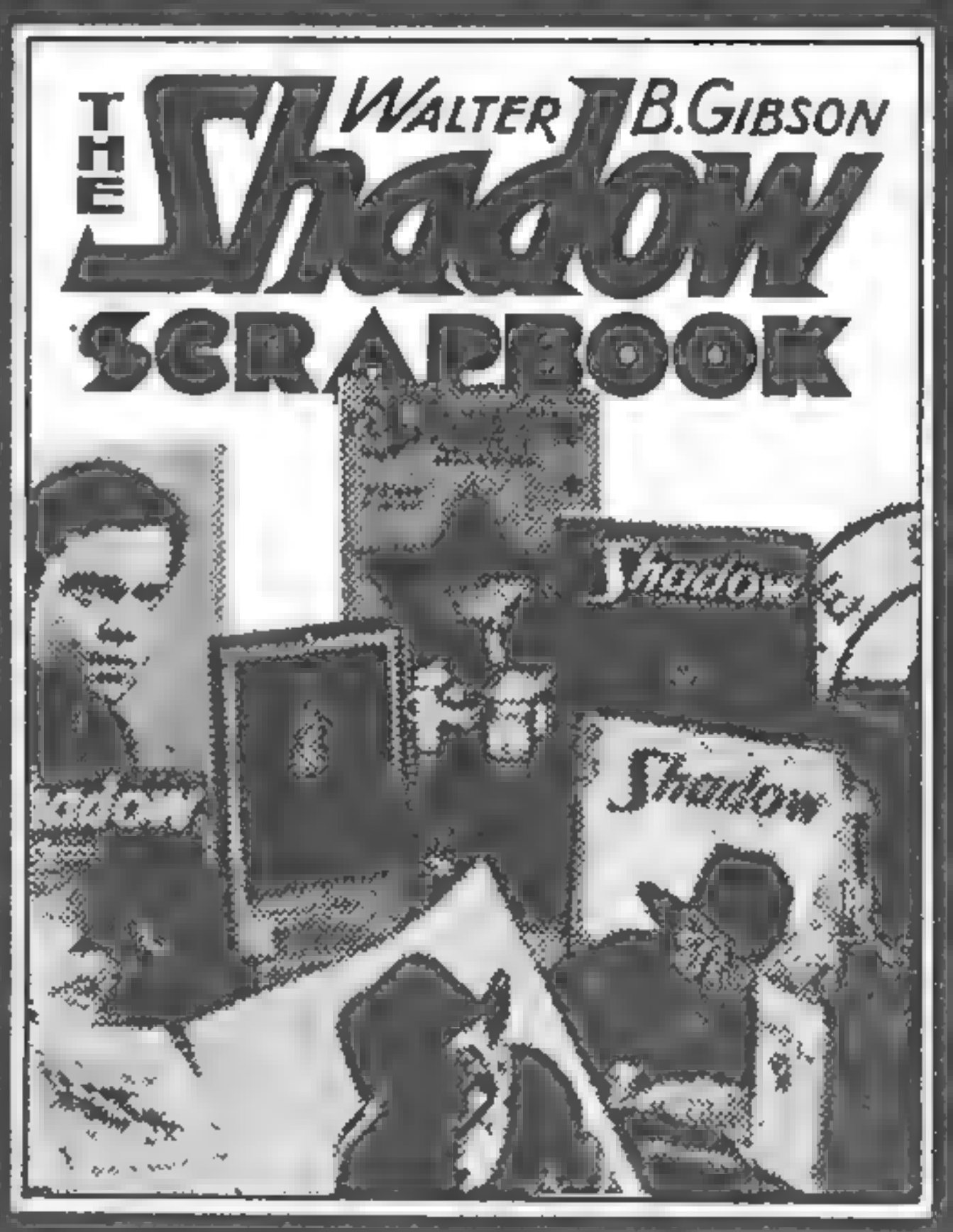


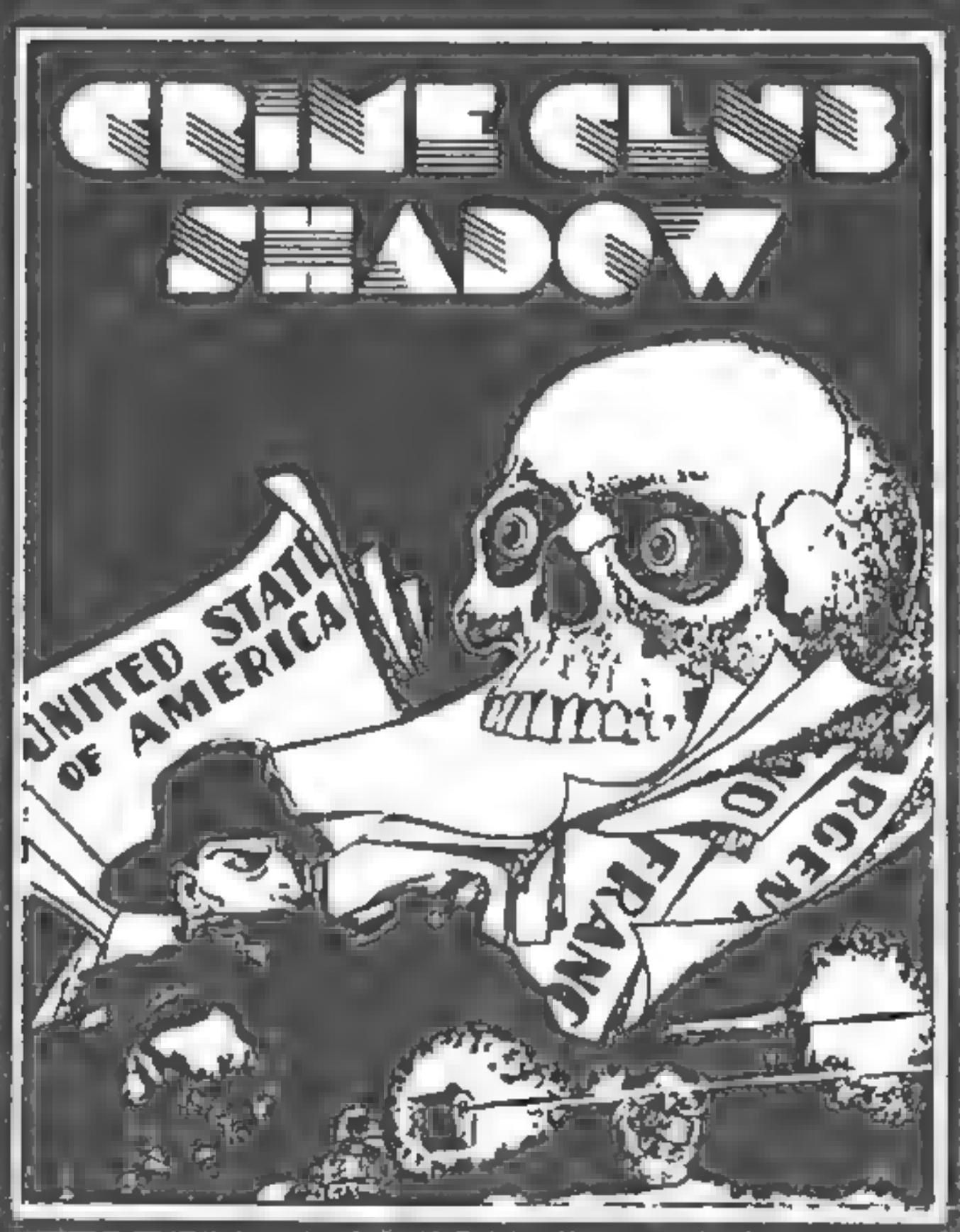






THE SHADOW KNOWS





THE STRANGE CREATURE IN BLACK
WEIRD AVENGER OF CRIME
10¢ READ THE Shadow

Unseen Shadows is a 64-page collection of 50 detailed pencil renderings which were the preliminary drawings for Steranko's series of Shadow paperback cover paintings. Each is reproduced in its *original size*, including many which were never used. Two full-color paintings grace the covers in both paper, $4.00, and signed hardback, $12.00.

The Shadow Knows features 16 sinister mystery stories *taken directly from original radio scripts*. These are the weird thrillers that made the Shadow's eerie laugh and lightning-quick vengeance a legend in America. A collector's item, *324 pages* of death-traps, inhuman villains and action—all that's missing is the organ music. $6.50.

The Shadow Scrapbook is Walter Gibson's definitive volume detailing the 50-year history of the most fascinating crimefighter in American fiction. Here's the full story behind the creation of The Shadow with many illustrations, *25 full-color pulp cover reproductions*, a complete chronology of the radio series, comics, movie stills and more in 168 pages. $8.95.

The Crime Club Shadow volumes each feature two thrilling pulp adventures, newly packaged between hardcovers. *Book two* in the series (number one is sold out) spotlights a deadly treasure hunt in *Quarter of Eight* and *The Freak Show Murders*. *Book three* unmasks The Shadow in *Crime Over Casco*, and the *Mother Goose Murders*. $7.95 ea.

The Vintage Shadow Posters are two of the most unique items for the serious collector—literally saved from five decades of obscurity. Drawn in the style typical of the era, these striking posters were originally used to promote the master crimefighter's adventures in the pulps. Printed in midnight black and blood red. Both for $3.50.

USE THE FORM ON PAGE 82 TO ORDER THE ABOVE ITEMS

wives knows how I am, and they speak highly of me, because nobody gave them such 24-hours-a-day attention and affection. I want my lady on a pedestal in front of me, and I hope to always want her. I adore my ladies. I just *don't* kiss their asses."

The trumpeting of elephants subsided. The chitter of jungle animals and the incessant insect buzz has gone. The screen is blank as the Dereks complete the last-minute production work on **Tarzan, The Ape Man**. Ahead of them, new projects are beginning to materialize.

The actress has been linked to a number of intended films, including the action-adventure epic **High Road to China**. The picture was to feature Roger Moore, and as negotiations began, the Dereks found they liked certain scenes, but not the script's "high camp humor." Changes were discussed, but a new screenplay the Dereks would accept was never produced. "They were trying to appease too many people," John says, "They tried to make Bo, Roger and the director happy—and that's *too much* input."

Brenda Starr was also touted as a Bo Derek vehicle, as was **Dazzler**, a Marvel Comics heroine. "We liked the basic idea," John recalls, "because of the fantasy aspect. We saw a lot of drawings with Bo as the character, but felt a change in concept was necessary before we got serious. It never developed."

The **Dazzler** project, however, brought the Dereks together with Gary Goddard, who eventually wrote **Tarzan**. "A number of things emerged from our discussions," John says, "including an idea I want to develop with Gary called **Never-Never Land**. It might qualify as a sword and sorcery film, but essentially it's a very strange love story."

Goddard may also be involved in an $8 million pirate movie the Dereks are currently preparing. Though the title has bounced from **Sea Mistress** to **The Flag** to **Pirate Annie**, it's primarily an old-fashioned adventure tale about a quest for treasure. John will direct; Bo will star and produce.

"Those who know I'm in the sensuality business," John says, "and that Bo is a beautiful young creature who isn't ashamed to take off her clothes, will wonder how we'll do these things, maybe come to see them. Of course, they'll be done in a very tasteful way."

"After **10**," Bo continues, "audiences had a larger-than-life image of me, that is important to continue in other roles. I'm certainly not the girl in **10**, but the public loves that illusion because its fun. **Tarzan**'s Jane doesn't violate that image, and neither will my next film. As a kid, I loved pirate movies. I can't think of doing anything else.

"I'll learn the basics of fencing, and polish them practicing with John. I'm learning to work with a bullwhip, too. John was watching me and he kept saying, 'You're getting *too close* to your neck!' He was right; the popper hit me, and I thought my head had been blown off. I felt like I had been shot! I cried and screamed because it scared me, but if I can perform my own stunts, I want to contunue to do them."

The Dereks reportedly opted for ten percent of the profits on **Tarzan**, and a good guess (considering their independent nature) would predict an expansion of their Svengali Productions to include other filmmakers working on other productions. Such a move naturally depends on a number of contingencies.

"Bo and I are one unit," Derek says. "I think any deep relationship between two people makes them one. That's also what tragedies are made of, like my separation from Linda. We were one person, then, suddenly, I, the monster, move away and can't explain it—which makes it even sicker to her.

"Linda couldn't understand it. It's a shock, a rape of the systems—what she went through—and I hated that it happened. But it would have been dishonest had I pretended there was no involvement with Bo. It's the same now with Bo and I. If either of us decided to go in opposite directions, if we were incapacitated or would die, there'd be a horrible void in one of our lives, and a re-programming for a way to face the future.

"That's why Bo works out, so she can push me around in a wheelchair. Seriously, though Bo doesn't like it, we have discussed death. I want her to know that when it happens, to just give me up, get out there and have fun, make a party. She'd give me agony by going into a great depression. I don't want her to have any bad memories."

Derek, fortunately, is in fine shape, although he admits to a case of high blood pressure which "shocked the hell" out of him. "I used to work out with weights, because it looked cute walking by a mirror, but I've been procrastinating the past few years. I've got a pot belly and a half," he exaggerates, "but I cover it with clothes, so I can still strut around like a peacock. Lately, I've been finding the stairs are longer than my ability to climb them, not just because of my age, but my laziness. I *have* to work out."

Derek claims he will not engage in further filmmaking without Bo as either star or producer, "unless she wants to coast for awhile and sit by me while I work." He also made a surprising prediction regarding Bo's future in acting:

"Bo will retire *very soon*, not from films, but from starring in them—unless she gets the bit in her teeth and finds she likes it. Being a star is an intoxicating thing, very hard to give up. She may find she enjoys it. As long as audiences accept Bo doing what she has fun doing, she'll probably continue. But, if it becomes something that changes her way of life, I think she'll walk away."

The fantasy image of the eternal **10** caught the public's imagination and made Bo Derek an instant star. She openly admits, however, that there are times, as with any woman, she simply is not a 10. "Sometimes, I wake up feeling like a minus six; I don't *always* feel good about myself. For example, I'm 5'4" and when I'm good, I'm 100 pounds. When I'm bad, I'm about 102. I have good days and bad days, and I usually have a difficult time reversing it. John is *no* help, either; he'll frown at me all day. So, I have to wait until the next day. Then, it's better.

"I've really enjoyed the last few years, and though people may think I'm 24 going on 40, this is a good age for me. I've seen a lot of life and picked up a lot of wisdom from John's 54 years, but I can be a little girl too—and get all screwed up.

"Once, I thought that kids were kids and adults were adults. I guess, like most kids, I thought I'd never grow up, because adults had it all together and had their problems solved. But, in that way, I've found we're all the same."

Those who perceive the Dereks as charter members of the Rodeo Drive rich, jet-setting from party to party, would be surprised at the simplicity of their lives.

"My ideal day is to spend time at our Santa Barbara ranch with the dogs and horses. I'd be content to spend the rest of my life having fun in the world, enjoying the ranch—and maybe after I retire, have a baby or something."★

THE MAKING OF CONAN

(continued from page 57)

sands of extras. Right in the middle of a formal establishing shot, one elephant mounted the other and began copulating. It was a monumental spectacle that literally *stopped* the production! We were tempted to add the two humping mountains to the story, but John could never stop laughing long enough."

Milius' extensive work on stunts and staging fights paid off handsomely with spectacular action footage. An additional touch of authenticity was attained by having Schwarzenegger, Bergman and Lopez perform many of their own acrobatic and combat scenes.

"Part of that decision," Cobb reveals, "was due to the fact that Arnold, and a few other bodybuilding actors, were nearly impossible to double. Primarily, our three principal players were athletes, and they trained for their parts months in advance. They were in excellent physical shape. They also studied Oriental swordfighting until they were quite proficient with their blades.

"The only serious injury came when Sandahl was performing a battle scene in the Orgy Chamber. Her sword, a curved tulwar, had no handguard, and the inevitable occurred. Her forefinger was slashed open by her opponent's fiberglass scimitar and required nine stitches. The story crossed the Atlantic that her finger had been hacked *completely* off.

"Sandahl couldn't wield a sword for several weeks afterward, so the Orgy Chamber had to be preserved until the fight could be completed. In the meantime, a tiny handguard was created for Valeria's sword, and you can watch it come and go throughout the film.

"**Conan** gave John an opportunity to vent his most incredible fantasies in an abstract form, as in the guerilla raid scene; John was planning a pagan-type version of the end of **Apocalpyse Now**. He wanted Arnold painted in green and brown camouflage, from head to toe, but it looked too modern. Instead, he devised an angular, KISS-like patchwork design of red and black paint. It looked primeval, scary and surreal, and it took John's original idea much further into savagery."

Having reached for the stars and back to the stone age in less than three years, Cobb is undecided about his future. He has been catapulted to a prominent position in the film industry, and is trying to acclimate himself to newfound success while planning his next move.

"My work on **Conan** is done now, and I have no definite plans. I've received a number of attractive offers, but, at the moment, I'm enjoying resting, reading and catching up on some painting. I'm also very keen on trying my hand at writing—possibly a screenplay—and maybe directing on my own."

Although **Conan the Barbarian** is still being edited, awaiting a musical score by Basil Poledouris, Milius and Schwarzenegger are already contemplating **Conan 2**. Anticipating success this Christmas, Milius has blocked out the sequel and begun discussing story elements. Arnold is under contract to carry on the role.

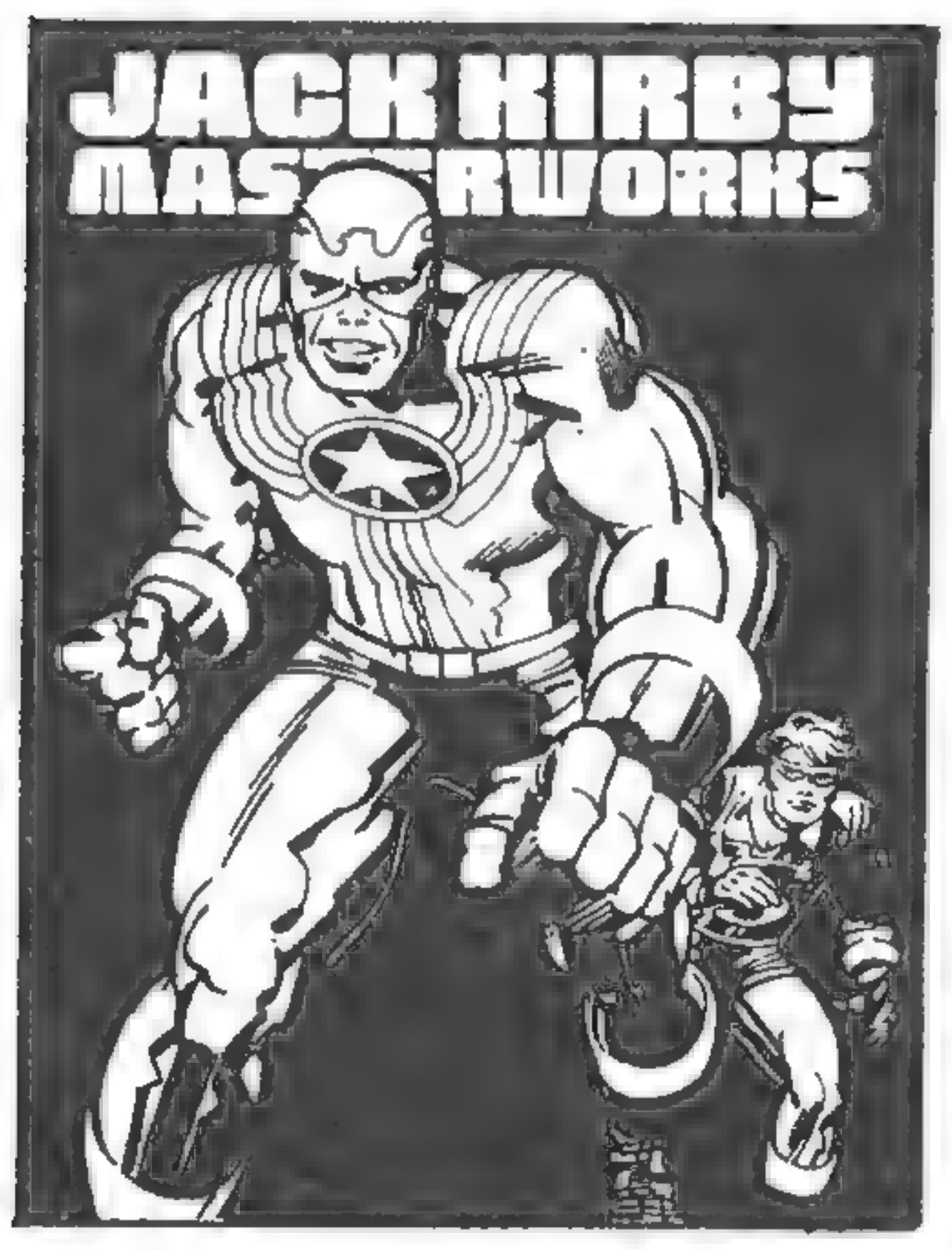
"John claims to be sick of directing right now," says Cobb, "but I doubt that he will let someone else film any Conan script he wrote. As soon as the hardships of Spain are forgotten, he'll be back behind the camera.

"I learned a lot working on **Conan**, and I'd like to contribute to the sequel. I want to explore some different ideas, and creating a world *has* to get easier with practice."★

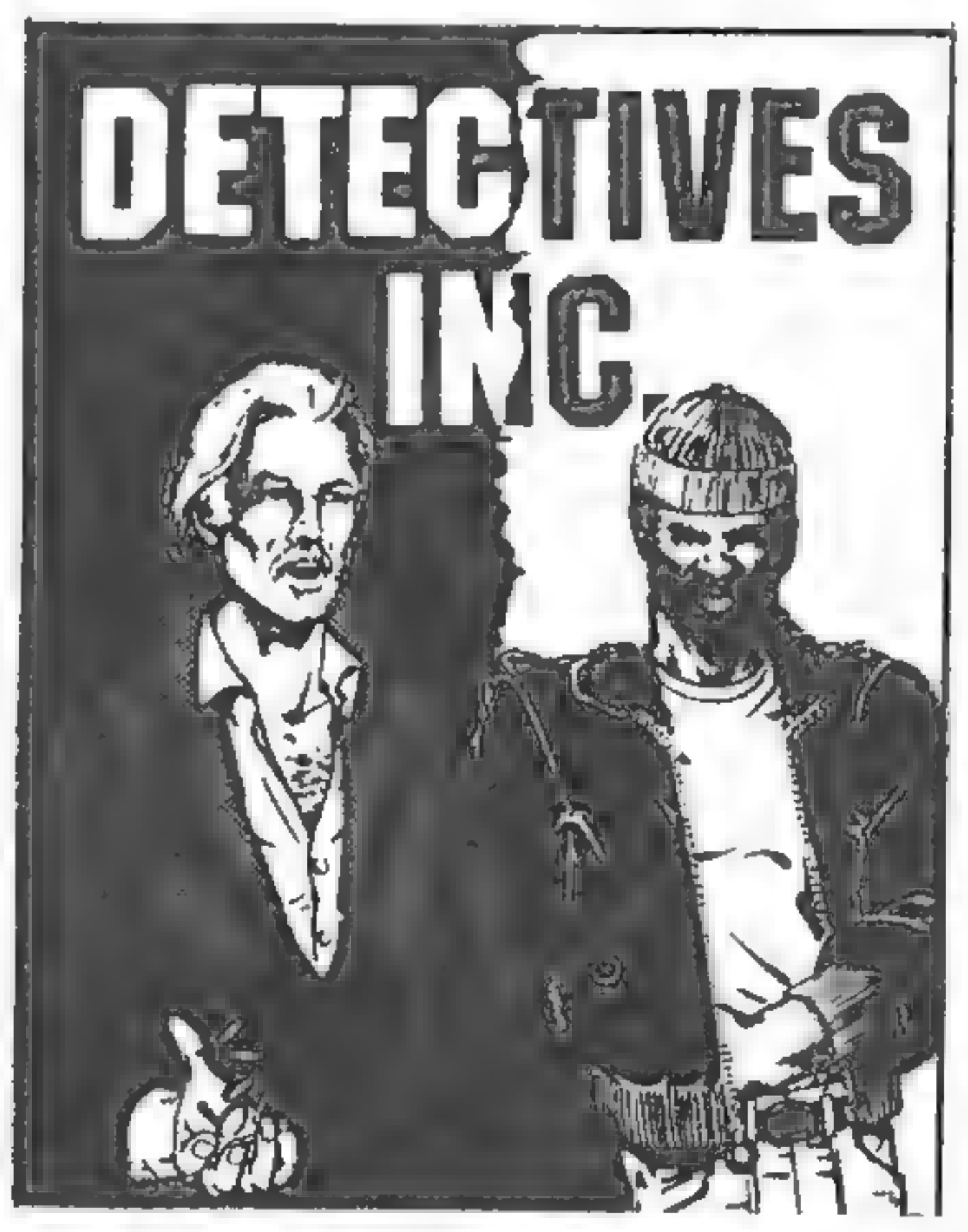
Here are some of the finest artists and writers in the comics business, represented in high-quality volumes printed on the finest paper for the discriminating collector. All of these books are unique presentations featuring some of the best comic art currently available by today's most popular and imaginative innovators. Many are now difficult to find and have already become collector's items. Additional comics-related items can be found under the CORBEN, CHAYKIN, ADAMS, WRIGHTSON and PORTFOLIOS headings.

COMICS & COMIX

Jack Kirby's Masterworks is an explosive collection of *rare and unpublished art from the artist's files.* Within the book's gigantic 11 × 16″ pages are a host of classic creations, many recreated by Kirby *specifically for this volume.* A super showcase of epic scenes and powerful heroes in spectacular split-second action by the king of comics. $10.00.



Detectives, Inc. is a new graphic novel by the writer who created *Sabre.* Don McGregor has teamed with *Batman* artist Marshall Rogers to bring to life two hard-fighting detectives—one black, the other white—in a big all-comics album featuring 52 pages of non-stop realism and explosive action. Rogers offbeat art and storytelling throughout. $6.95.



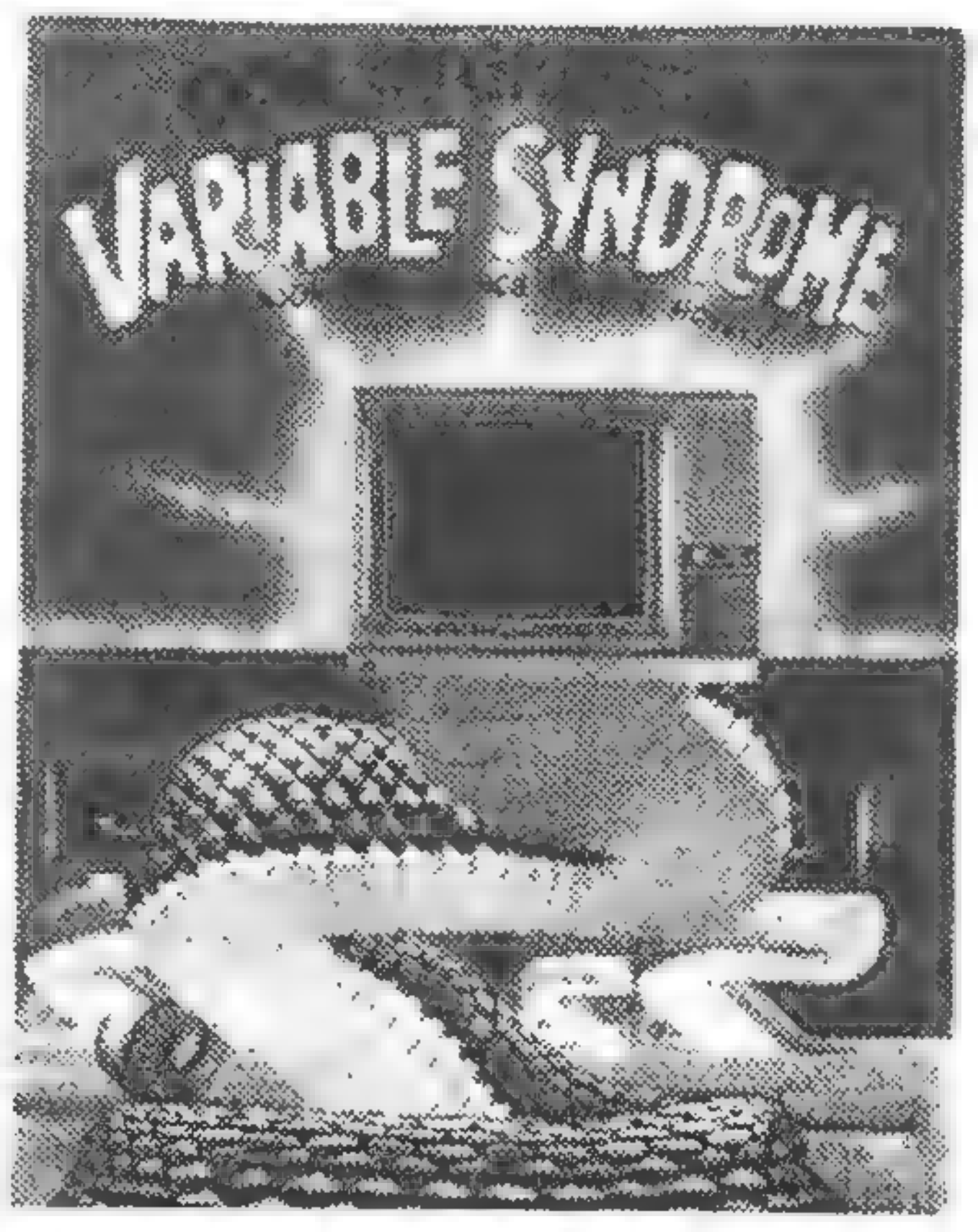
Starfighters 2 continues the cosmic saga of the three planeteers as they encounter new incarnations of good and evil in the universe. Axe McCord, the superhero rocker with the laser-powered guitar, returns to battle the sinister Captain Feedback against a background of mind-blowing musical mayhem. Art by *Adams, Buckler, Nebres, Gil, Landgraf.* $1.50.

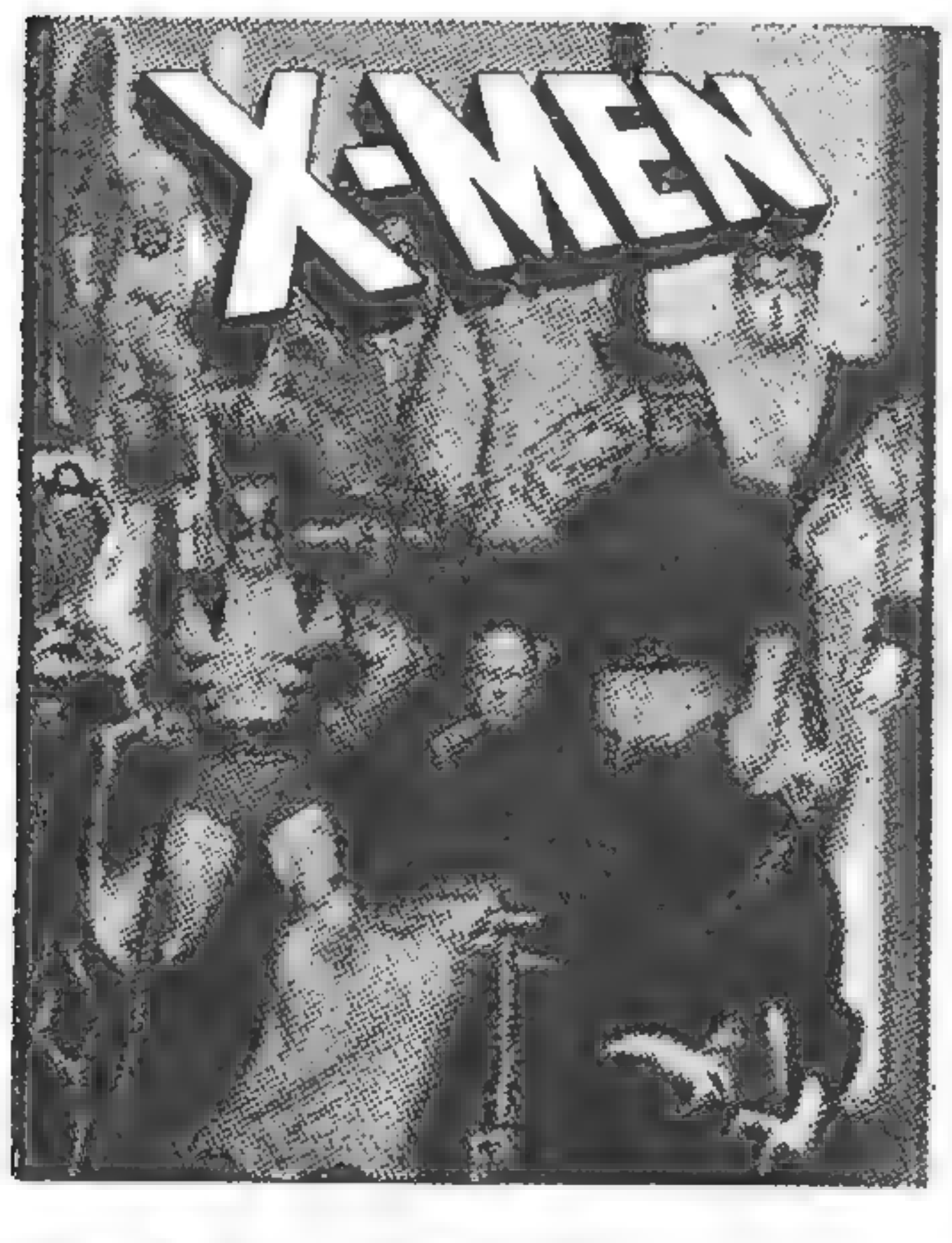
STARFIGHTERS 2

The ACBA Portfolios were short-run collector's editions prepared in 1973 and 1975 to promote and publicize the *Academy of Comic Book Arts.* They contain art by Adams, Frazetta, Starlin, Wood, Steranko and many others, and feature 35 full-page illustrations in a protective folder. Each portfolio is available now at a discount price. $2.00.

ACBA
PORTFOLIO

The Variable Syndrome is the latest offering from former Marvel writer Don McGregor, whose *Killraven* and *Sabre* have become widely-acclaimed fan favorites. His newest book is a wild SF thriller plus a 50-page *behind-the-scenes expose* of the comic world and its effect on the author's life. Funny! Painful! Provocative! $10.00.





The X-Men Portfolio is an exciting, new idea in superhero comic art. Marvel's hottest team is represented here in *four fabulous full-color paintings* created by John Byrne, Steve Fastner and Rich Larson. Each is an impressive 11×14.″ Four scenes show the uncanny X-Men battling the Sentinels, Magneto, in the Savage Land, and at home. $6.95.

CAPTAIN AMERICA

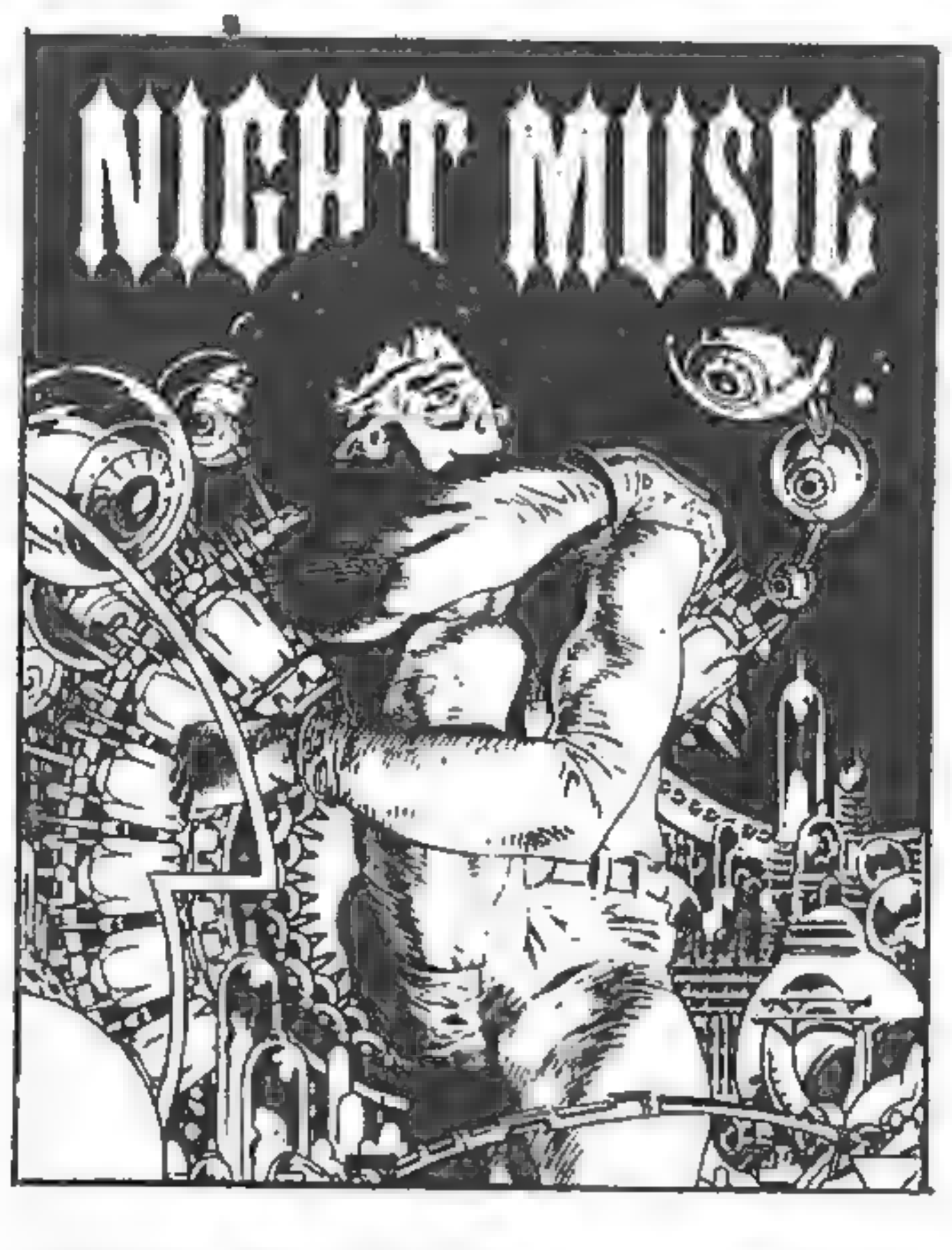
The Collectors Classics are a wallfull of the best of the Marvel Age—twelve super 12 × 19″ color posters including *Spider-Man, Daredevil, Sgt. Fury, Silver Surfer, Thor, The Hulk, Captain America, Fantastic Four, Avengers, Sub-Mariner, Conan* and *Nick Fury,* with art by Kirby, Severin, Smith, Steranko, Colan and others. $3.50—all 12!

THE SILVER SURFER

The Silver Surfer is back, and we've got him. Now Marvel's gleaming sky-rider of the space-ways is available in a movie-length epic written by Stan Lee and drawn by Jack Kirby. This is not a reprint book, but an *all new, full-color volume* printed on high-quality vellum stock, 100 pages in length. This is the Surfer at the height of his glory. $4.95.

THE ART OF JOHN BUSCEMA

The Art of John Buscema is a gallery of the artist's prolific talent, featuring 36 pages of art. The cover is a *color wraparound panorama* of nearly two dozen Marvel heroes, and like all the interior drawings, *done specifically for this book.* Also inside is an in-depth interview and a comprehensive checklist no Buscema fan will want to miss. $3.00.



Night Music is a collection of fantasy tales written and drawn by Craig Russell, whose artistic magic made Marvel's *Killraven* and *Doctor Strange* milestones in comic history. Beneath fabulous *full-color covers* is a breathtaking voyage into the unknown realm of the imagination. Few books are able to match the beauty and strength of this art. $4.95.

PLEASE SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER COMICS & COMIX

comix scene

NEWS/VIEWS/REVIEWS FROM THE WORLD OF COMICS

Comic characters have become frequent visitors to the Hollywood scene in the post-**Superman** flood of film ventures. The Black Widow, Terry and the Pirates, Alley Oop and a dozen others have been optioned, awaiting financing, perfect script or bankable star. Only a few of these projects will ultimately go before the cameras; one has already come to cinematic life in a Charleston, South Carolina warehouse—Swamp Thing, the tortured man-monster created by Len Wein and Berni Wrightson for DC in 1971.

"Originally, I had a short story idea. No title, just the plot," co-creator Len Wein explains. "I kept referring to the tale as 'that swamp thing I'm doing,' and it became the title. I told Berni the plot at a party. He liked it, so we did the story together. It appeared in **House of Secrets** 92."

The idea was a success. DC staffers and fans alike clamored for a sequel. Wein, Wrightson and editor Joe Orlando didn't want to dilute the original story with a weaker follow-up; instead, they employed the same concept—with different characters—to create **Swamp Thing**, a series elevated to cult status by its sensitive storytelling, breathtaking artwork and most unusual protagonist, a dying man reborn as a slime-encrusted giant.

Swamp Thing belongs to a family of bog creatures established in Theodore Sturgeon's famous story, *It*. His relatives include The Heap (from the '40s' **Airboy Comics**) and such modern cousins as Skywald's namesake, The Heap and Marvel's Man-Thing. In 1972, Wein, aware only of the original Heap stories, had more ambitious aims: to create a monster with a soul, a man trapped in a physically grotesque body. "I envisioned Swamp Thing as the ultimate example of the human spirit triumphing over circumstances. Despite everything that's happened to him, despite the fact that he's been turned into 200 pounds of walking muck, Alec Holland *still* has hope. I think that's the bottom line for humanity as well."

Few four-color heroes have made the transition from newsprint to celluloid intact; often, film and TV present pale shadows of familiar friends. **Swamp Thing** may be an exception. Producers of the $3 million movie adaptation are Ben Melniker, a former MGM vice-president with 25 years of filmmaking experience, and Michael Uslan, noted comics historian.

"They came to DC with a bunch of money and said, 'We'd like the rights to do a **Batman** film.' We said, 'Thank you very much for the money. Go right ahead,' Wein recalls. "Then, they came back. 'Here's some more money. We'd like to do **Swamp Thing**, too.' Again, we said, 'Thank you for the money. Go right ahead.' They *care* about the characters to do them the right way."

"Actually, the process goes back several years," Michael Uslan points out. He is whispering in the darkened, makeshift soundstage in North Charleston as filming goes on a few hundred feet away. "As a comic book course teacher, collector and a fan, I knew when **Swamp Thing** came out that there was something very different about it. Len and Berni had taken it beyond the scope of what comics normally are, into something wondrous and exciting.

"It's a piece of modern folklore, a simple story so well told. If you reduce **Swamp Thing** to its basics, you have a fairy tale, good against evil. To me, it was always very cinematic, perfect for film. Unfortunately, in 1972, I didn't have the wherewithal to make a dream happen."

Uslan spent the next few years as a law student at Indiana University and as a comics writer and historian. After a four-year stint learning the movie business as a legal affairs attorney at United Artists, Uslan teamed with Melniker to form a producing partnership. They optioned **Batman** in 1979; a big-budget film version from Polygram is being planned for a *possible* production start in late 1982. A deal for **Swamp Thing** came together more quickly, due to the project's smaller scope and the current commercial appeal of the horror genre (**PREVUE** 43).

"There are so many blood-and-guts pictures," Uslan says. "Our pitch to the studios was to return to the movies of the '30s and '40s, something like **Mighty Joe Young**, where you can cheer for Swamp Thing. We want a romantic fantasy, an adventure story that ends with a sword-and-sorcery battle in the swamps, amid rolling fog and boiling water.

© 1981 United Artists Corp.

"This is a fan's approach to doing a classic comic book on screen. *No camp!* No changes for the sake of changes. With **Swamp Thing**, we're aiming for a believable film, a living comic book."

Responsibility for the motion picture translation belongs to a quiet man relaxing nearby as his crew adjusts lighting for the next scene. He is writer/director Wes Craven, noted for two cult classics of stylish violence, **Last House on the Left** and **The Hills Have Eyes**. Craven also directed a 1978 TV movie, **Stranger in Our House**, with Linda Blair, and the recently-released **Deadly Blessing**.

Craven, first choice for the job, came into the project shortly after its inception, when a drug-smuggling yarn he planned to shoot in South America collapsed under financing problems. Although a comic fan as a child, Craven hadn't heard of **Swamp Thing** until the producers showed him the series. He "flipped over it," according to Uslan, and the trio spent several meetings discussing characterization and approach.

Eventually, Craven wrote three drafts of the screenplay. He says, "The film's first act is similar to the comic in the establishment of the characters: how Holland is burned and changed. The rest is manufactured, using elements from various **Swamp Thing** stories and my own imagination."

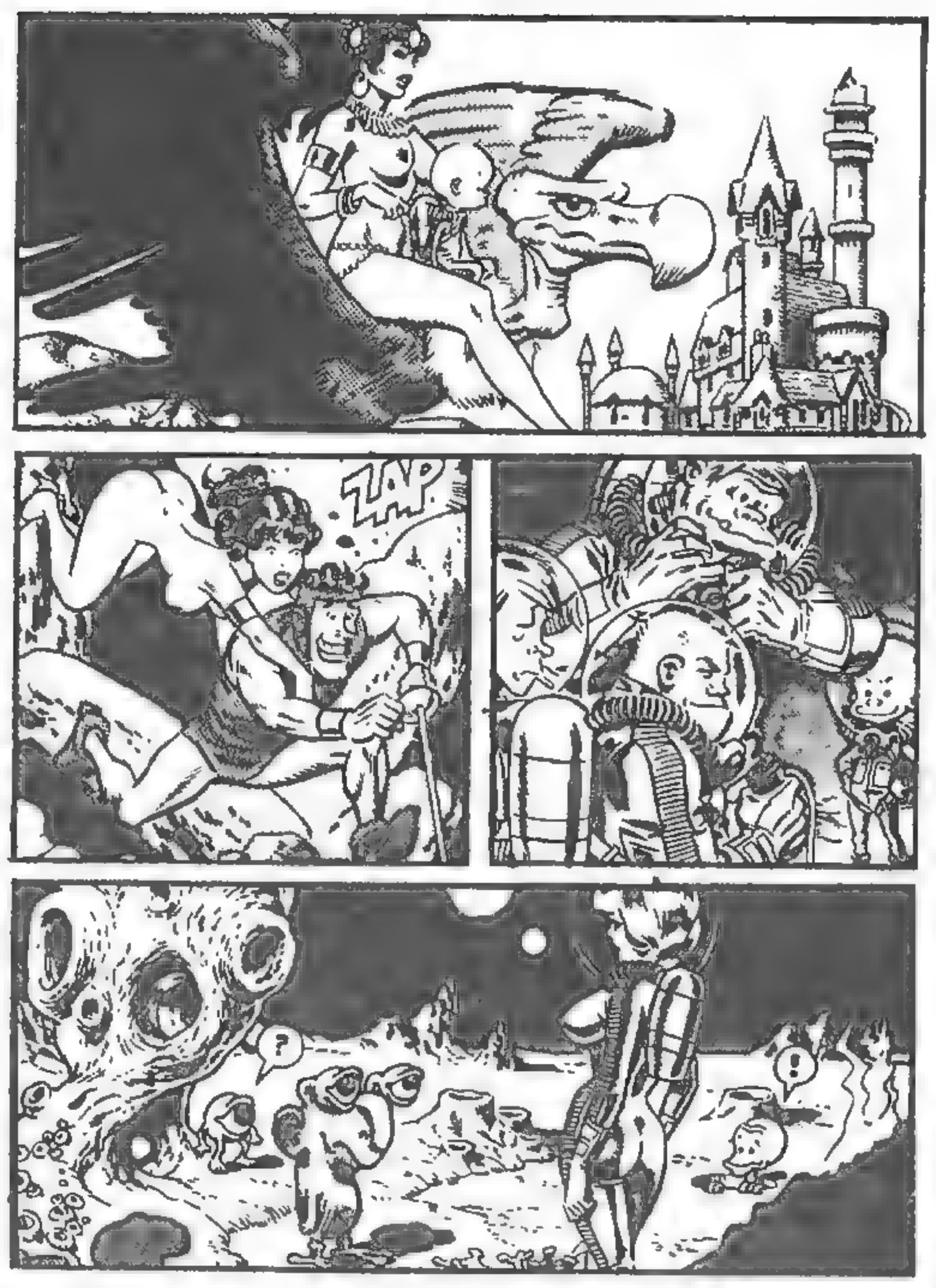
The movie utilizes **Swamp Thing** 1 as a point of departure, preserving the origin and initial plotline. Some Berni Wrightson panels almost serve as storyboards for sequences of Holland burning alive or Swamp Thing stopping a car. In another comic-derived scene, the man-brute's arm is severed, only to grow back (issue 5).

Arcane, the film's villain, combines characteristics of scientist/sorcerer Arcane (issues 2, 10) and fat baddie Nathan Ellery (issues 1, 7). He's an autocratic evildoer who commands a band of mercenaries headed by Ferret and Bruno (issue 1). Though the names are the same, the personas are different.

A more substantial alteration has been made in Alec Holland's love life. His comic book wife, Linda, has become his cinematic sister. Government agent Matt Cable has been replaced by Alice Cable, an agent involved in a bittersweet romance with Alec Holland *and* Swamp Thing. The relationship adds a "beauty and the beast" dimension to the movie while de-emphasizing a structural similarity to the Dr. Banner/Jack McGee chase angle of the cancelled **Incredible Hulk** TV series.

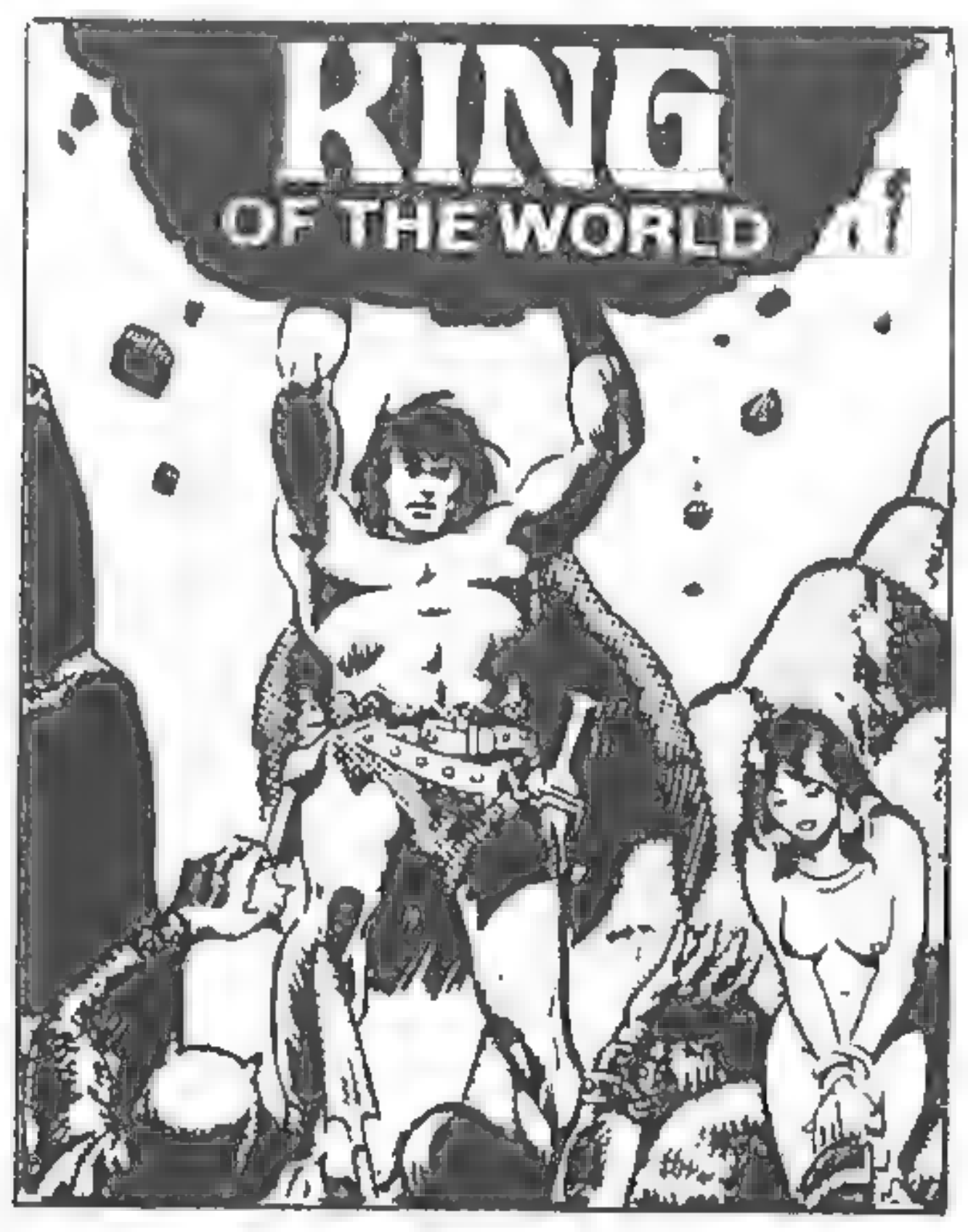
"We didn't want the film to be campy at all," Wes Craven says. "I try as much as possible to treat *any* situation—no matter how unlikely—as if it were happening to me. If

THE COMPLETE WALLACE WOOD COLLECTION

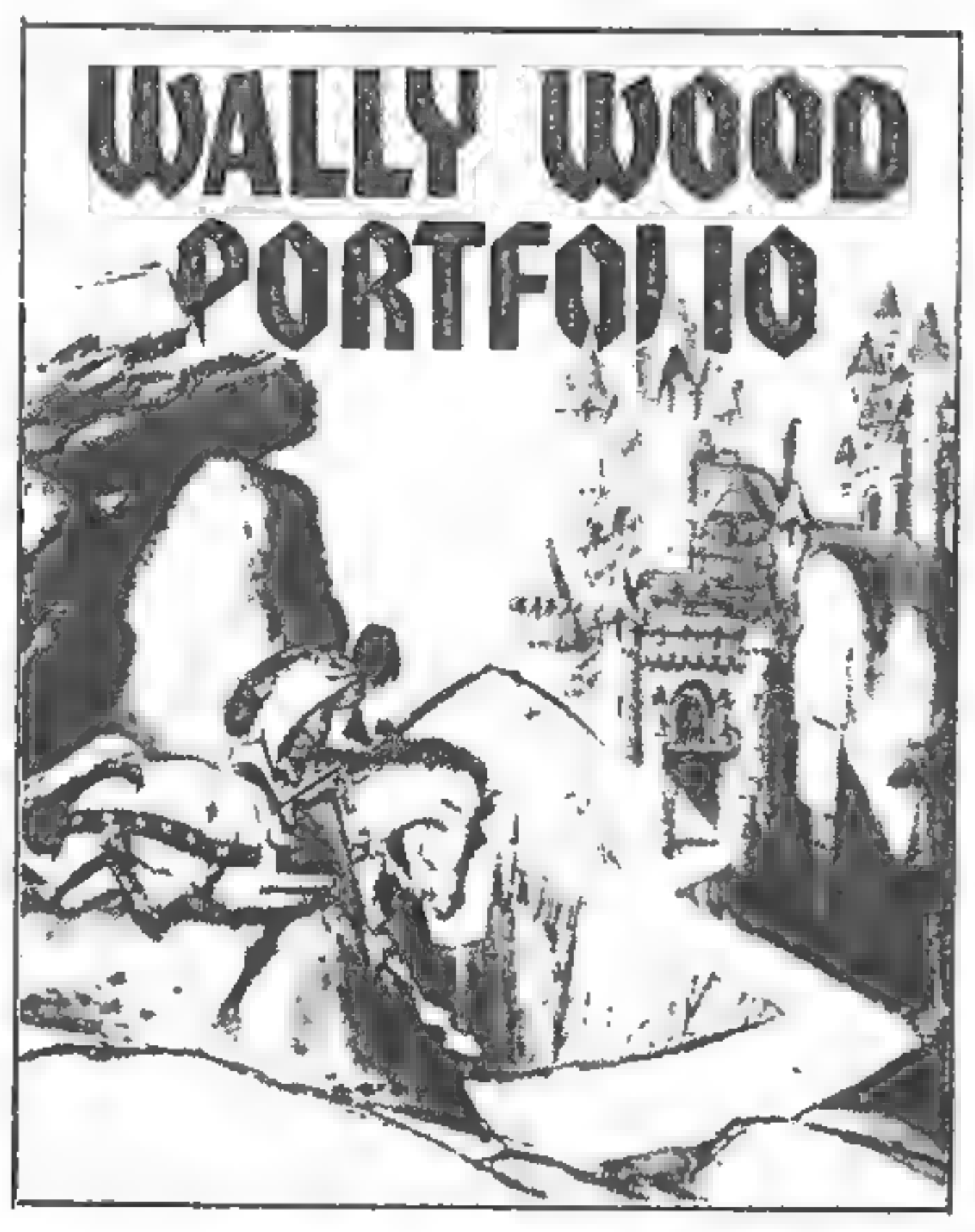


From the EC Comics of the 50s to his own comic strip series for the Armed Forces in the 70s, Wally Wood has been one of the top artists in the graphic story field. Two-fisted adventure tales, imaginative sword & sorcery epics, and humorous parables by little people armed with irrepressible wit and irreconcilable urges are all part of Wood's repertoire. Here is the widest selection of his work ever offered.

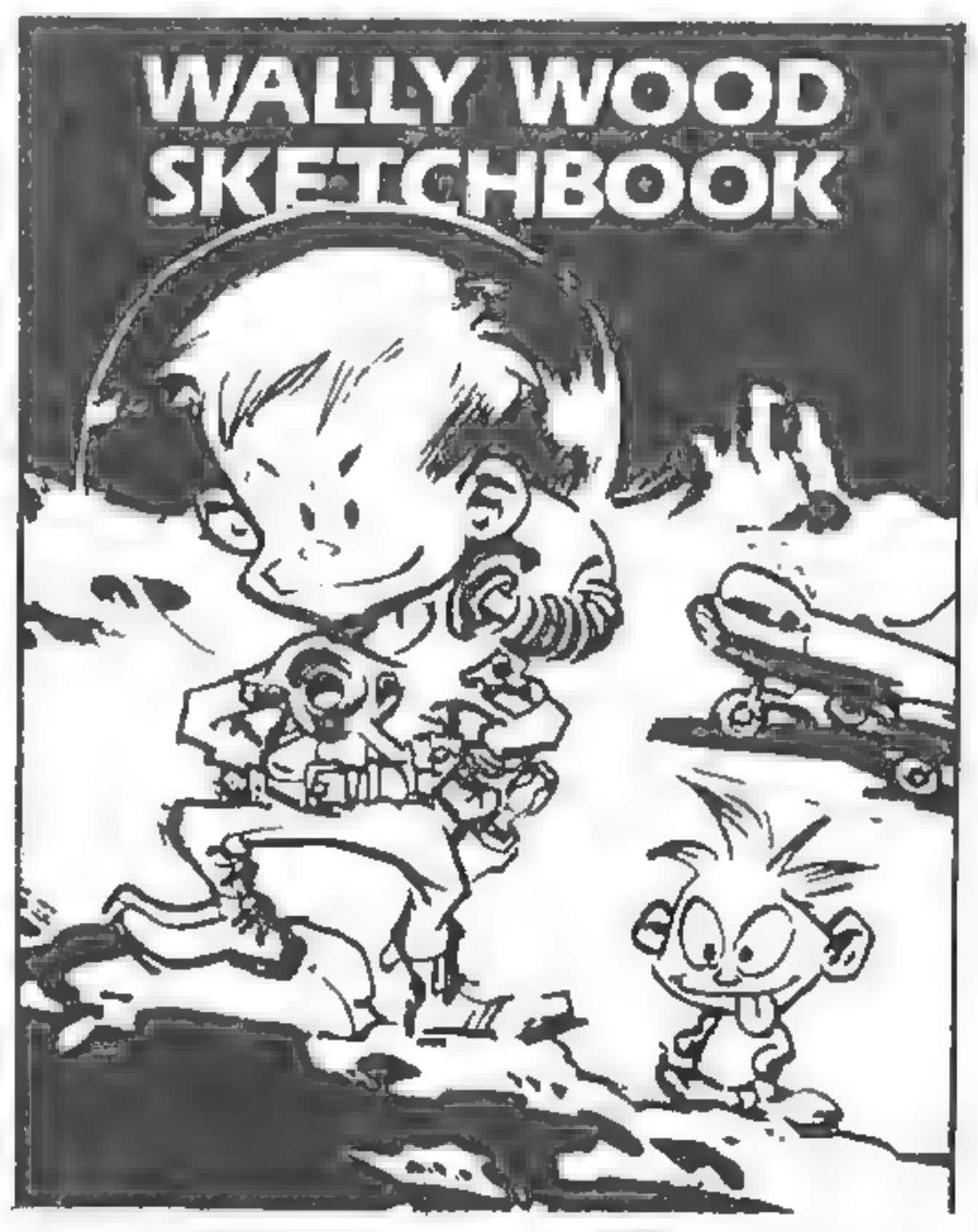
King of the World is Wood's definitive sword & sorcery novel, combining touches of Robert E. Howard and Tolkien. It's an epic adventure in comic form, tracing the quest for an enchanted sword, a sinister sorcerer and a pint-sized hero with a penchant for demons and danger. The book is filled with magic, maidens and monsters, *full-color*. $4.00.



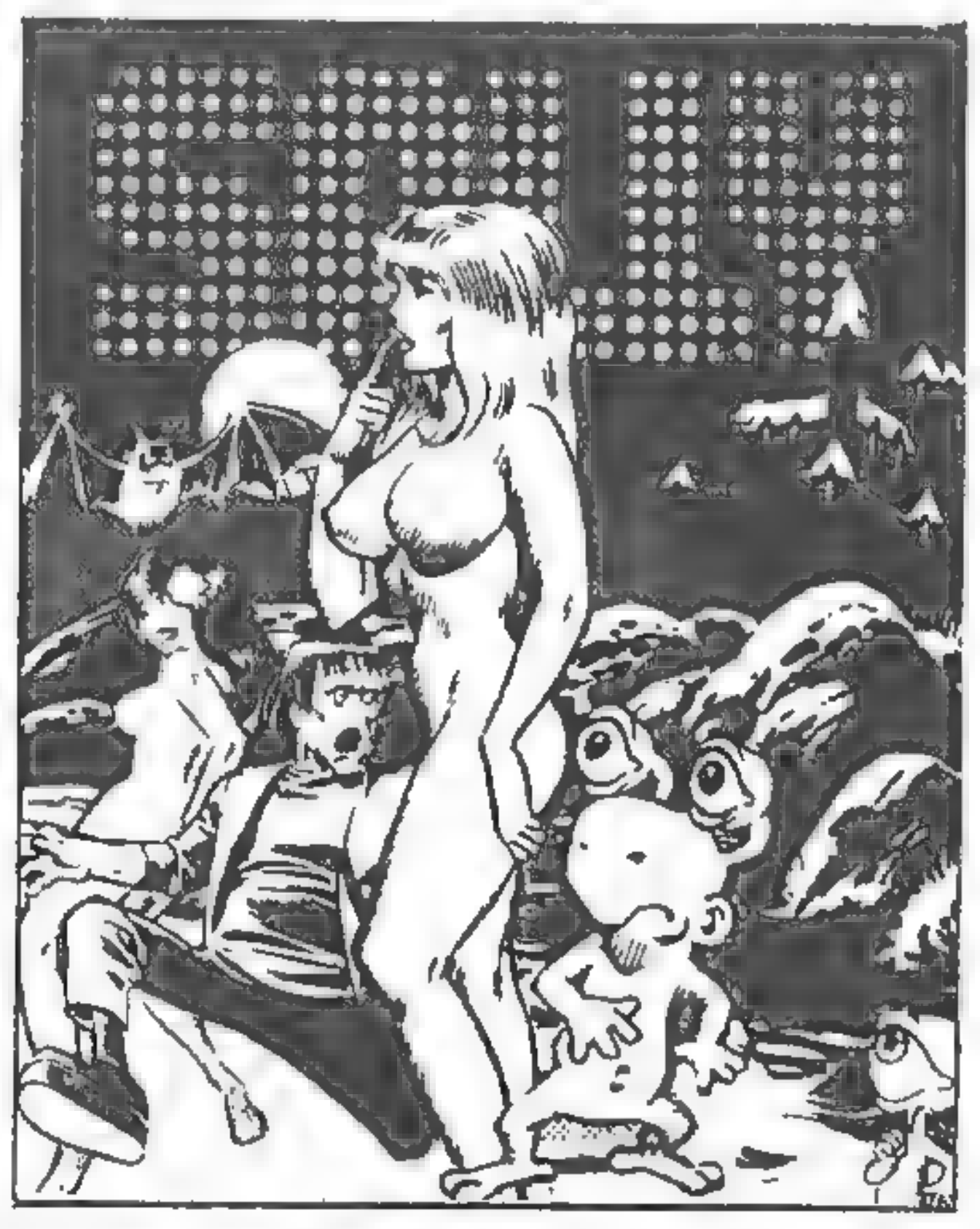
Wallace Wood Portfolio was originally published by Wood as a commercial showcase for his special themes and techniques. We found *the last remaining boxful*, and are making it available to collectors. Wood runs the gamut, from pen and ink to paint, from funny animals to science-fiction. No words, just a delightful booklet full of art. $2.00.



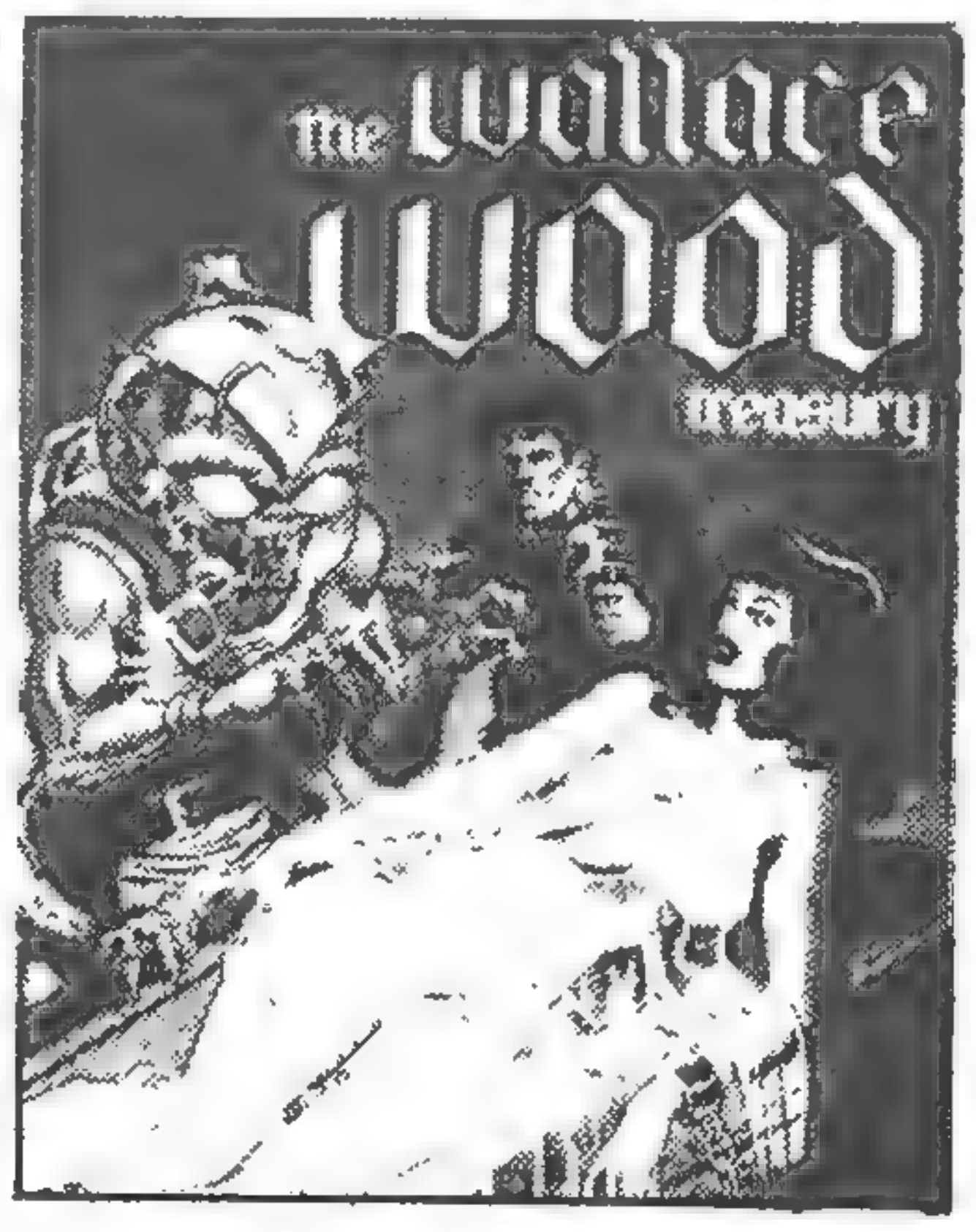
The Wallace Wood Sketchbook is a unique compilation of *hundreds of drawings* taken from the artist's own files. Here in this 56-page volume are Wood's early comic pages, character designs, cover roughs, page layouts, thumbnail sketches, cartoons, story concepts, and idea notations all reproduced actual size on high-quality paper. Limited edition. $5.00.

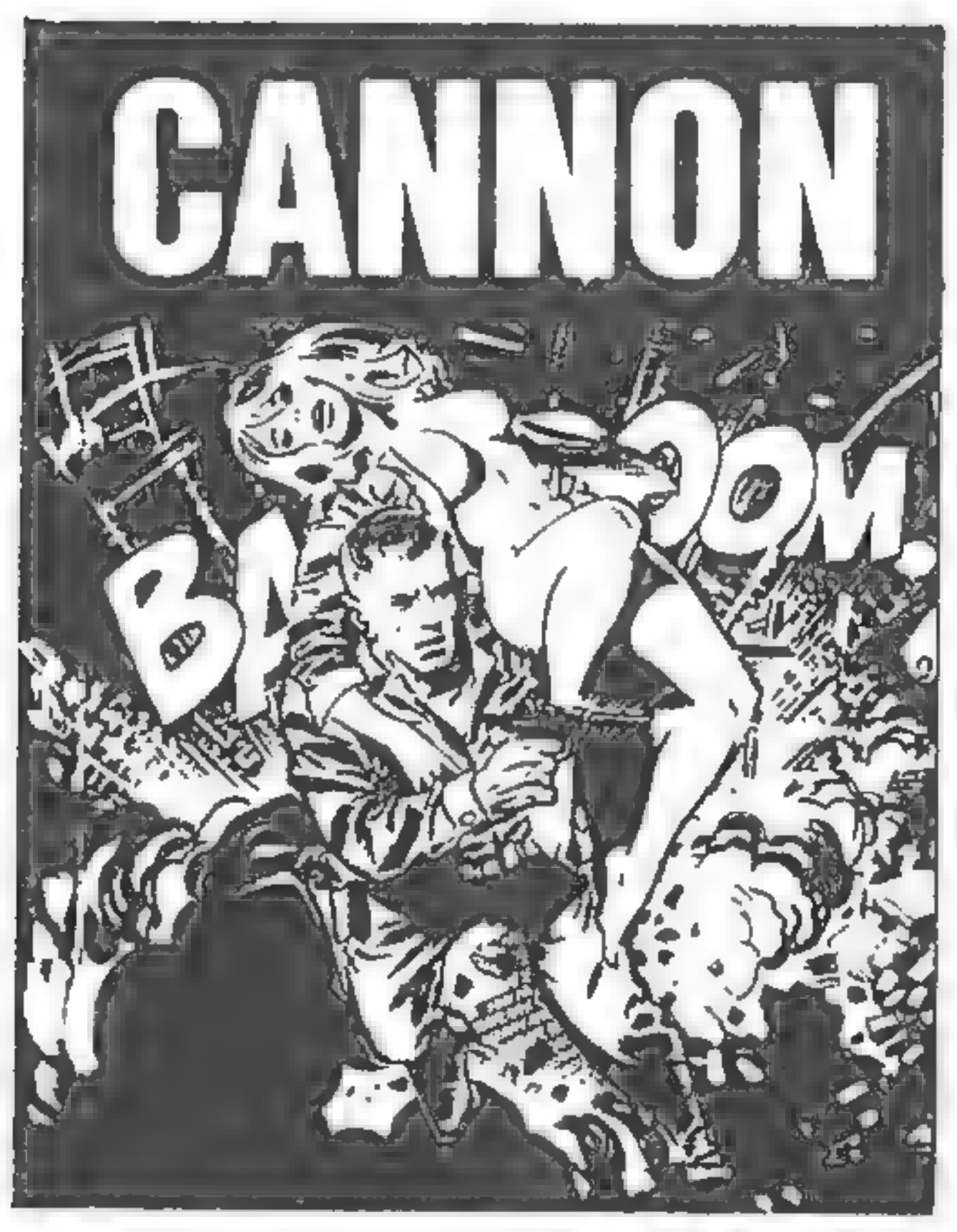


Sally Forth 3—Run for cover! Hit the deck! Do anything but cover your eyes, because you might miss even a moment of the next sexsational laff-packed episode of Sally as she does her undressed best to fight the forces of evil. Here's the kind of humorous brawls and broads that have made Wood a household word in sleazy places everywhere. $6.00.



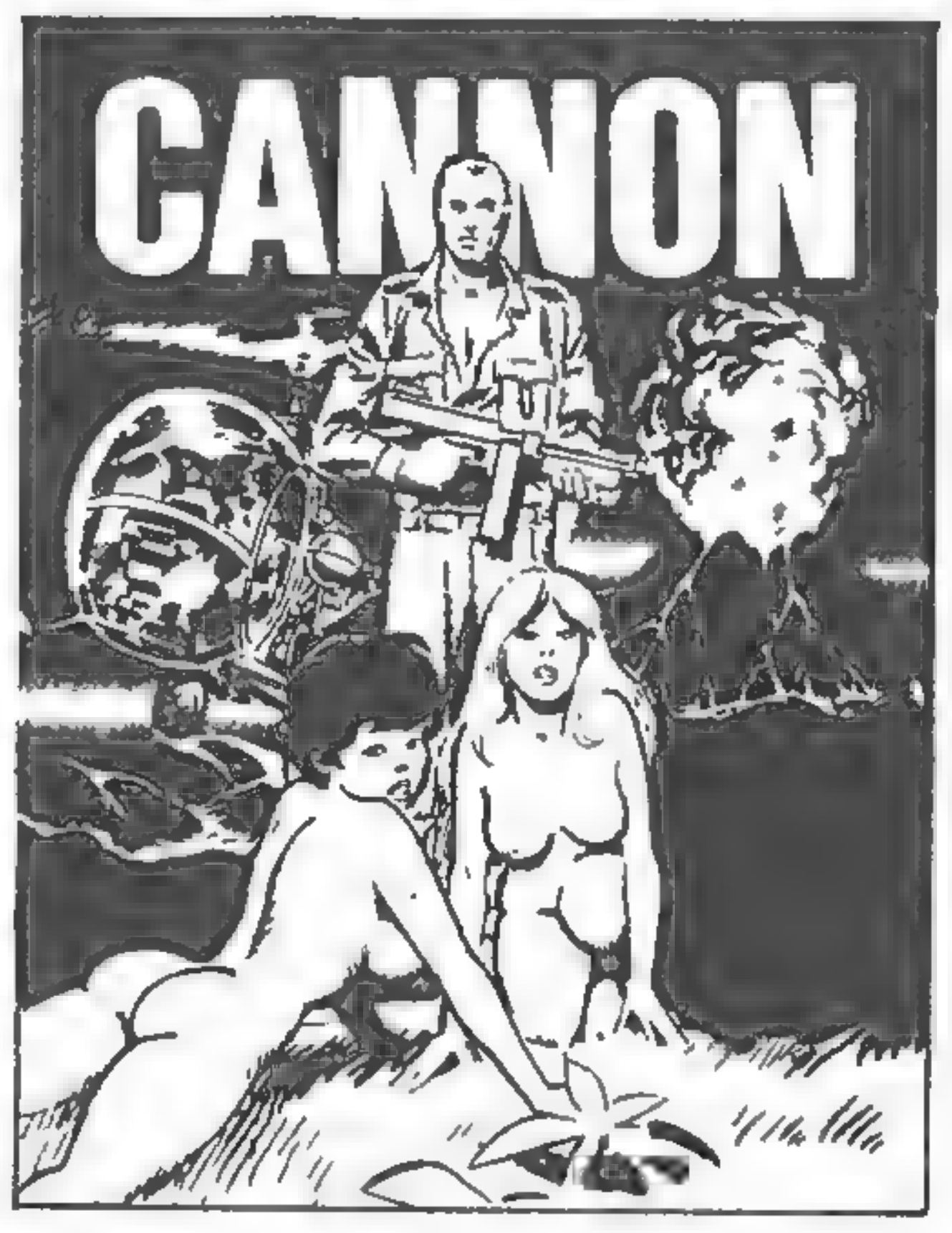
The Wallace Wood Treasury is packed from cover to cover with rare and previously unpublished art, featuring a comprehensive comics checklist and a bio of the artist. There's also a choice selection of men's magazine illustrations, paperback and hardbound book covers, gum cards, and a gallery of vintage comic reproductions. $5.00.





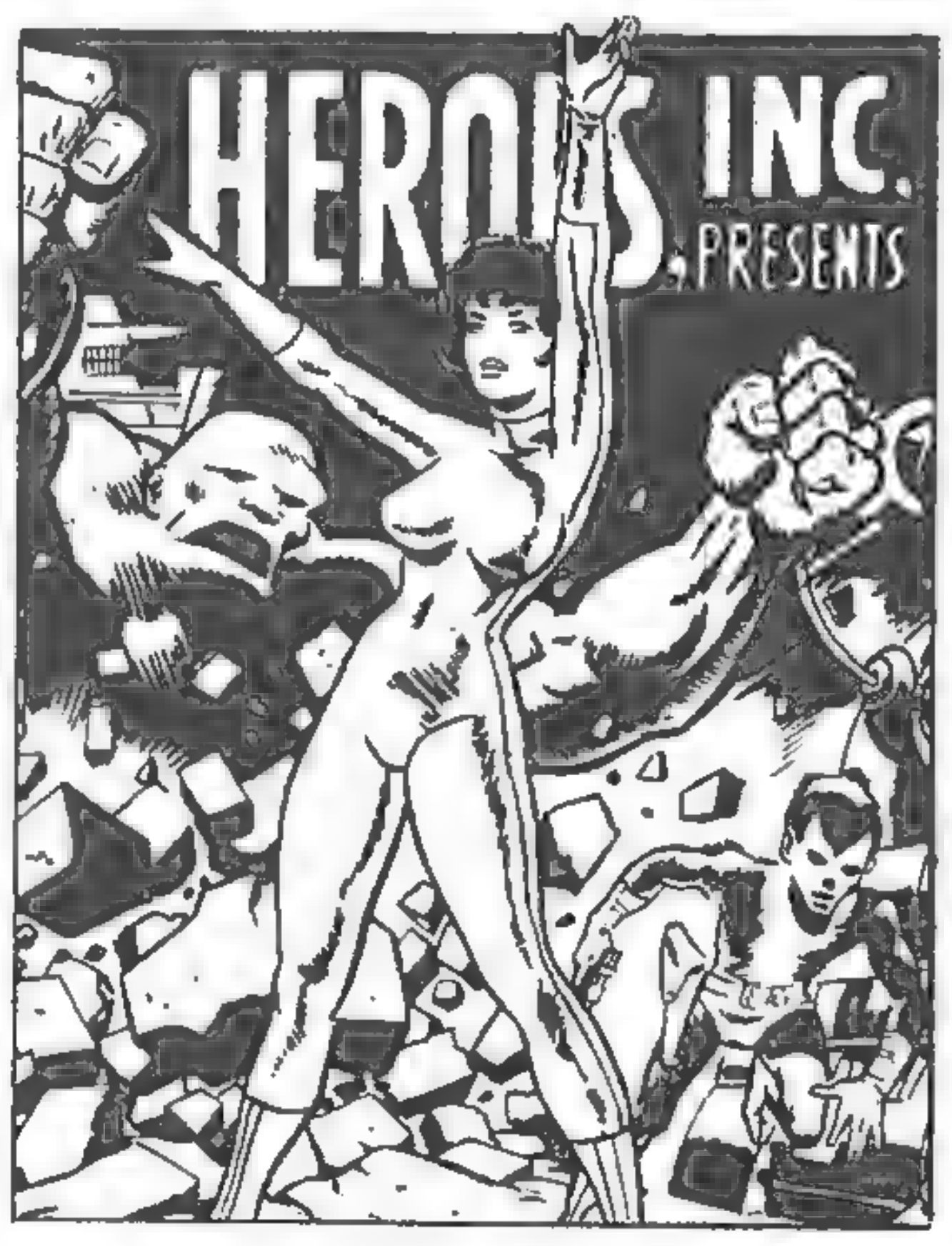
Cannon is Wally Wood's version of the James Bond super spy syndrome of the 1960s, created for the Armed Forces' newspaper. This split-second, action-packed 10 × 12″ volume features the origin of the human fighting machine, the murderous Ming Toy and the lovely, lethal Sue Smith in deadly, winner-take-all action deep in South America. $6.00.

Cannon 2 continues the saga with super-assassins, sex and secret agents in the USA. Wood's women have never been more exotic, nor his heroes more violent than in this fast-action thriller uncensored by the Code—with Cannon kicked off the government payroll and forced to fight Ming Toy's Communist Chinese killers on his home ground. $6.00.



Cannon 3 features a movie-length battle between Cannon, his explosive passions with a host of deadly vixens and a self-styled super-patriot with an army of vintage war machines and a fantastic plot to take over America. Of special interest are several pages pencilled by Neal Adams, inked by Wood. Each of this series is a big 10 × 12″ volume. $4.00.

Cannon 4 is the *final* book in Wally Wood's violent supersaga starring the world's most dangerous manhunter. His last fast-paced adventure spans the globe, and pits him against Big Hama and Iron Han, a pair of insidious Oriental assassins who stop at nothing in their bid to terrorize the free world. Woody himself appears as agent Finn. $4.00.



Heroes Inc. 1 was produced as a 32-page color comic for the Army, with art by Wood and Ditko. But it was never distributed, and only a few have ever been circulated amongst collectors. $5.00. **Book 2**, produced a decade later by Wood, Vosburg, Ditko and Chaykin, reviving a number of the strips in a larger format. Both feature *Cannon* and *The Misfits*. $2.50.

PLEASE SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **WALLACE WOOD** the monster is a man inside, I want him to have real human emotions—to be embarrassed, to be afraid, to be amazed at his own strength, to fall in love with a woman and realize a relationship is impossible. I feel I put back into it all the elements missing from the comic book, and made the story more human."

The tale begins simply enough: research scientists Dr. Alec Holland (Ray Wise) and sister Linda (Nannette Brown) are developing a biorestorative formula which could stimulate plant growth and create gardens out of deserts. Their secret lab at an abandoned church in the swamps is protected by government operatives Ritter (Don Knight) and Alice Cable (Adrienne Barbeau). Unfortunately, arch-fiend Arcane (Louis Jourdan) covets their discovery. His henchmen, led by Ferret (David Hess) and Bruno (Nicholas Worth), attack the compound and subdue Cable.

In a display of two-faced treachery, Ritter rips off a mask, revealing himself as Arcane. He forces Alec to hand over his formula and research materials and kills Linda as she attempts to escape with the priceless notebooks. A griefstricken Holland grabs the vial of formula. It shatters in the melee, setting the scientist and his laboratory on fire. Holland runs from the church and dives into the swamp, presumed char-broiled. Hours pass. The marsh filth and formula intermingle, transforming Alec Holland into something no longer human, Swamp Thing.

The roles of hunter and hunted alternate among the mercenaries, Cable (fleeing with one of Holland's notebooks) and Swamp Thing. In a bid for world domination, Arcane drinks the formula himself and changes into a Man-Boar. A battle to the death between the two monsters climaxes the action-adventure.

Craven has invested the film with a "stylish, low-angle, strangely shadowed, weirdly colored comic-book look in tandem with a realistic human approach." The movie plugs in any narrative gaps with "strong acting and interesting faces," like Ray Wise, formerly of **Love of Life**, and fear film vets Nicholas (**Don't Answer the Phone**) Worth and David Hess (who starred in and composed the score for Craven's **Last House on the Left**). Coincidentally, the producers noted that Wise bore an uncanny resemblance to the comic book Alec Holland only *after* he had been cast in the part.

Swamp Thing is Adrienne Barbeau's fifth theatrical feature, following **The Fog** (directed by her husband, John Carpenter), **The Cannonball Run**, Carpenter's **Escape from New York (PREVUE 45)** and **The Next**. Barbeau wasn't familiar with the property when the script arrived. "So, I went out and bought two of the original comics," she says. "Cable wasn't in either one of them, but John knew Wes Craven's work and spoke very highly of him. He's been marvelous to work with..."

The telephone rings. The unit publicist answers, "Hello. Yes, this is Ms. Barbeau's room. Who's calling? Oh. Adrienne, it's John."

"Excuse me," she says. "Hello, John." She laughs and turns to the assembled reporters. "He thought I had a man in my room. And I do, John. I have one, two...six men and a woman here. We're having a press conference..."

Carpenter is working in Los Angeles in pre-production on **The Thing** (a distant relative of Swamp Thing), scheduled to begin filming later this year. (See Coming Attractions)

"There are no women in **The Thing**," Barbeau explains when the call is over, "although there was one in the previous film. My girlfriend read the first draft and gets upset now when the subject comes up, 'Why aren't there any women in **The Thing**?' Women *could* serve in Antarctica. John says, 'Oh, we thought it would be daring in this day and age to have no women in the film, so we're taking that chance.' "

As "macho" Alice Cable, Barbeau faced a physically-demanding role whether taking out mercenaries with karate or bathing in the swamp observed by a voyeuristic muck-monster.

"I enjoyed the action, but I didn't know there was going to be so much of it," Barbeau says. "They handed me an M-16 one night, and I felt as if I was born to it. They found a king snake and put it around my neck for a publicity photo. They held me underwater.

"And there were days of doing nothing but running in front of a jeep. The stunt driver told me, 'If you trip, just stay down and I *won't* run over you.' "

Another scene had an *unplanned* finale.

"David Hess is a strong man who's not used to being tentative. He's holding me around the neck while two men are rowing the boat. I bite David's arm. He lifts me, gives me a rabbit punch and throws me into the swamp," the actress pauses, remembering. "The swamps are really bad— they were even tested for disease—but I *had* to go in. They put oil and cotton in my ears, so I wouldn't get infected.

"When we filmed the fight, David didn't stand in the right place, and *he* went into the swamp instead. The crew loved it, because he had been manhandling me in earlier scenes. They went to dailies and *cheered*."

In the film, Hess comes to another bad end; Swamp Thing impales

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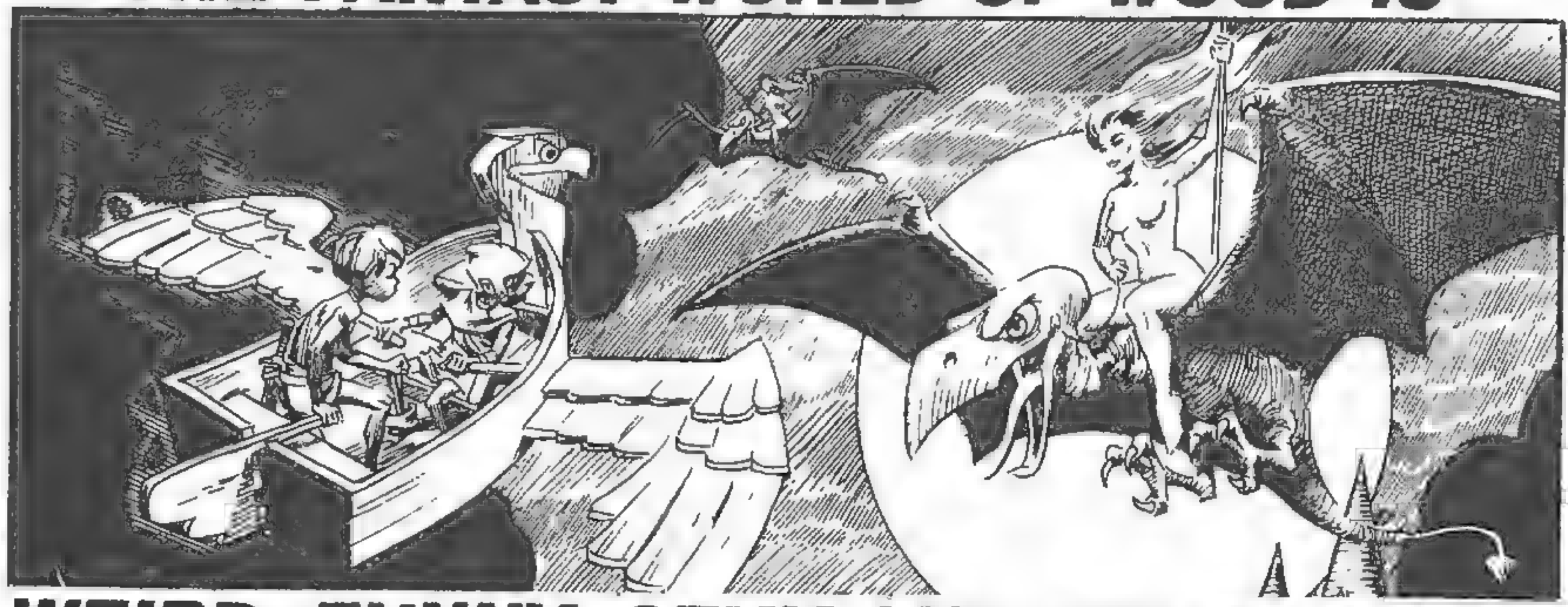
THE FANTASY WORLD OF WOOD IS



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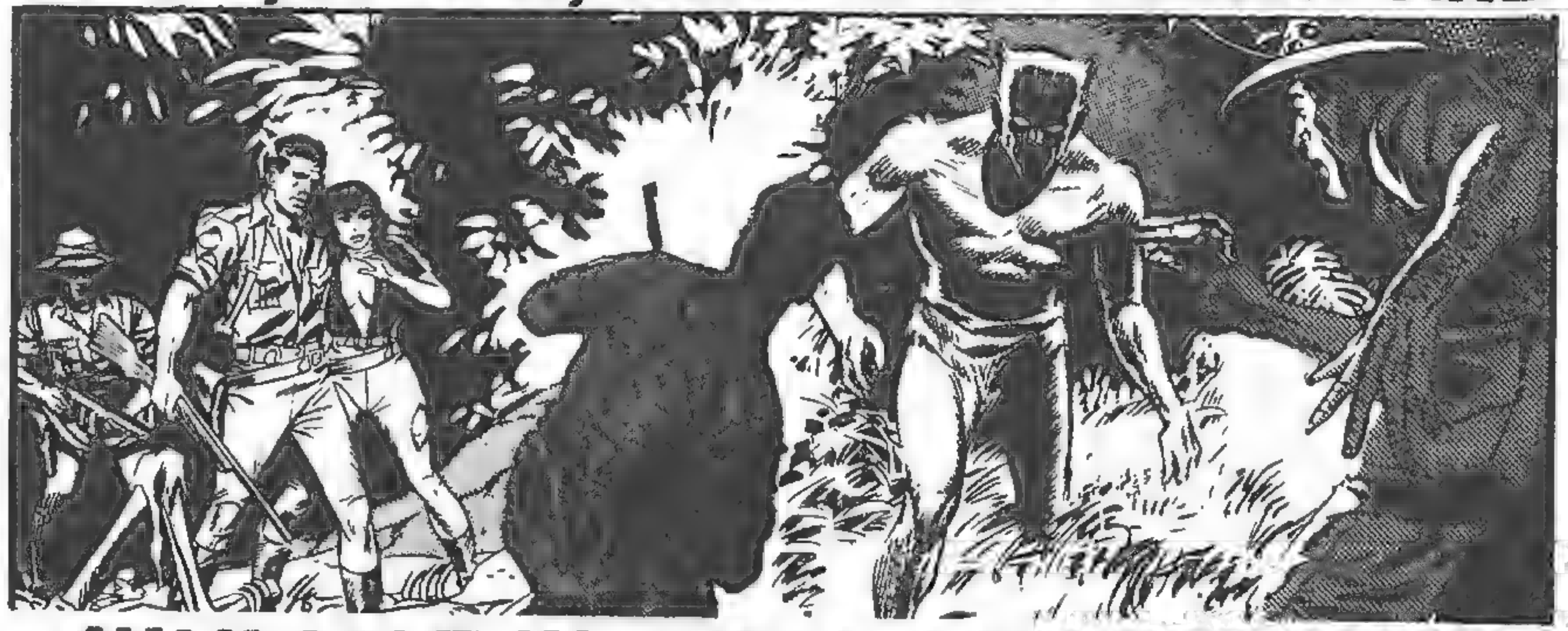

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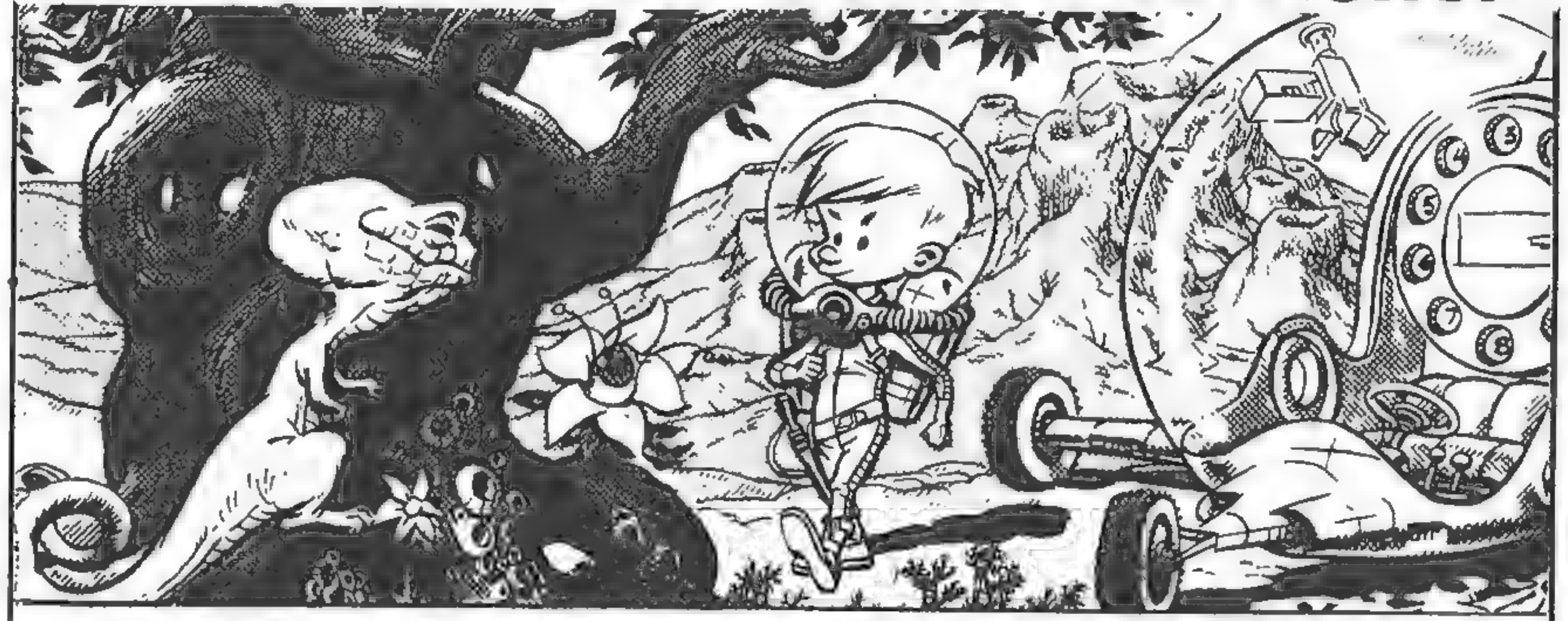

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Wally Wood's prozine, Witzend, has been out-of-print for years, but his best work for that publication is available again in **Woodwork.** Beneath full-color covers lies 52 pages of excitement including such strips as the complete *Animan, The Pipsqueak Papers, The Rejects* and *The Wizard King.* The first of a new series of Wood books. $5.00.

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Here's the second volume of Wood's Tolkienesque **Wizard King** epic. The fantastic adventures of Odkin the Sly, Weer, Iron Aron, Lord Vandall, and a host of monsters, maidens and mythical creatures unfold in the ultimate comic sword & sorcery saga. Four new chapters explode in a 9x11" *hardbound book* with a full-color dustjacket. $10.00.

THE WALLACE WOOD SKETCHBOOK

This new limited edition is a unique collection of hundreds of drawings taken from the artist's own files, and reproduced here for the first time. A big, 56-page volume, it features Wood's early comic pages, character designs, cover roughs, page layouts, thumbnail sketches and storyconcepts—*all actual size* on quality paper. $5.00.

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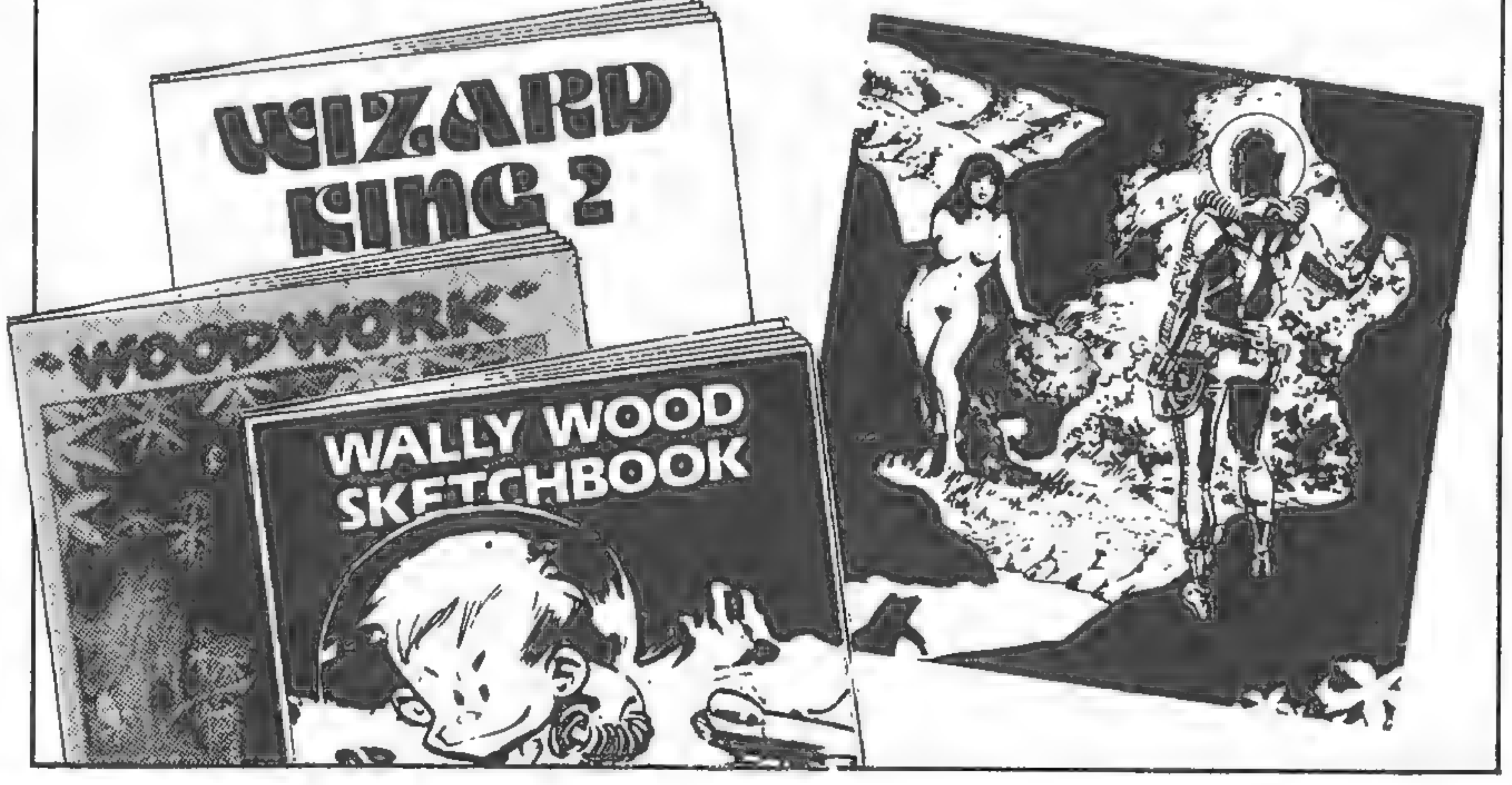
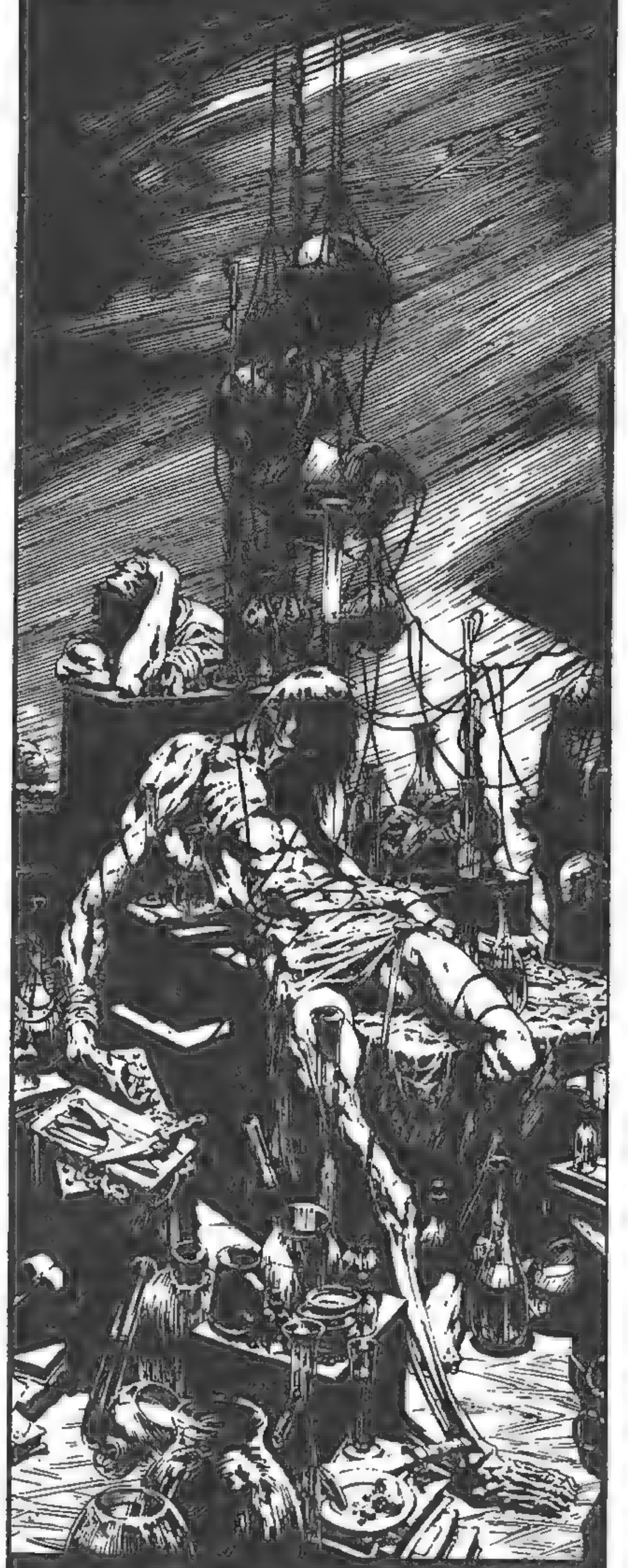


FRANKENSTEIN

Berni Wrightson has been acclaimed as a graphic master of the macabre—and Frankenstein is his quintessential work. In celebrating the completion of his illustrations for the projected book, he has just released the third and final **Frankenstein Portfolio.** Beautifully detailed and hauntingly evocative, the six plates he has selected for this offering—all of which feature the Monster—will not appear in the book. The protective folder which encloses the collection has been specially designed to contain *all three portfolios.* Available in a limited edition of 1200 copies, each of which has been signed and numbered by the artist. *While they last!* $20.00.



THE MONSTER...
THE ARTIST...
A MACABRE MASTERPIECE...
A NEW PORTFOLIO!

WRIGHTSON

Please see order form on last page under MARVEL INDEXES, WALLACE WOOD and BERNI WRIGHTSON him on the trunk-like root of a cypress tree.

The major bad guy, Arcane, is portrayed with low-key intensity by Louis Jourdan, whose credits include **The Paradine Case**,**Can Can**, and the title role in the BBC's **Dracula**. Jourdan has given the noble villain a subtle, aristocratic flair. At his suggestion, the six-stage transformation sequence may employ Jourdan's long-established screen image as a continental lover. "We haven't done it yet, but it will be in the picture if we find a very attractive, sensuous woman," he says. "Arcane has taken the formula, and he feels this overpowering change happening to him. His serving girl enters the study. He looks at her and says, 'Wait. Come here.' She comes closer. He takes her face and body, and, in a very physical, animalistic way, he kisses her. He enjoys this moment, floating in sweet sensuality. When he has done that, he says, 'You can go now.' "

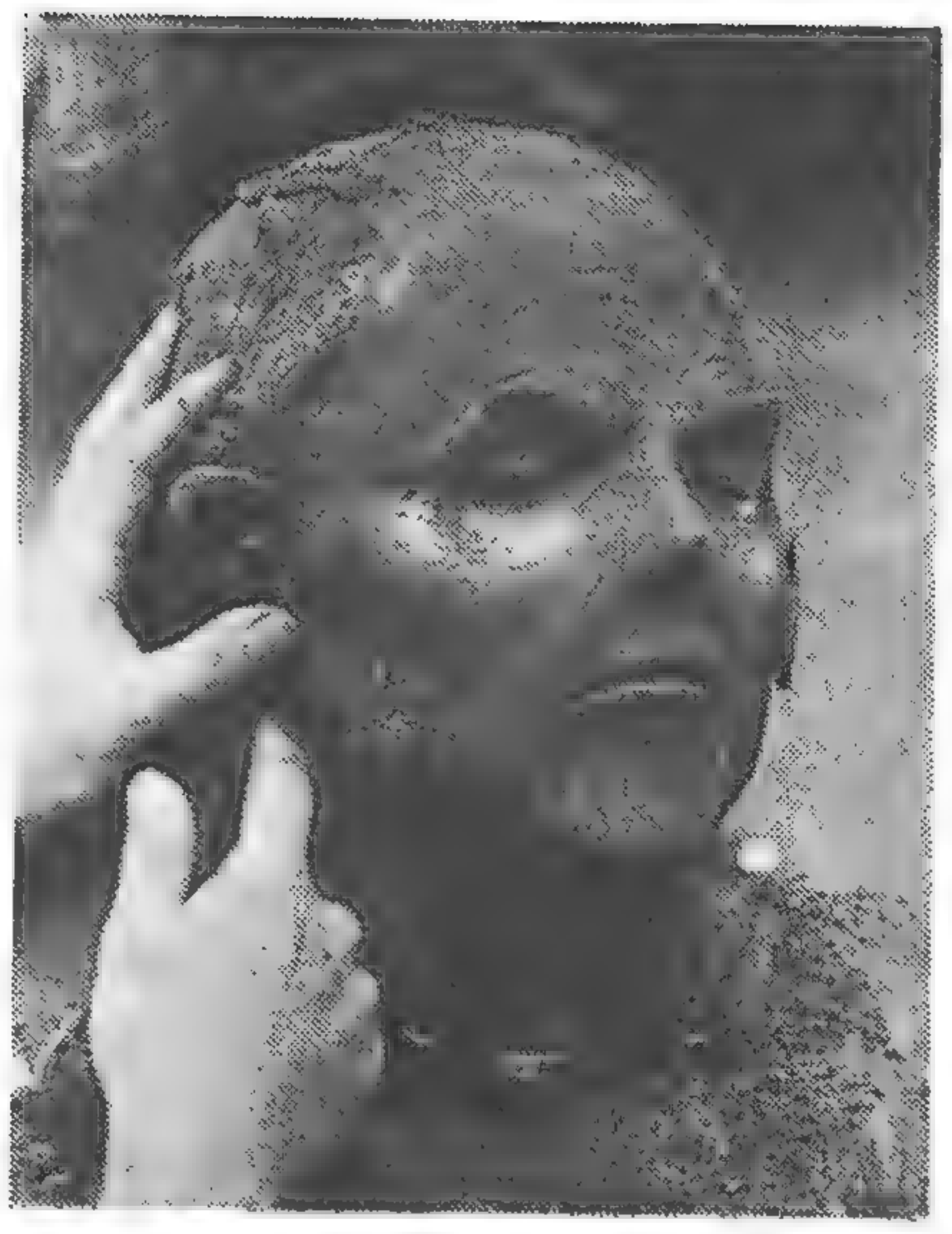
The change continues. Arcane's fingers curl in painful deformity. He rushes to a mirror to watch his hands and face discoloring, his body slowly expanding. (Rubber bladders help create the deformities. Glycerin and rubber cement thinner are pumped through the appliances, blistering the foam rubber.) Arcane's clothes disintegrate as his body becomes an ashen crust (a wax body mold), pockmarked by fizzling explosions (calcium chunks reacting to water).

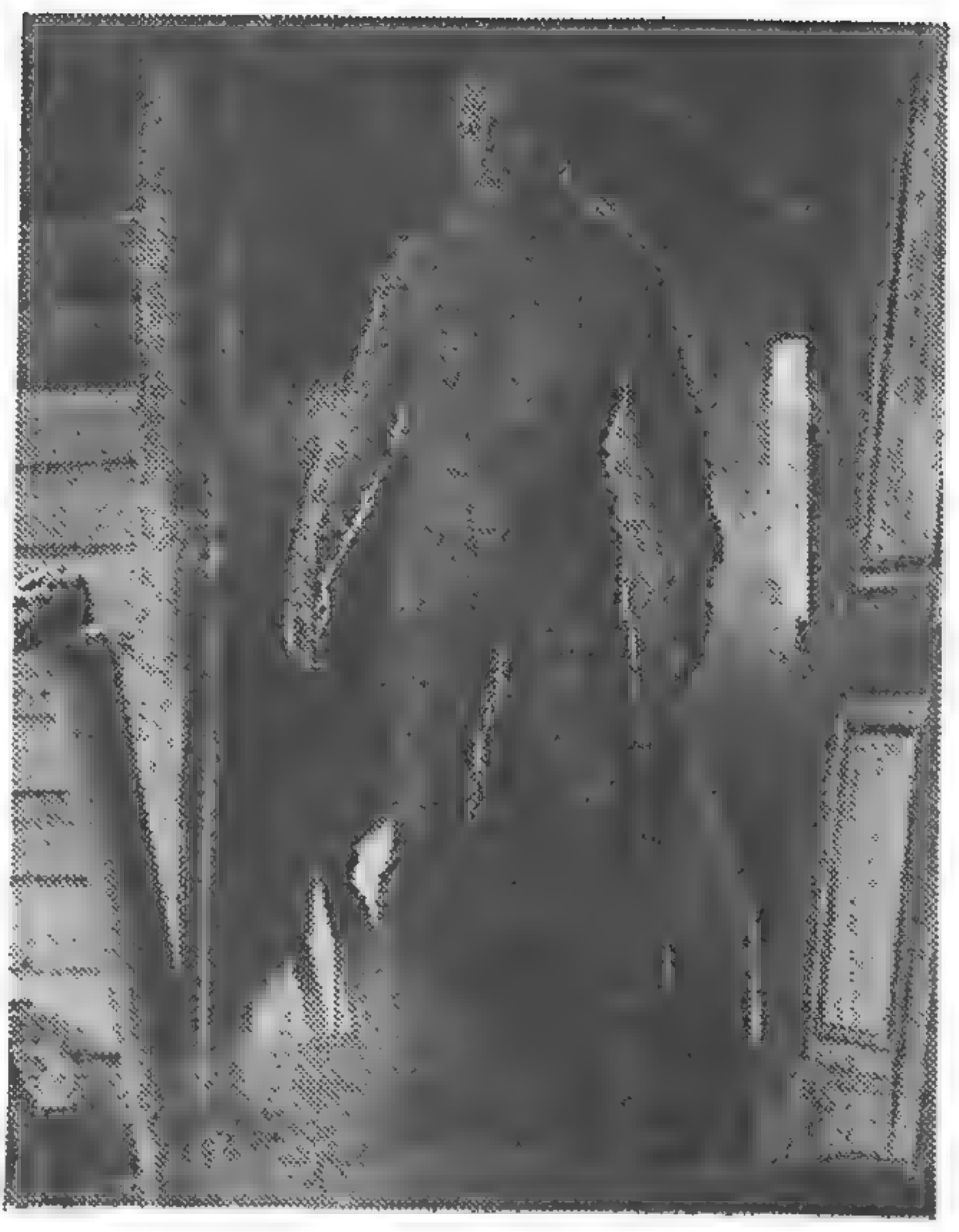
Finally, encapsulated in a cinder chrysalis, the villain undergoes a metamorphosis, emerging as the Arcane Monster (stuntman Ben Bates). Its upper torso is covered by hair; its legs are scaled and fishlike; its face belongs to a wild boar.

An earlier example of movie magic occurs when Arcane slips the formula into Bruno's wine glass. The taste test demonstrates, as Arcane theorizes, that the potion amplifies one's true essence, because the mouse-like Bruno literally shrinks down into a three-foot tall "drowned rat," Little Bruno (midget Tommy Madden).

Transformations and creature costumes were designed by Bill Munns, former executive director of California's Elegance Academy of Professional Make-Up. Munns has forsaken teaching to return to films, with recent stints on **Dead and Buried**, **Deadly Harvest** and **The Boogens**. With **Swamp Thing**, he has an $80,000 make-up effects budget. "That's a challenge," he admits.

Munns turned to Berni Wrightson's original visualizations for the monstrous hero. "I saw the first ten issues of **Swamp Thing**," Munns says. "The only way to go was to the comics, to be faithful to the character. However, the actual designs were dictated by the script—what actions they would perform, and what would be comfortable for the men in the suits."





The Swamp Thing outfit is under wraps for now to ensure that premature photographic revelation won't diminish its impact. However, it does preserve Wrightson's nightmarish concepts, down to the roots and decaying vegetation encrusted in its grey-green foam latex hide. Munns had hoped to reproduce the comic character's abnormally-low head placement, possibly with a mechanical head. The plan was abandoned as too complicated.

Instead, an actor wears Swamp Thing's thin latex face appliance, a device which allows some freedom of expression. Ray Wise dons mask and upper torso make-up for extreme close-ups, though the brunt of the task falls to 6'5" stuntman Dick Durock, once the body (but *not* the voice) of **Battlestar Galactica**'s Imperious Leader. Durock plays all Swamp Thing scenes, including duplicate extreme close-ups. Editing room decisions will determine what Wise and/or Durock takes are ultimately used to give the character a consistant appearance.

Both actors suffered minor injuries during the seven-week shoot. The formula, a phosphorescent liquid, splashed into Wise's eyes, but was quickly washed out to prevent damage. Weeks earlier, Durock, as Swamp Thing, attempted to concoct a cure for his condition (a story detail from **Swamp Thing** 3). Unaccustomed to his new body, the man-brute shatters the beakers and then, angrily smashes the lab table and remaining glassware. Some of it *wasn't* breakaway, and real glass splinters pierced Durock's gloves.

The potential for accidents multiplied during work on exterior locations outside Charleston, at Cypress Gardens and the Fairlawn and Mågnolia Plantations. Cast and crew were, according to one technician, "up to our asses in alligators, snakes and mosquitos." The acidic swamp waters also ate away at the rubber monster costumes, necessitating constant repair and maintenance.

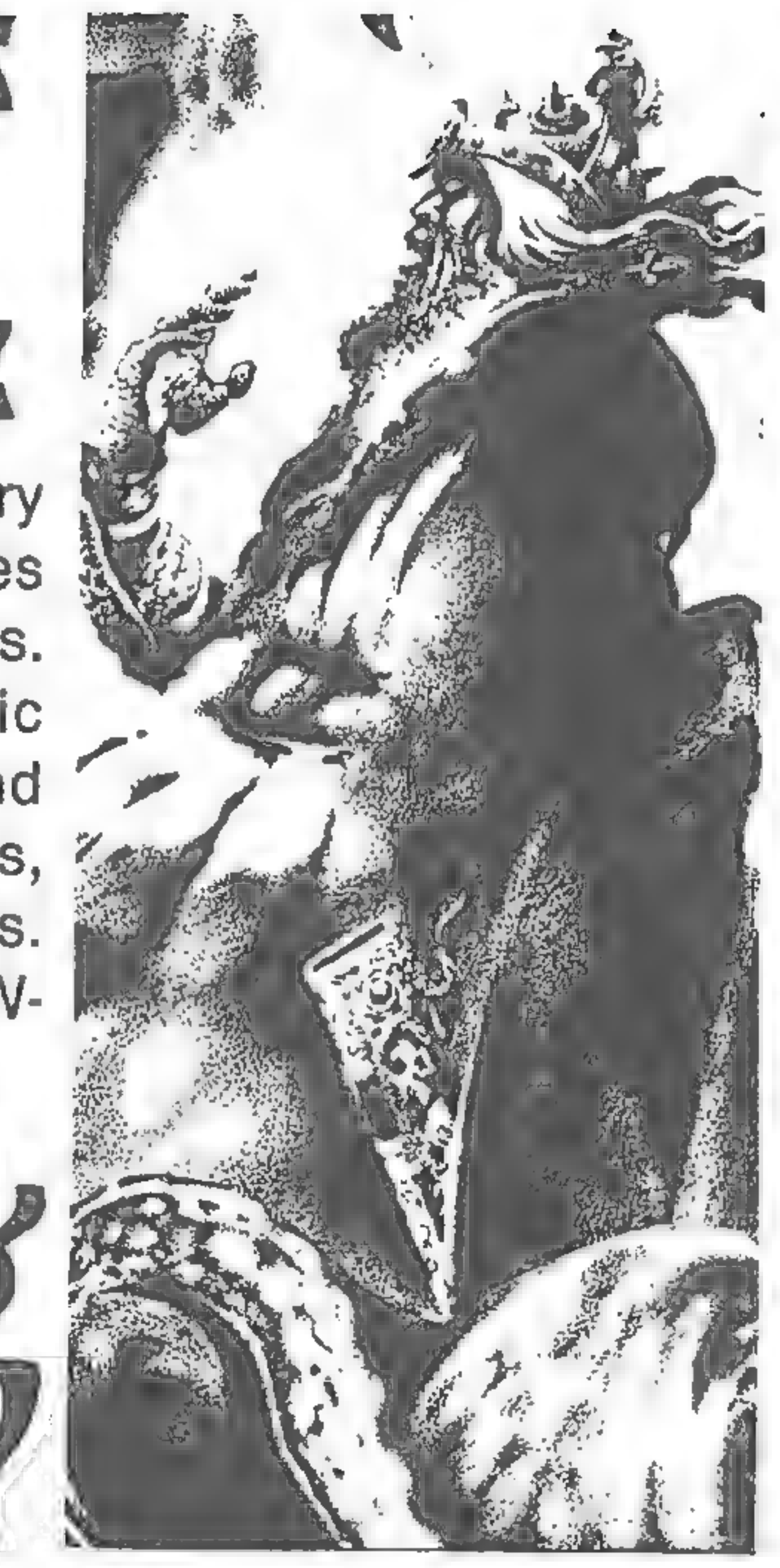
The film's major action sequences were shot in the swamps. At one point, Swamp Thing is caught between two pursuing air boats, equipped with stunt drivers, styrofoam engines and high explosives. Swamp Thing jumps out of the way, provoking a spectacular collision. An automobile also tests the creature's mettle; it rams him, but it's stopped dead in its tire tracks, leaving Swamp Thing unharmed. Although the feat looks dangerous, it wasn't. Durock was actually several feet away from the car; the camera angle and a telephoto lens provided the crash illusion.

The solidly-structured labs were utilized for a spectacular two-part

ELRIC

One of the most famous sword & sorcery heroes ever created is available in a series of limited edition books and poster prints. In addition, there are several other heroic adventure comics in both hardcover and economical underground comix formats, all containing the finest in art and stories. Also see the heading for ROBERT E. HOWARD and PORTFOLIOS.

SWORD & SORCERY



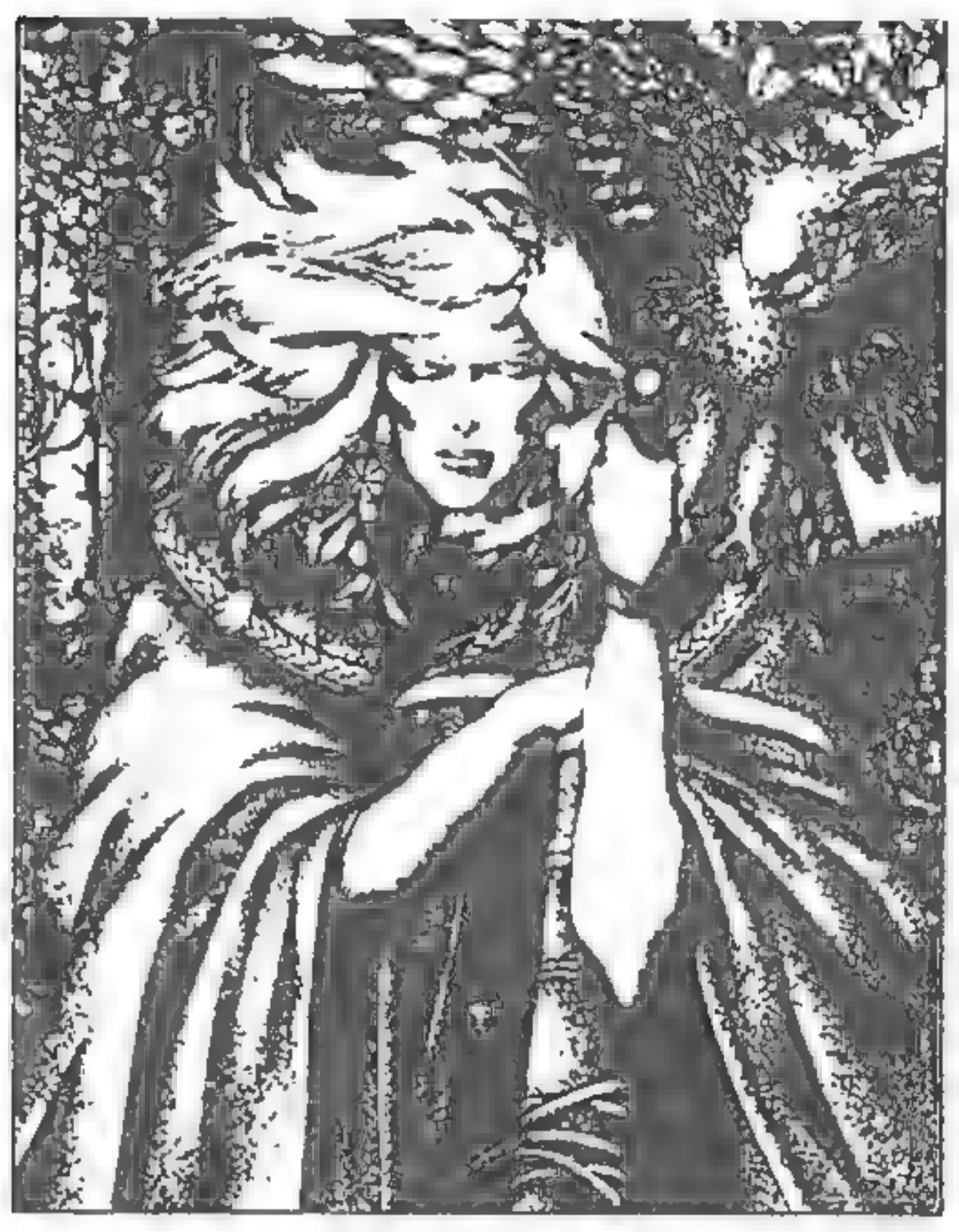
Magician—one of Bob Gould's most memorable illustrations to date; the latest in a series of extremely fine art prints. A breathtaking new work of art, 31 × 15″ in size, printed in two colors on ivory stock, with an accompanying verse written by Eric Kimball. A masterpiece of tremendous detail and powerful imagery, signed by Gould and Kimball. $5.00.

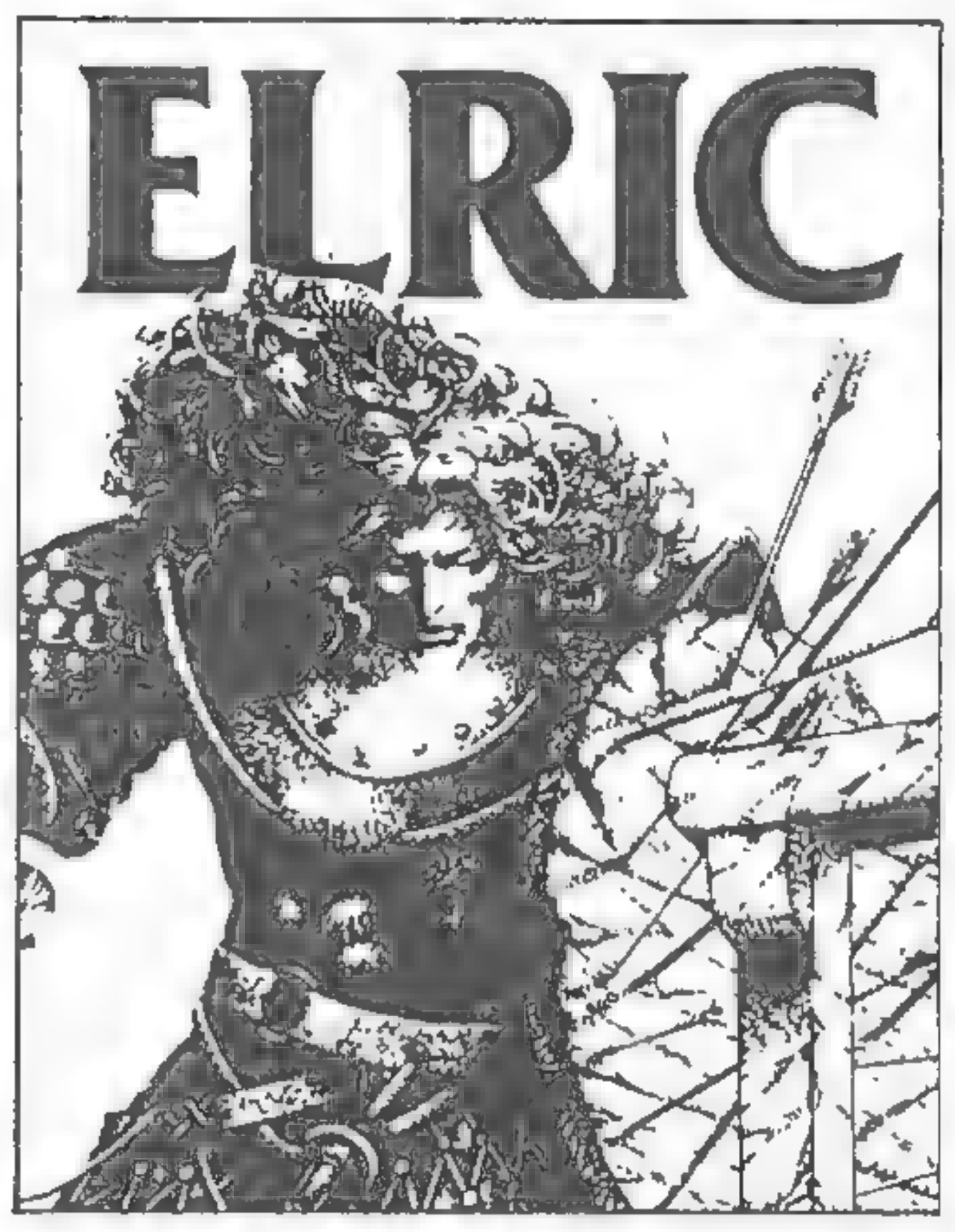
Elric of Melnibone is the first and only volume in a projected series of six books designed to contain the complete Elric canon. Limited to 2200 copies, this 191-page volume was *revised by Moorcock*, but had scant distribution. It has six black and white plates and a color frontispiece by Bob Gould, and comes in a gold-stamped, leatherette slipcase. $15.

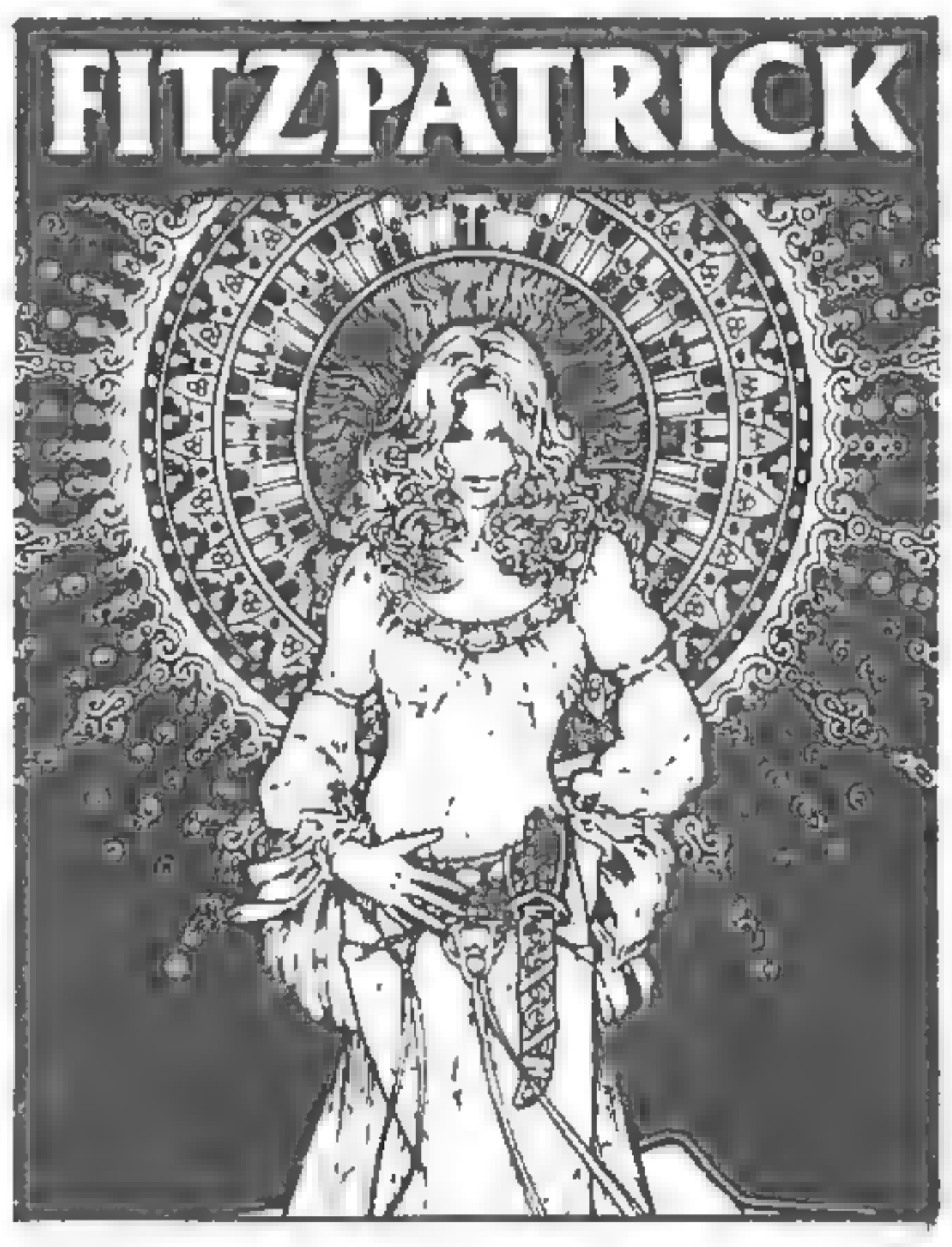
Celtia derives its subject matter from the Heroes and Heroines, the Gods and Goddesses of Celtic mythology. Jim Fitzpatrick draws upon his Irish heritage to produce *one of the highest quality art portfolios ever published*. Eight exquisite plates, 11½ × 16″ in size, in a gold-stamped, leatherette folder, signed, limited to 1000. $20.00

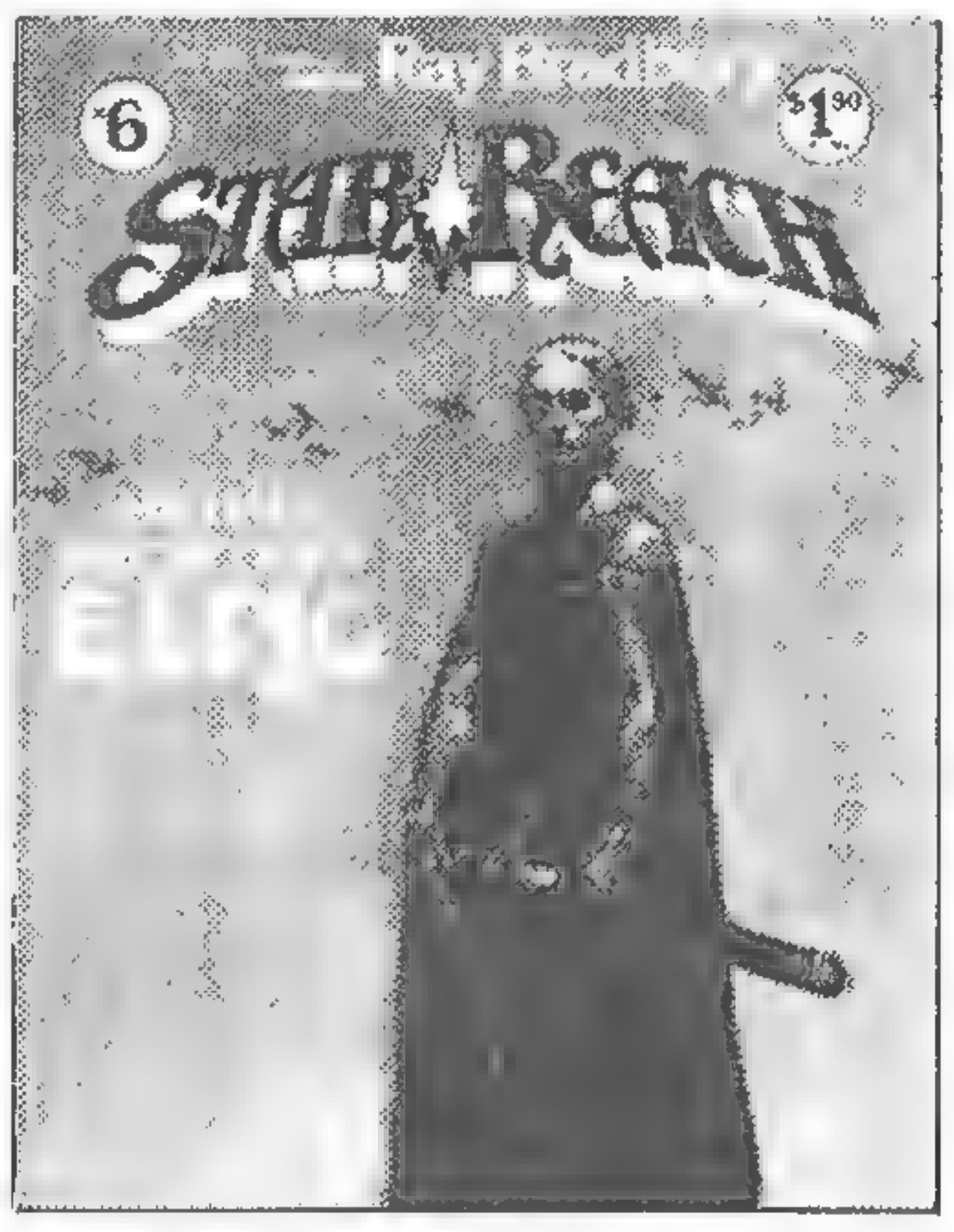
Star*Reach is an underground comic created by professionals. Issue 6 features Michael Moorcock's albino prince, Elric, in *The Prisoner of Pantang*—an extraordinary comic adaptation by Bob Gould and Eric Kimball, with a newly painted cover portrait by Jeff Jones. Ray Bradbury, Alex Nino and Joe Staton are also featured. Available at $1.50.

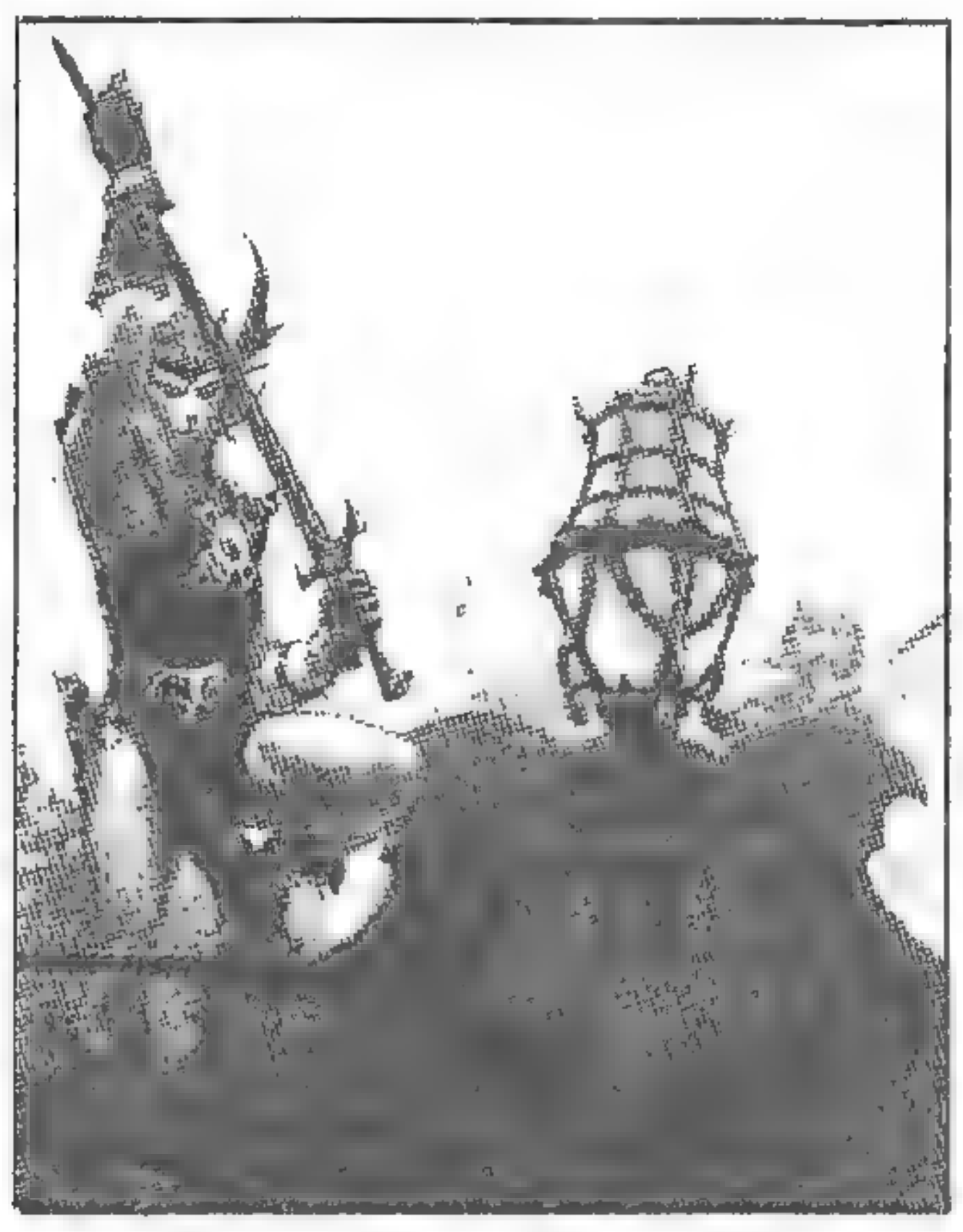
Michael Whelan's Elric Prints capture the full majesty of Michael Moorcock's immortal sword & sorcery hero just as Frazetta has breathed life into Conan. These two high-quality posters are 15 × 24″ in size and are large reproductions of Whelan's covers for the paperback collection of tales, titled *Sea of Fate* and *Bane of the Black Sword*. $5.00 each. Set of 2, $9.00.

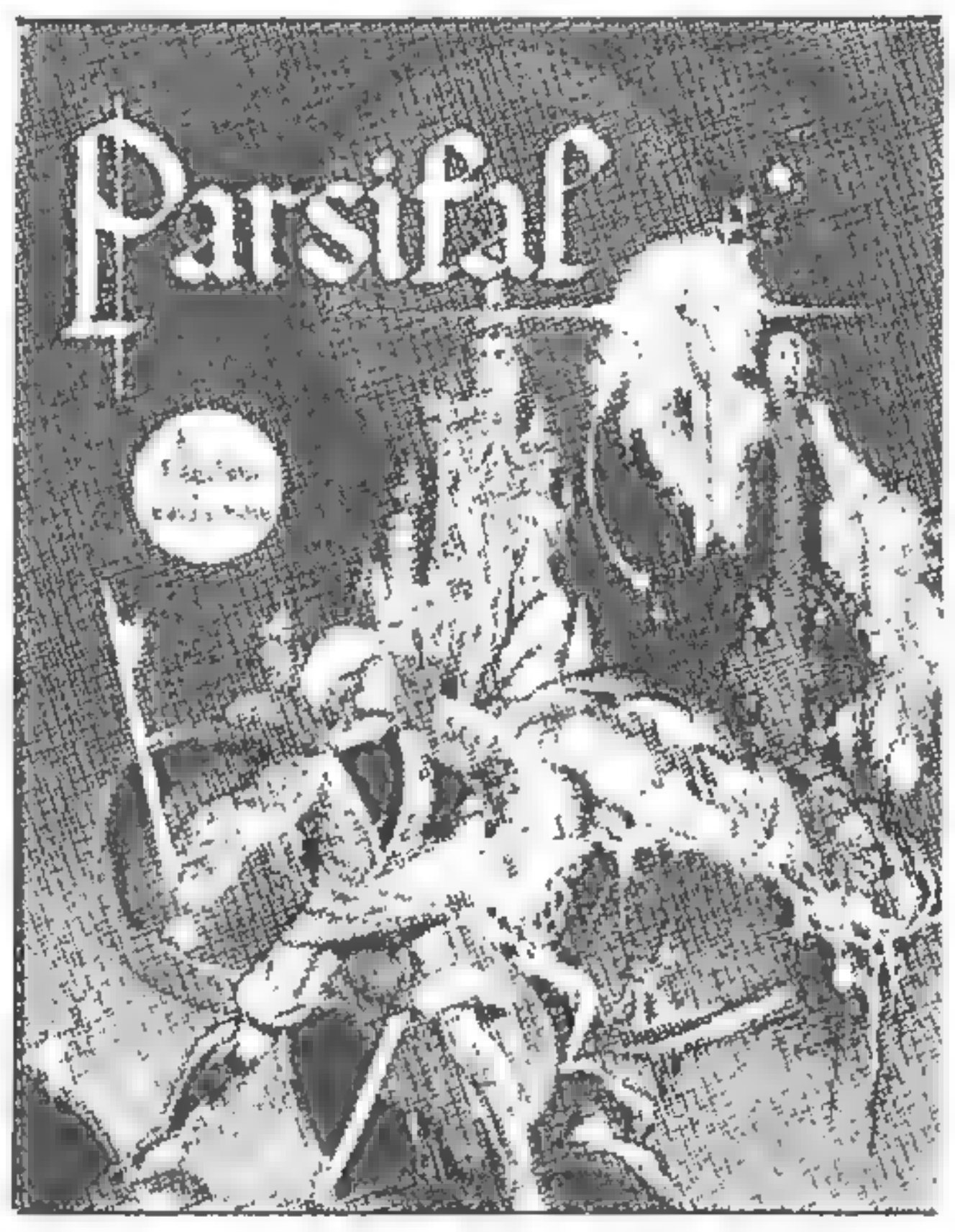


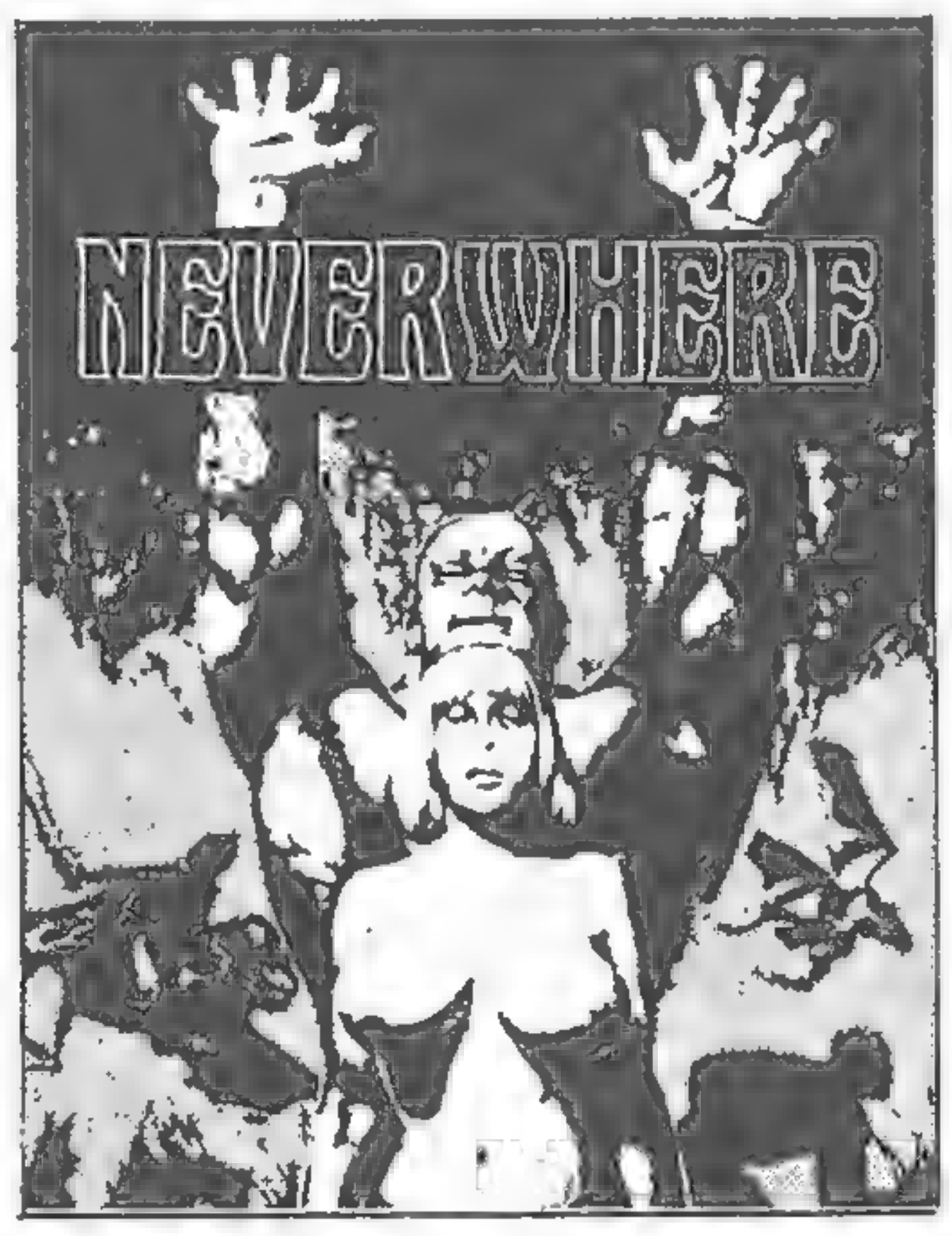


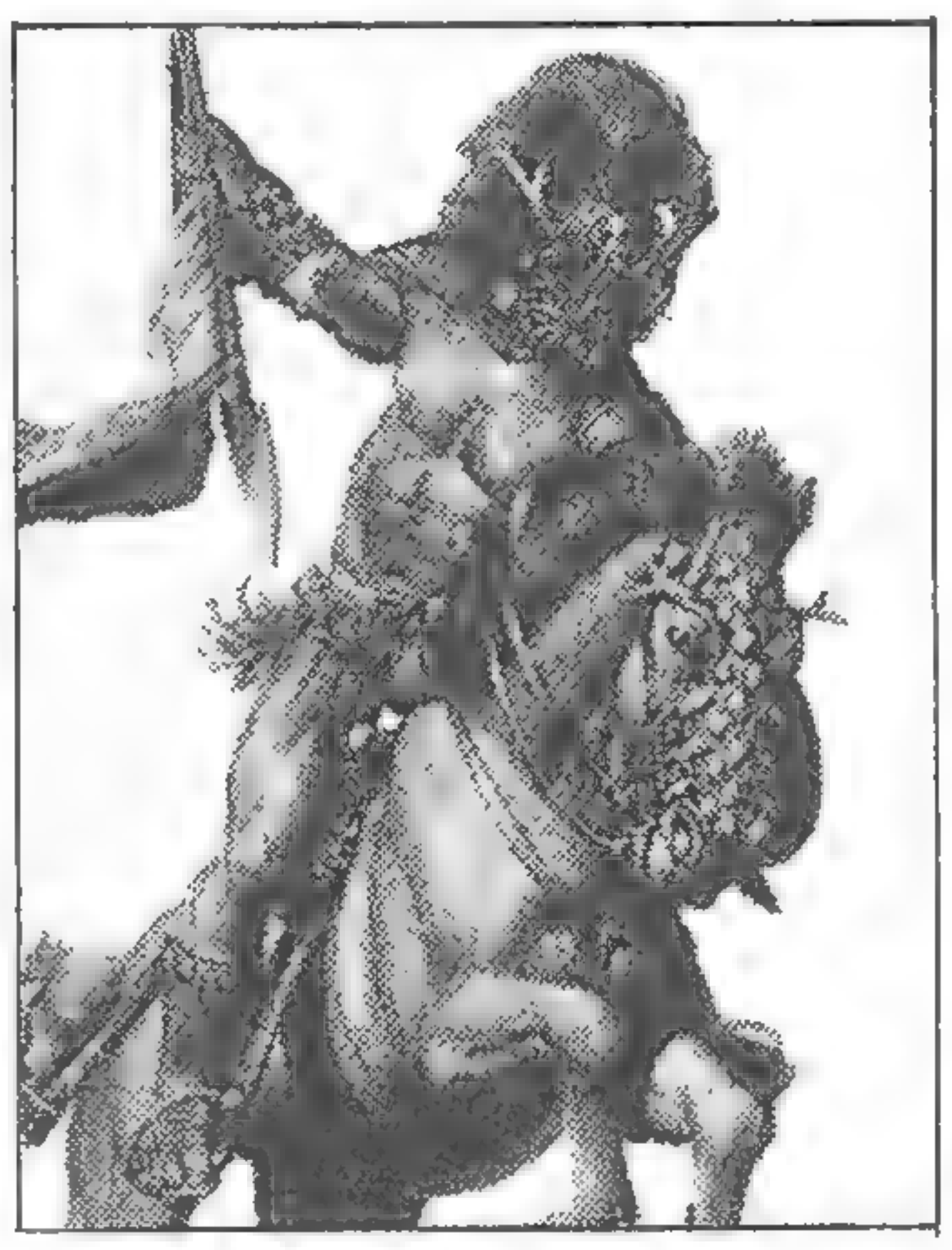


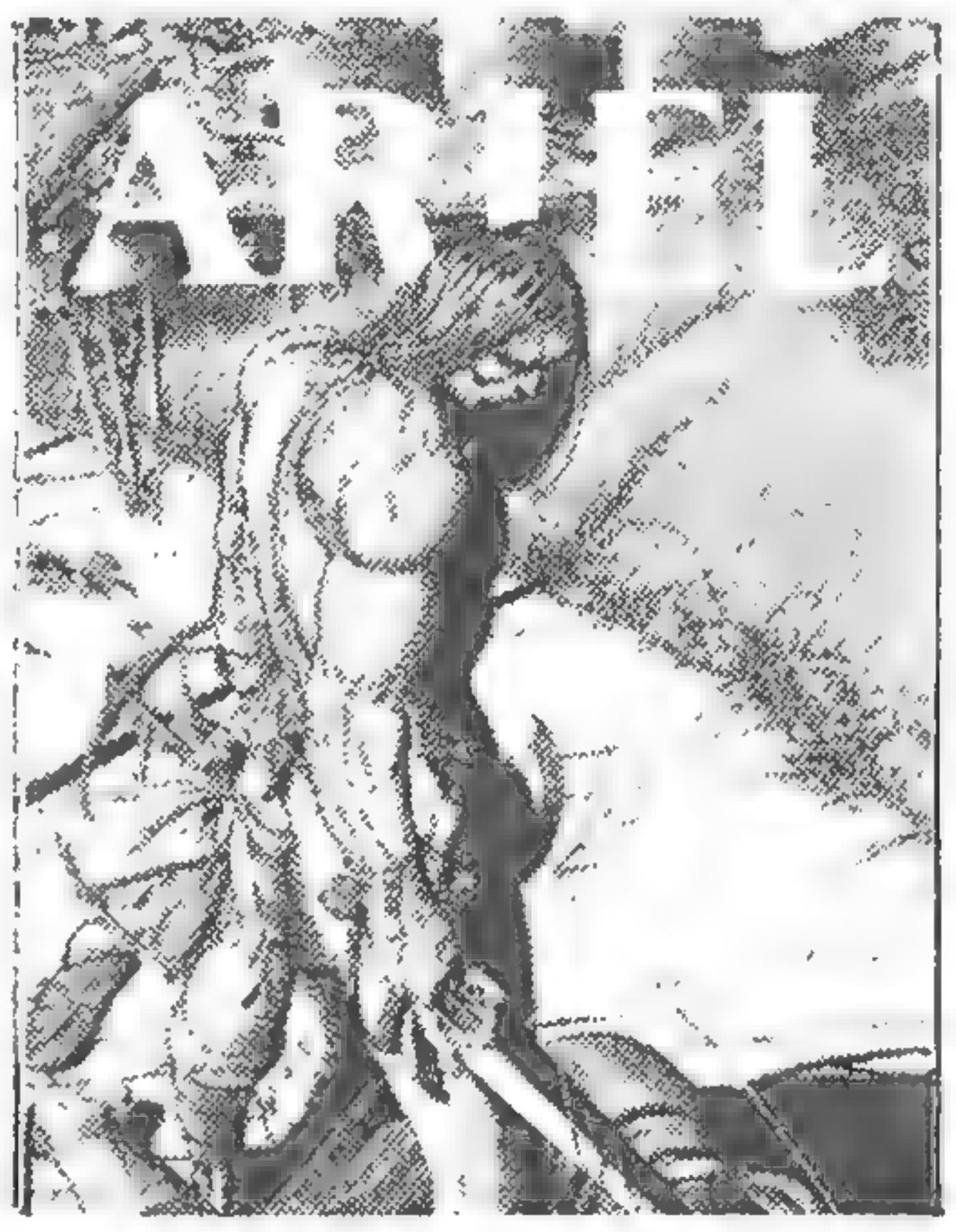












Magic Carpet is an amazing 52-page odyssey into the imagination of Alfredo Alcala. A full-color cover painting and 31 pages of epic sword & sorcery based on Alfredo's award-winning creation, *Voltar*, starts off the issue, followed by the spacebound swashbuckling adventures of the science-fiction fantasy *Buccaneers of the Skull Planet*. $1.25.

Parsifal is Craig Russell's exciting comic adaptation of the legendary epic of a mythic hero battling unspeakable forces of evil in a dark, nightmarish age of wizardry. Towering in scale and majestic in form, *Parsifal* is 32 pages in length, printed in *vibrant full-color*. *Parsifal* is a superb example of fine comic art that gives Russell's style full range. $2.00.

Neverwhere is the first full-length sword & sorcery graphic novel—*112 full-color pages written and illustrated by underground creator Richard Corben*. Over four years in the making, this book is a classic of fantasy adventure in the Corben style—powerful heroes, voluptuous women and incredible horrors. With a preface by Fritz Leiber. $7.95.

Scenes from the Magic Planet is a portfolio designed to match the scope of Richard Corben's extraordinary art, a mammoth 16 × 19″ in size with *eight magnificent sword & sorcery plates*. Each set is protected by a heavy, gold-embossed black folder hand-tied with cord, and *a tipped-in cover*. 1500 signed and numbered copies. $35.00.

Ariel 3 is a stunning showcase of graphic fantasy highlighted by an in-depth *interview with Barry Windsor-Smith*, illustrated with several previously unpublished pieces. In addition a new SF comic strip by Al Williamson, stories by Ellison, Moorcock, Zelazny and Niven; art by Kirby, Conrad, Jones and Hague, plus a visit with Frank Herbert. $6.95.

PLEASE SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **ELRIC/SWORD & SORCERY** burning man sequence. Part two was photographed in one take, with three cameras, at the Holland exterior in the swamps. Stuntman Tony Cecere, as Holland, dashes from the lab, fully aflame. A propane explosion destroys the building behind him. Cecere falls over the porch banister, rises from the ground, runs to the pier, and dives into the swamp.

Cecere, once Robert Blake's **Baretta** stunt double, calls the 15-20 second full-body burn, "probably the best fire gag I've *ever* done." Instead of the normal, bulky asbestos uniform, Cecere wears a lightweight, skin-tight stocking suit smeared with a flammable gel. A rubber face mask and clothes (which match the actor he's doubling) complete his portrayal of an extremely realistic human torch.

During **PREVUE**'s visit, Cecere executed another dazzling display of pyrotechnics. In part one of the shot, set in the lab interior, Cecere/Holland shatters the formula, igniting himself. He staggers up the stairs and exits through a door (into part two, the exterior, filmed three weeks earlier).

The scene was set. An ambulance ominously stood by outside. Cecere suited up. The cameras rolled. The inferno began. Onlookers standing less than 15 feet away could feel the blazing, intense heat of a man on fire. Brief seconds seemed to stretch into hours until, at last, eternity came to an end. Crew members rushed to extinguish Tony Cecere as spectators, led by Wes Craven, burst into spontaneous applause.

Later, when the smoke cleared, Craven reflected on his unusual hero. "Swamp Thing is a green James Dean. He's an outsider we can identify with. There's a part of all of us which feels we're the ugly duckling, that nobody can relate to the real us. We're a trapezoid wandering around in this vast wasteland. Inside, there's this beautiful person he knows is there, a monster with a human being inside."

Swamp Thing is tentatively scheduled to follow the **Superman II** flight pattern, premiering in Europe, via United Artists, at Christmas. Its American release is due at Easter. Michael Uslan and Wes Craven agree that the film, *if successful*, could spawn a sequel and perhaps, a TV series.

Hollywood's interest has also spurred the creature's return to four-color glory at DC Comics. Writer Martin Pasko and artist Tom Yeates will collaborate on the revived series. And, once more, as he did a decade ago, co-creator Len Wein will be involved in "that swamp thing I'm doing." This time, he's editor of **Swamp Thing**, which debuts in February. ★

David McDonnell

BEHIND THE PANELS

Live-action location shooting has been completed on another fantasy epic. Filmgoers will *never* see the footage; it's being used in the rotoscoping process of Ralph Bakshi's newest animation project. **Fire and Ice** (formerly titled **Sword and Sorcery** and **Dorn**) teams Bakshi with renowned fantasy illustrator Frank Frazetta and comics writers Roy Thomas and Gerry Conway.

At some ambiguous point in history, past, present or future, three young heroes embark on a perilous quest for revenge. Against an Ice Age background incongruously teeming with giant lizards and flying pteranodons, the trio battles the villainous Nekron (known as the Death-Dealer in an early scenario). Nekron controls the movement of glaciers and uses sub-human henchmen to fight his opponents.

The film's fiery adventurers are: Darkwolf, the older, experienced barbarian, Larn, the young apprentice warrior, and Teegra, the beautiful swordswoman—who is also Larn's love interest. Most of the characters were reportedly created by Bakshi, as in all his films, although the storyline was developed by all four collaborators. Frazetta's original concept, a chase story, was replaced by the revenge tale, with an additional quest motif. The artist is taking a realistic approach to the tale, eliminating such traditional elements as a pet sabre-tooth tiger for Teegra.

Frazetta moved from Pennsylvania to California—perhaps permanently—to take on this cinematic project. Officially, he's co-producer—and his name and reputation will undoubtedly be heavily emphasized in promoting, marketing and merchandising the film—which could be the real reason he was hired.

The illustrator has done a number of preliminary character sketches and is supervising the animators who do the actual drawing. Nevertheless, a significant portion of Frazetta's style will be *lost* in translation to the screen, since minute detail and subtle line rendering have no place in contemporary animated motion pictures. The final film will be relatively short (80 to 90 minutes), an amalgam of J. R. R. Tolkien, Edgar Rice Burroughs and Robert E. Howard-flavored material. The project could have been R-rated, but was toned down to PG.

Fire and Ice is tentatively scheduled for a summer 1982 release. A sequel is a possibility, since the heroic threesome survive the action. Insiders, however, wonder if even Frazetta's creative input can help **Fire and Ice** break the precedent of past Bakshi films—and be successful enough to warrant a follow-up.

Neal Adams is up to his ears in **Nannaz**.

Nannaz is baby talk for bananas; it's the name of a strange little monkey doll, and a two-hour feature film currently being shot by the popular comic book artist. "I love movies," Adams says, "and I'd love to *make* movies. I guess I could work toward directing from the writing end or from the production end like a lot of others, but that would take *too long*.

"I'm 40, and I'd like to start my film career *now*." Adams attended a production class and a lecture course at the New School and NYU, and has since produced two 16mm student shorts. The leads in the feature film (about two children pursued by international hit men after an invention) are Adams' 12 year-old son, Jason, and 13 year-old daughter, Zeea. The baddies include comic artists Larry Hama, Ralph Reese, Gray Morrow and Jay Scott Pike.

By using family and friends, Adams figures he can complete the film on a $20,000 budget, entirely financed out of his own pocket. He hopes to wrap production, shooting primarily in Manhattan's Soho district nights and weekends, before the money runs out. Filming is in 16 mm sound and color. "I hope to sell it as a theatrical feature if it's good enough. After that, *anything* goes!"

West coast artist Russ Heath is back in the saddle again riding herd on the new **Lone Ranger** strip. Beginning September 13, the artist is producing both Sundays and dailies with writer Cary Bates.

Heath is one of the few comic illustrators capable of portraying the west with an appropriate sensibility. His penchant for rugged characterization, weaponry and horses has been amply demonstrated in **Kid Colt**, **The Arizona Kid** and **Sgt. Rock** over the past several decades. Western fans starved for quality material, should find the strip a satisfying relief from contemporary action series. One tip: don't miss the Sunday top throw-away panels, they're beautiful.

We've had numerous requests lately regarding comic reference books for collectors. **The Who's Who of American Comic Books** by Jerry Bails and Hames Ware, is *the* series to own. Four volumes feature over 2500 entries on artists, writers and editors, and are available at $30.00 for the set from Jerry Bails, 21101 E. 11 Mile High Road, St. Claire Shores MI 48081. They have our highest recommendation, and are a valuable tool to everyone interested in comics. ★

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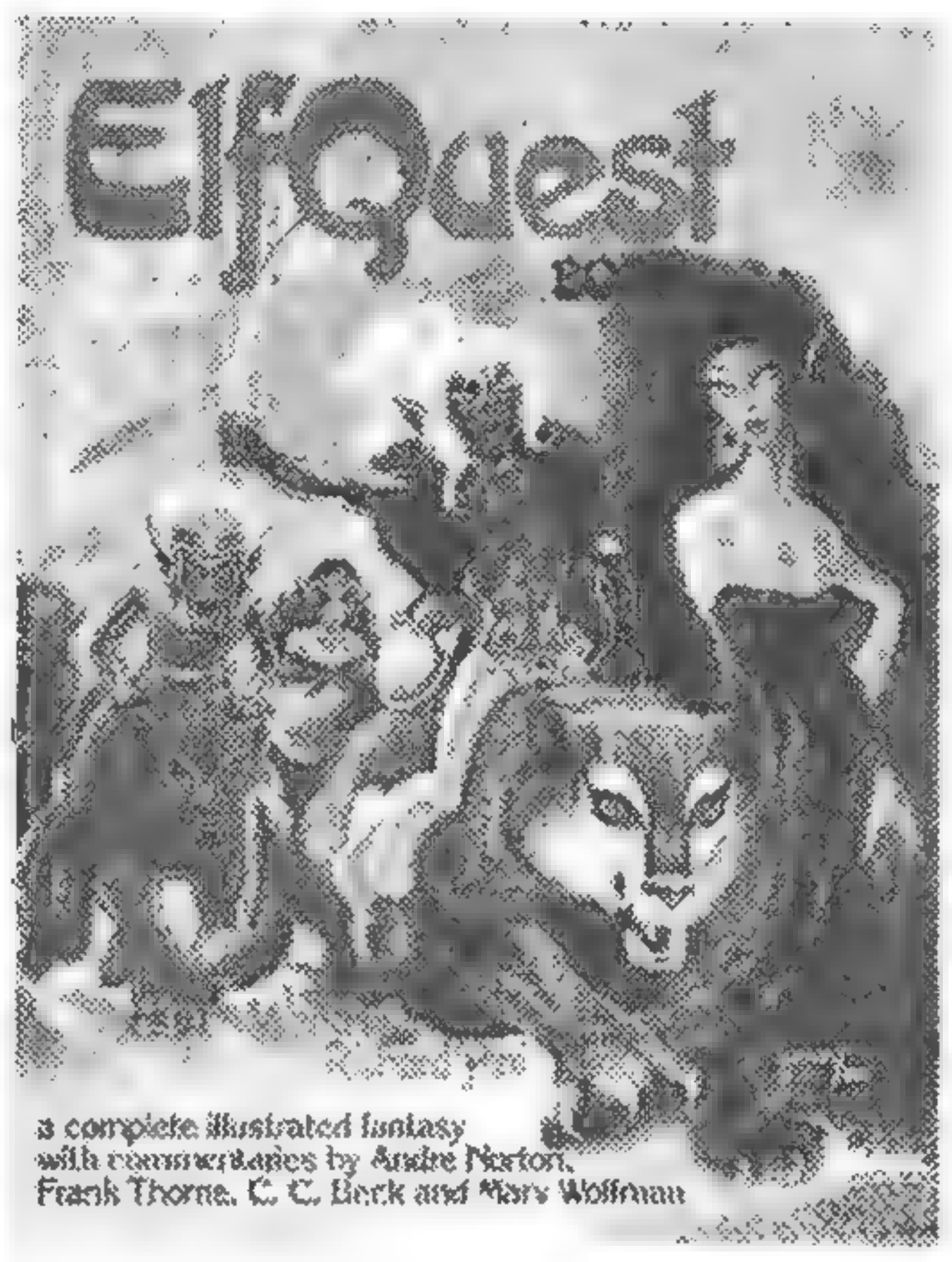
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No. 2—Captain Marvel from the 40s to the 70s, with art and commentary by C. C. Beck, as well as a photo spread of the old Fawcett bullpen. A retrospective analysis of *The Spider* pulp, and a humorous original centerspread of Santa and the superheroes in color.

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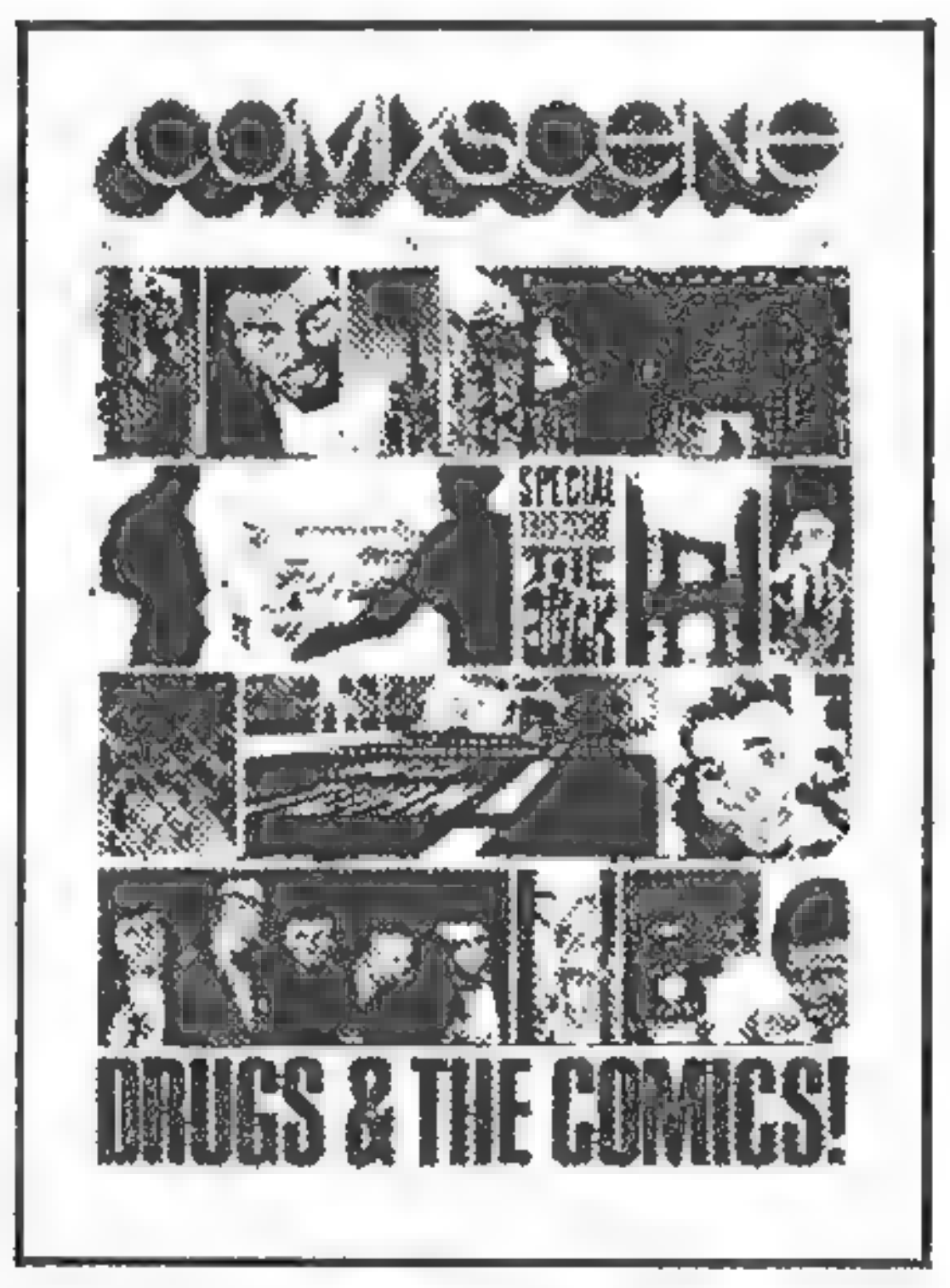
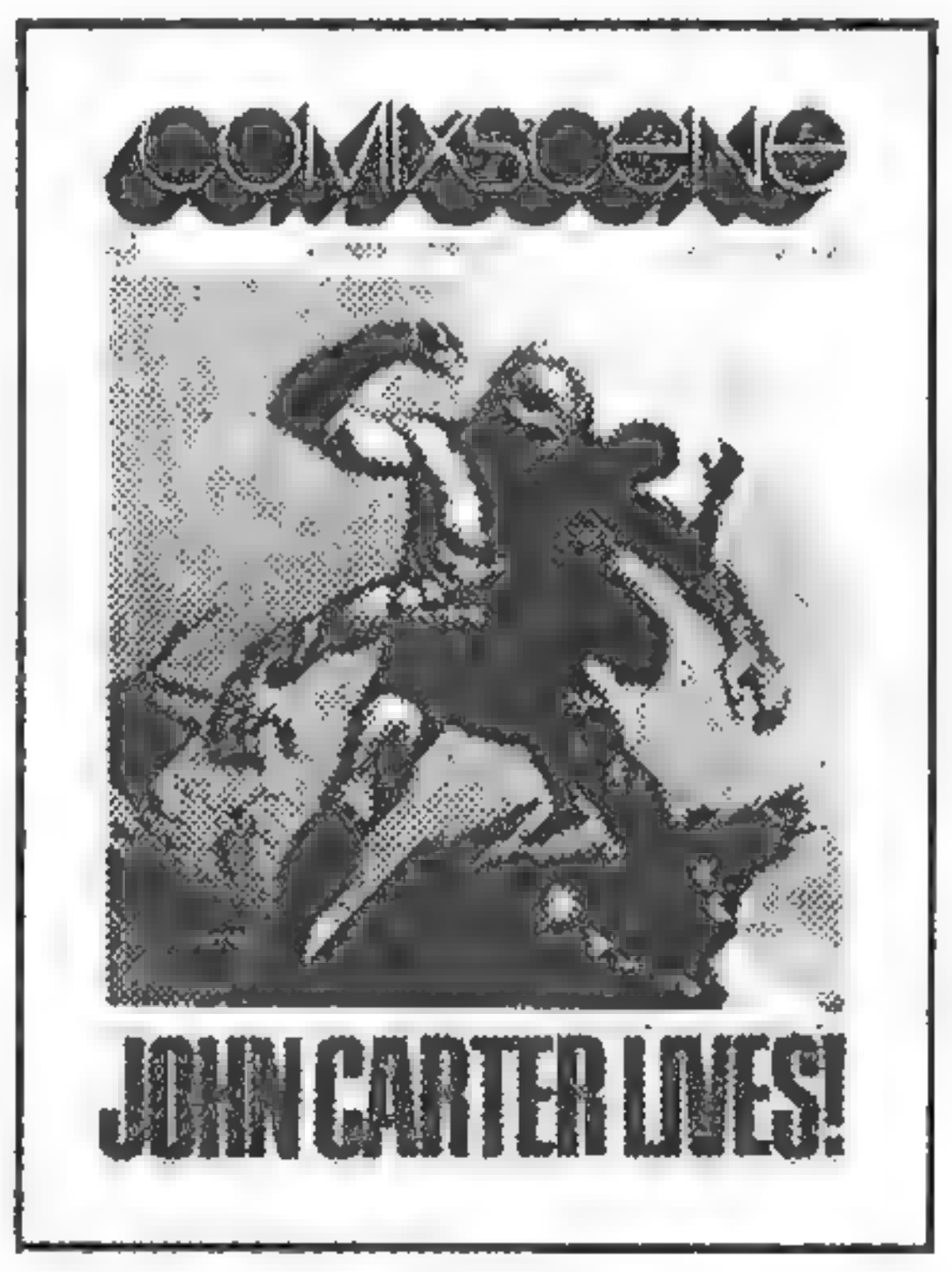


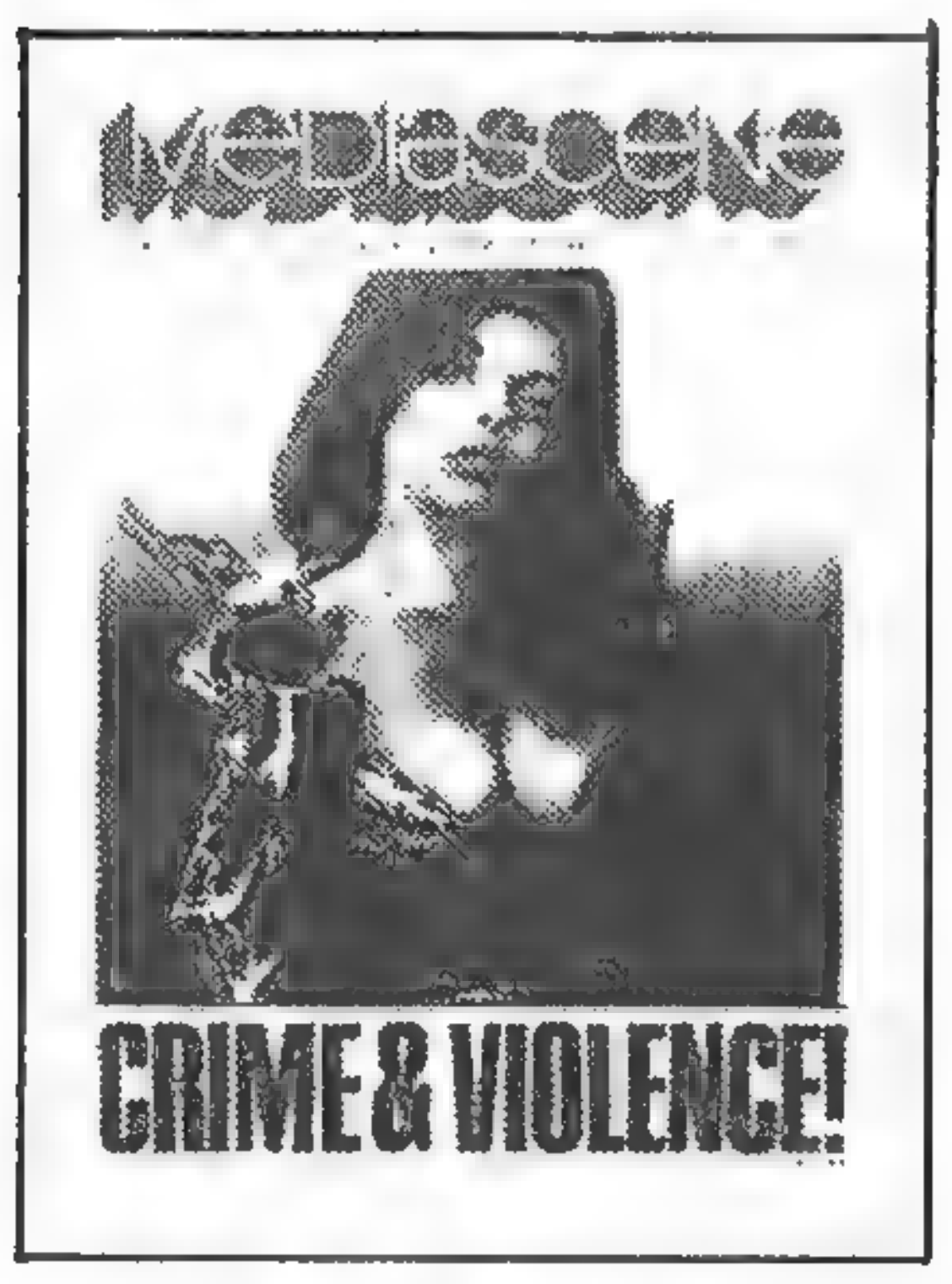
No. 4—*The Block*, an eight-page anti-drug comic by Steranko, is reprinted, and Byron Preiss explains its successful educational history. Prime graphics and storytelling, plus an historical perspective on comics' role as social commentary.

COMIXSCENE
SWORD & SORCERY

No. 5—Double-sized Special devoted to sword & sorcery. 36 pages featuring *Conan of the Pulps*, and the History of Heroic Fantasy in Comics. All new art by Kirby, Kubert, Maroto, de la Fuentes, Santos, Smith, with color cover and center by Steranko.



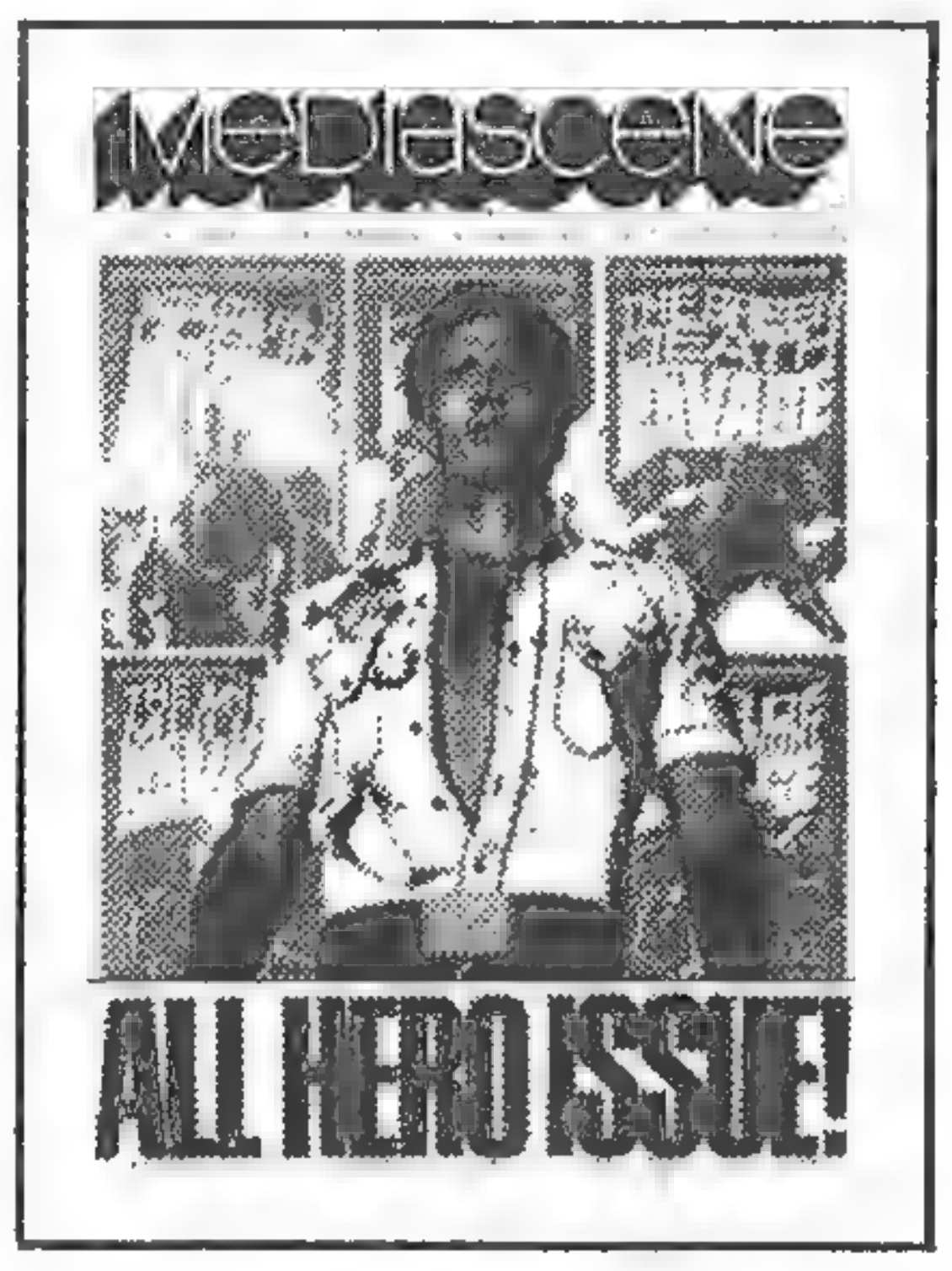
No. 6—Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter series is detailed and mapped out in a color centerspread. Also, Burroughs' Pulp History is explored, with rare cover and interior illustrations. Loaded with never-before-told stories and news on all the Burroughs heroes.



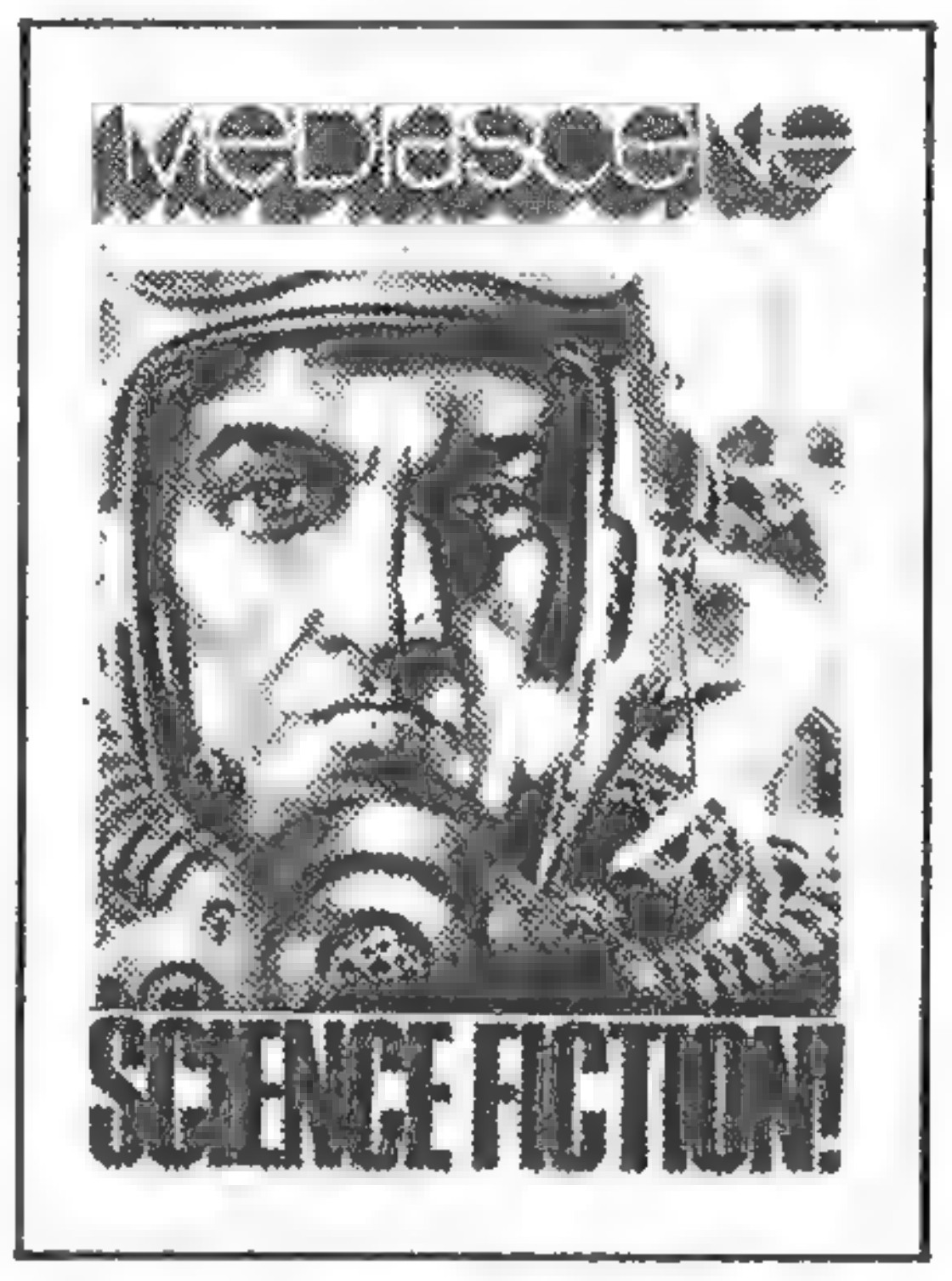
No. 7—First issue to incorporate new title, MEDIASCENE, expanding magazine's focus to include an interview with Don Pendleton, the Clint Eastwood Phenomenon, the Crime Pulps, a color centerspread painting of Bogart and cover by Steranko.

MEDIASCENE
BIG PIN-UP ISSUE!

No. 8—The Pin-up Girls, from the 1900s to today, with an emphasis on the comic women. Outstanding examples of good girl art by Vargas, Petty, McGinnis, Ward, Wood, Caniff. Color cover, and a centerspread painting of Marilyn Monroe by Steranko.



No. 9—Heroes from comics and films, with special photo emphasis on The *Doc Savage* Movie. An interview with *Zardoz* director John Boorman, a Poster Map of Tarzan's Africa, and a color centerspread poster painting of *Talon* by Steranko.



No. 10—Double-sized Science Fiction Spectacular with a retrospective of Sci-Fi in TV, the *Planet of the Apes* series, Harlan Ellison, Flash Gordon, and all-new art by Wood, Williamson, Steranko, and a color centerspread of the *Six-Million Dollar Man* by Mike Hinge.

MEDIASCENE

No. 11—New, larger format, 32 pages featuring *The Return of The Shadow*, a Visit to the National Lampoon, Hollywood's Disaster Films, Charles Bronson, Leigh Brackett, color cover and centerspread by Steranko. More color and news coverage.

MEDIASCENE

No. 12—Feature Film Issue with behind the scenes news on *Godfather II*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *Lenny* and *Gold*. Profile of *MAD* artist Mort Drucker, the Genesis of the James Bond films, and William Woolfolk's look at Mafia and the Movies.

MEDIASCENE

No. 13—Movie Preview Issue on *The Great Waldo Pepper*, *Phantom of the Paradise* and *Billy Jack*. The multi-media career of Sherlock Holmes is traced, with a giant color centerspread poster by Steranko. Photo features on ten top films.

MEDIASCENE

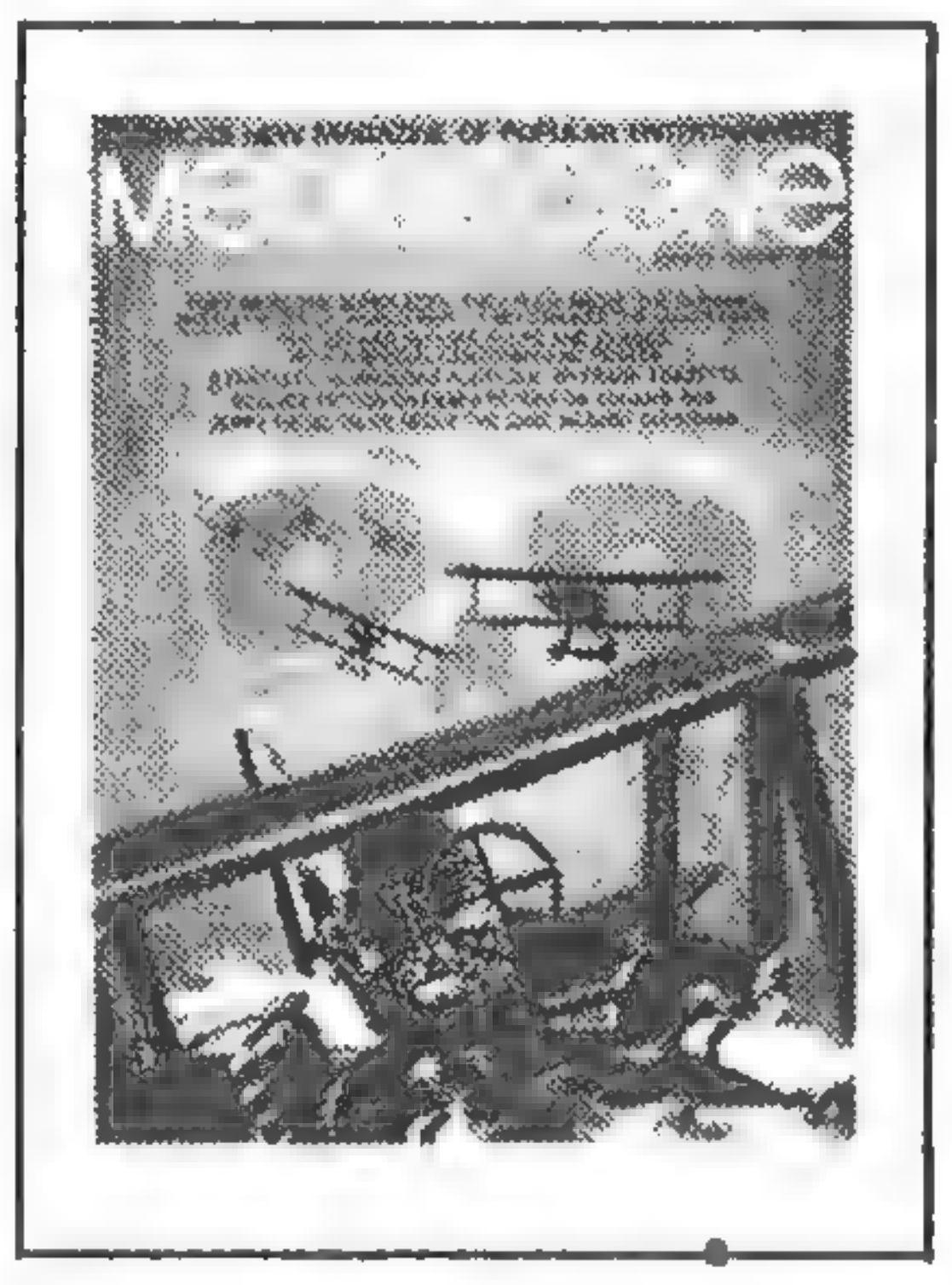
No. 14—Feature focus on the Great Pulp Heroes, and a brief history of their careers, with color cover and centerspread Shadow painting by Steranko. Also, photo-preview specials on *The Eiger Sanction*, the rock opera *Tommy* and five more.

MEDIASCENE

No. 15—*The first in the new two-section, 36-page size*, with special art and features on Barry Smith, Neal Adams, Jack Kirby and Robert E. Howard. Also, Vaughn Bode's last testament to his work and its impact on his life, loaded with illustrations.

MEDIASCENE

No. 16—Richard Corben's *Bloodstar* is previewed, and the never-completed Gil Kane epic, *Flame Horse*. An interview with Berni Wrightson, a profile of *MAD* artist Jack Davis, and Walter Gibson recounts the Creation of The Shadow in the pulps.



No. 17—The Flying Aces, in films, pulps and comics, with dozens of rare and exciting illustrations. An *Edgar Rice Burroughs Portfolio* by Frazetta, with color cover painting and original centerspread created by Steranko. *Only 100 left!*

MEDIASCENE

No. 18—*How I Paint The Shadow* by Steranko featuring 36 step-by-step illustrations, and the origin of *Chandler*. A listing of the 50 rarest pulps—fully illustrated. The Origins of the Pulp Heroes, and *The Shadow of the Comics* in the 40s and a *Chandler* centerspread.

No. 19—A complete and photo-filled history of the Screen Avengers of the 30s and 40s, loaded with rare stills and a Dick Tracy poster centerspread. The founding of Joe Kubert's cartoonists school, and his *original* cover for *Superman vs. Muhammad Ali*.

MEDIASCENE
SWORD & SORCERY SPECTACULAR

No. 20—A Sword & Sorcery Spectacular with a Neal Adams color cover, a Steranko painted centerspread, a brand-new Barry Smith Conan, Wally Wood's *Wizard King*, Jack Katz' *First Kingdom*, Robert E. Howard's *How I Created Conan*, and art by Rudy Nebres.

MEDIASCENE

No. 21—Animation Special, from *Little Nemo* to *Fritz the Cat*. Profile features on Chuck Jones, Bob Clampett, Jay Ward and Walt Disney. Exclusive coverage of the aborted John Carter cartoons of the 40s, and a color centerspread of Warner Bros. characters.

MEDIASCENE

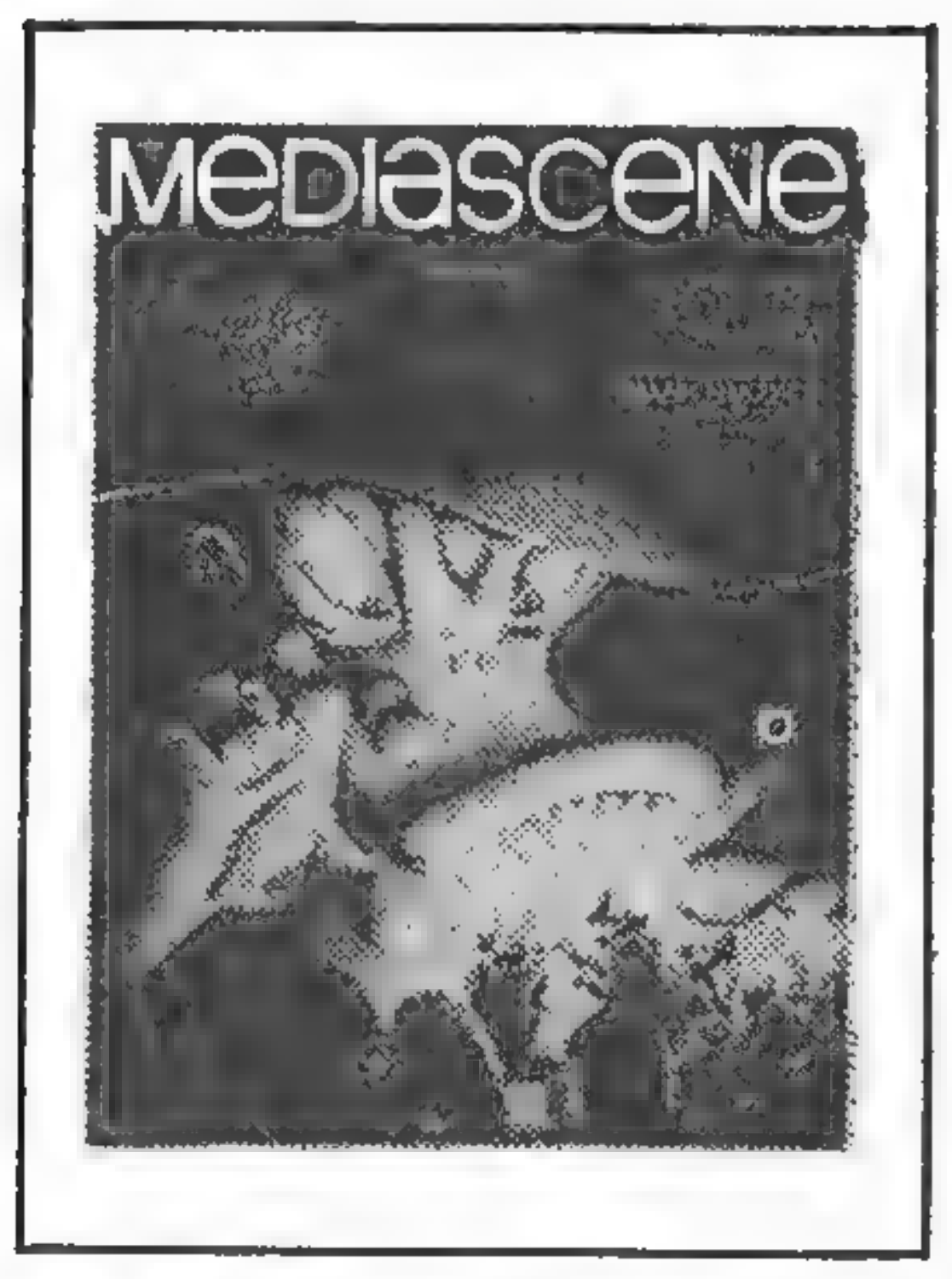
No. 22—The very first *Star Wars* feature news, with color covers and centerspread art by McQuarrie, with extensive production and storyboard material. Ralph Bakshi's *Wizards*, and Berkey poster paintings from the remake of *King Kong*.

MEDIASCENE

No. 23—From Charlie's Angels to Wonder Woman, the Supergirls of TV are featured. Interviews with Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy, a profile of French artist Philippe Druillet, Collecting Original Art, and the Future of Batman, illustrated by Steranko.

SPECIAL FANTASY ISSUE!

No. 24—Heroic Fantasy in Films, packed with photos and featuring a color painting by Steranko for *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*. A biography of Alfredo Alcala, with a color *Voltar* centerpiece, an Interview with Conan, and Red Sonja Lives.



No. 25—Funny Animals, featuring George Chastain's series on Barrymore Duck, Steve Gerber talks about Howard the Duck, a Carl Barks pictorial profile, and rare Frazetta Funnies. Offbeat, with magnificent cover and centerspread paintings.

MEDIASCENE

No. 26—Behind the scenes with *Star Wars* material not in the film, and never-before-seen art. Christopher Reeve talks about *Superman*, Spider-Man on the TV screen, Philippe Druillet's Lone Sloane on film, the *Hulk* TV series and a color *Star Wars* centerspread.

MEDIASCENE

No. 27—Steranko's secrets as an escape artist, Walter Gibson recalls the Creation of Norgil, Don McGregor lashes back with *Dragonflame*. A tour of the Magic Castle, preview of John Buscema's *Conan* strip, Steranko cover painting in color.

MEDIASCENE

No. 28—An extensive interview with Mike Kaluta, packed with never-before-seen art and a color cover. The lost *Prisoner* story by Kirby, the complete *Bucky's Christmas Caper* by Wood, color centerspread by Gray Morrow, and art by Bob Gould.

GALACTICA
STAR WARS

No. 29—Packed with *twice as much color*, this issue gives the full behind-the-scenes story of *Galactica*, with color covers and centerspread paintings by McQuarrie. Also, photo-filled *Starcrash* preview, and the Untold Story of *Superman* with photos not in the film

MEDIASCENE

No. 30—*Star Wars* follow-up with news of the sequel and an exhaustive Ralph McQuarrie interview featuring his original design for *Close Encounters'* mothership as a poster centerspread. Also, 13 color McQuarrie paintings from *Galactica*.

MEDIASCENE

No. 31—Backstage on the *Star Trek* set, Roy Thomas' Adventures in Hollywood, the TV Art of Jack Kirby, and the first in a series called *Breaking into Comics*, a detailed explanation of how to write, draw and sell in today's comic market by Steranko.

MEDIASCENE

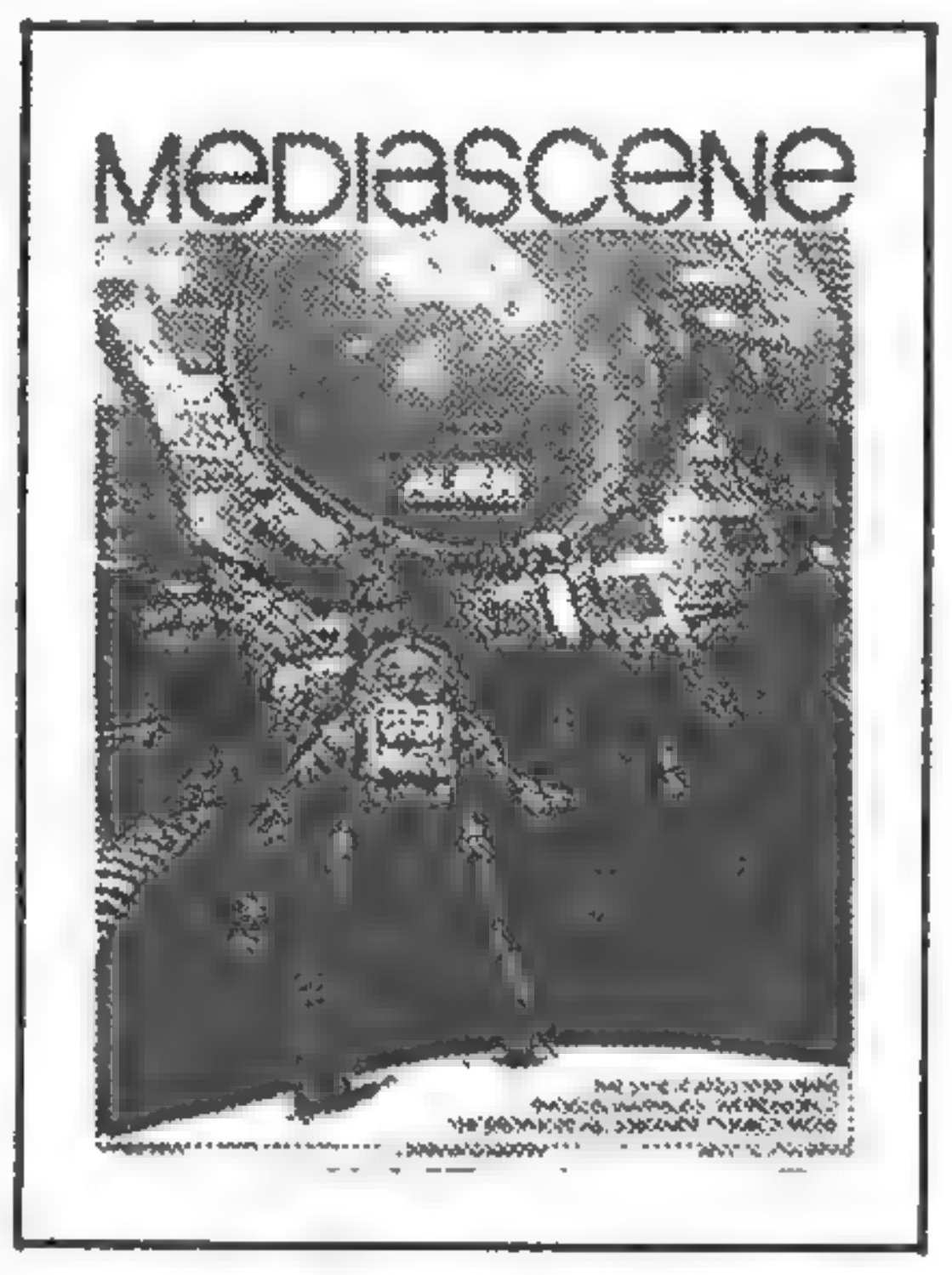
No. 32—Fantasy Film Prevue Issue, with news on *Conan*, *Meteor* and *Alien*. Extensive coverage of Filmation's *Flash Gordon* TV show, and part two of *Breaking into Comics*, focusing on the Heroic Figure in Action, and *The Rathole on Park Avenue*.

MEDIASCENE

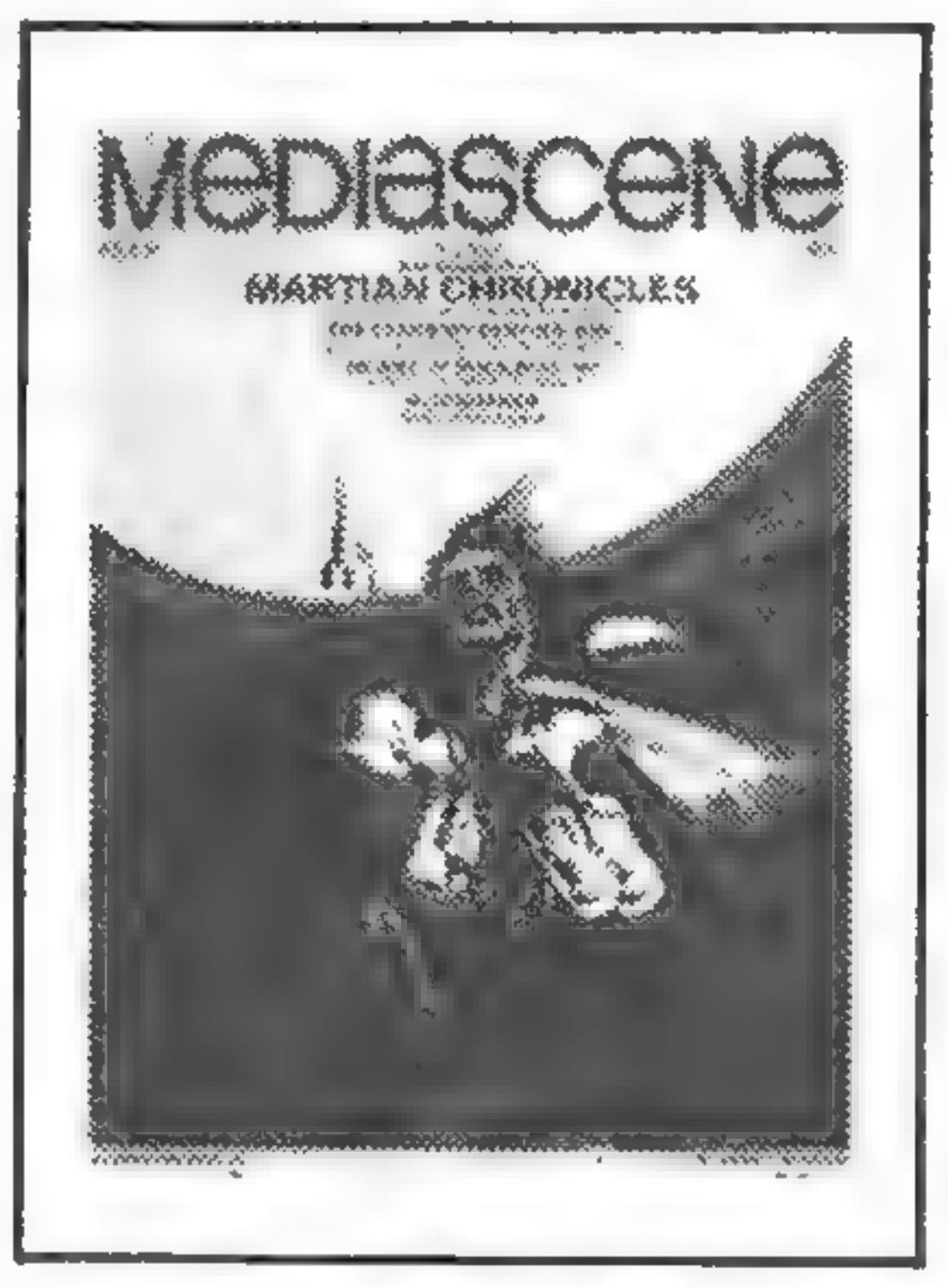
No. 33—An *All Art Poster Issue* with *23 full pages* of fantasy drawings by Steranko, Dan Adkins, Alfredo Alcala, Marcus Boas, Jeff Jones, Mike Kaluta, Rudy Nebres, Craig Russell, Barry Smith, Frank Thorne, Berni Wrightson; with color covers.

MEDIASCENE
BUCK ROGERS

No. 34—Behind the scenes on the feature film production of *Buck Rogers*, with exclusive photos and color cover and center by Steranko. Also, coverage of *Meteor*, *Time After Time*, the Fantastic Art of Joseph Clement Coll, and the World of Faeries.



No. 35—The most complete coverage of *Alien* in any magazine, featuring *74 pieces of exclusive art and photos*, interviews with the crew and author Dan O'Bannon. Also, the Genesis of the Shogun Warriors, an interview with Russ Manning and more.



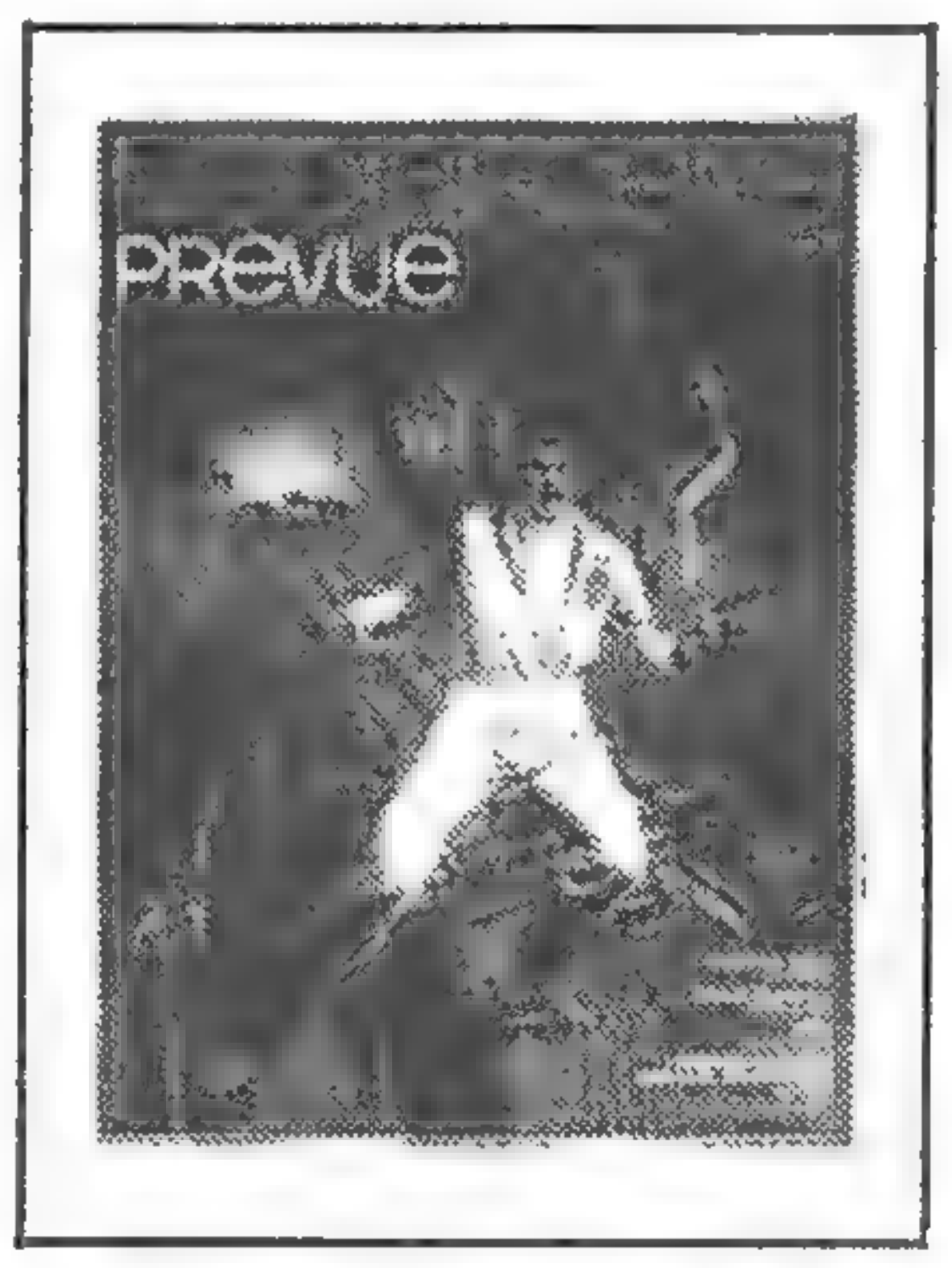
No. 36—The inside story of *The Martian Chronicles*, with production paintings and a preview of Richard Matheson's screenplay. Bil Stout's production art for *Buck Rogers*, and Alfred Bester interviewed about *The Stars My Destination*.

MEDIASCENE
CAROLINE

No. 37—The classic Pin-up Girls of the Comics, from Blondie to Torchy, featuring a giant poster centerspread in color by Bill Ward. A photo-filled Caroline Munro article follows, and an exploration of the *Rocky Horror* phenomenon packed with rare photos.

Review
CONAN

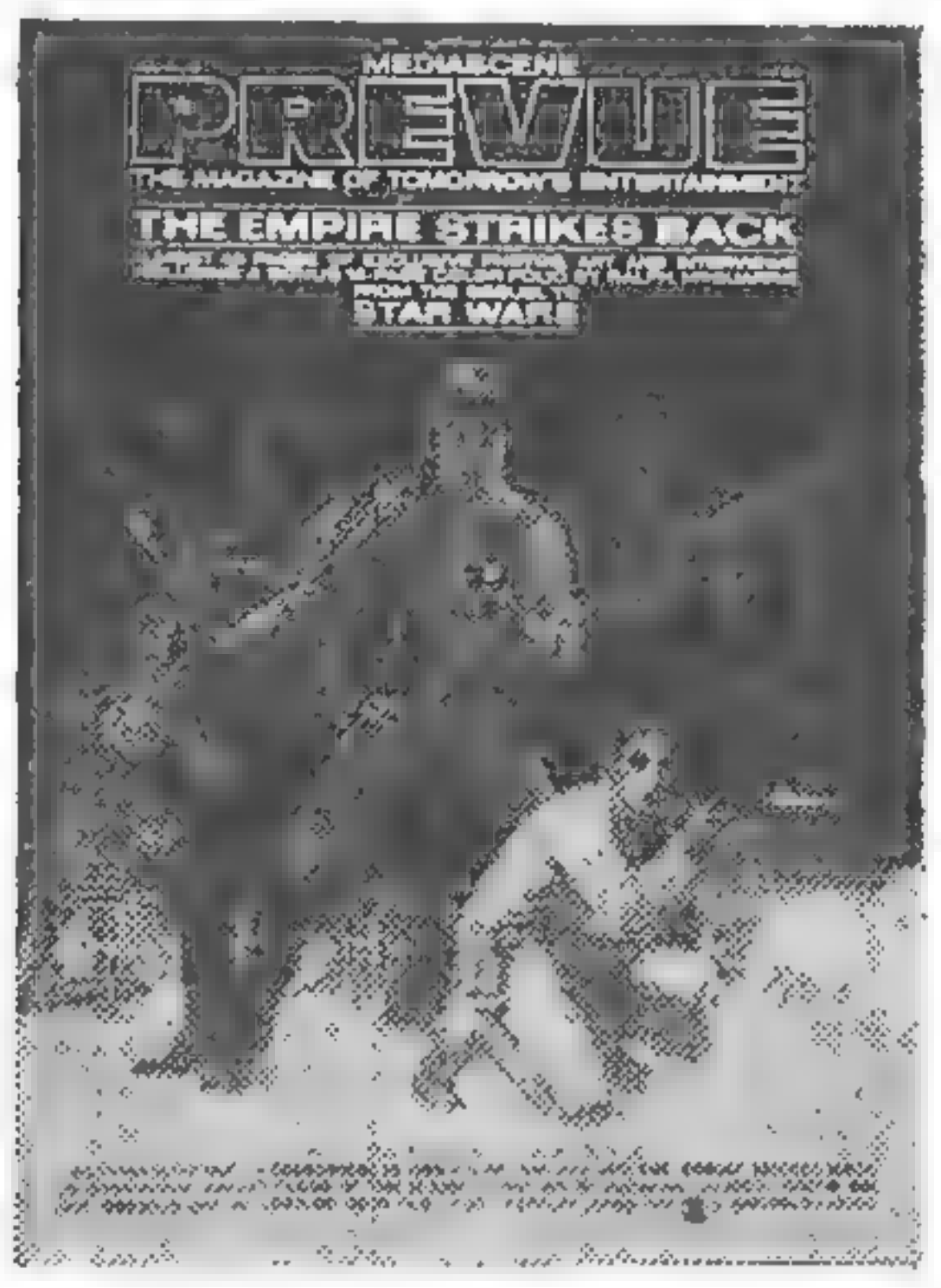
No. 38—Expanded to 40 pages, with the *first coverage of the Conan movie anywhere*. Cover by Bil Stout and centerspread painting by Ron Cobb illustrate their interviews. Phil DeGuere discusses bringing *Childhood's End* to the screen. Neal Adams illustrations.



No. 39—Disney's *The Black Hole*, featuring interviews with the director and designer, packed with production paintings. Craig Russell interviewed, and the Many Lives of Doctor Who are explored, and a preview of the new collaborative story by Moorcock and Chaykin.

ALL-ART POSTER SPECIAL
MEDIASCENE
Prevue

No. 40—Another *All Art Poster Issue*, packed with rare and new art by Neal Adams, Frank Miller, Howard Chaykin, Nestor Redondo, Al Williamson, Mike Golden, Richard Corben, Craig Russell, Rudy Nebres, Dave Mattingly, George Bush and Steranko.



No. 41—Big 100-page magazine sized format with a wraparound cover by Steranko of *The Empire Strikes Back*. 40 pages on the film, plus a bonus booklet. Jack Kirby's *Lord of Light* project, Alfred Bester's *Golem*^{100}, Harryhausen's new film, more.

No. 42—Exclusive interview with George Lucas, new Harlan Ellison story, Barry Smith's barbarian strip, *The Man with Bogart's Face*, *Superman 2*, John Landis interview, *Flash Gordon* storyboards, *Silver Surfer* film, double foldout poster.

No. 43—*Popeye*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* poster book by Steranko, *Flash Gordon*, *Lone Ranger* film, Frank Oz and Yoda, interviews with horror directors Stone, Cronenberg, Carpenter and Dante, two 20-page bonus books, Al Williamson, and more.

No. 44—*Conan* film in color, *Outland*, *Excalibur*, S&S epic *Dragonslayer*, fantastic animation preview including first *Heavy Metal* art, *Warp*, martial arts bestseller *The Ninja*, Jane Seymour, *Time Bandits*, *Masada* with Peter O'Toole, and more.

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BOOK MARKS

(continued from page 12)

are each profiled in the 75-page sections (about a quarter of which is spent unnecessarily on cast and credit filmographies). In chapters crammed with names, dates, places, plots, quotes and footnotes, the authors reel off the highlights of their subjects' careers with the speed of a Keystone Kops comedy. Hardly definitive, the point here is, to paraphrase the Three Musketeers, fun for all and all for fun. JS

Stay Tuned
By Richard Levinson
and William Link
St. Martin's Press, $11.95 hardcover

Together, Levinson and Link are responsible for many of TV's brightest moments. They created **Columbo** and **Mannix**, and developed **Ellery Queen**. They wrote and produced such brilliant TV movies as **That Certain Summer**, **My Sweet Charlie** and **The Execution of Private Slovik**.

To their long list of awards and achievements, add **Stay Tuned**, a superb, definitive behind-the-scenes examination of what goes into making prime-time entertainment: the dealmaking, the hassles with stars, censors and lawyers, the aftermath of a controversial broadcast. Levinson and Link also discuss TV violence, the influence of pressure groups and the medium's portrayal of minorities. Plus: docudramas, **Antoinette: The Widow of Private Slovik** and the *strange* secret of Columbo's dog.

Stay Tuned. It's fascinating. DM

Radio's Golden Years
By Vincent Terrace
A. S. Barnes $15.00 hardcover

Radio fans have long needed a *comprehensive* reference guide to the medium's past programs; this new 308-page encyclopedia partially fills that niche. Vintage series from 1930-80 are briefly profiled and classified, with cast members, announcers, network origination and other information noted. Some entries also include sponsors and classic program introductions.

Radio's Golden Years does have faults: the inevitable missing shows, several mysteriously unindexed pages and the unfortunate exclusion of writing credits (many *are* anonymous, but likewise ignored are such known quantities as Abe Burrows of **Duffy's Tavern**, Robert Bloch of **Stay Tuned for Terror**, **The Lone Ranger**'s Fran Striker and others). Most listings also lack dates for important cast changes and series' swan songs.

If such flaws can be amended, where possible, in a future edition, **Radio's Golden Years** would be a perfect reference book. Until then, happy trails. DM ★

COMING ATTRACTIONS

(continued from page 17)

woman. Malcolm McDowell, John Heard and Ruby Dee co-star.

Remember **Friday the 13th**? Now, there's **Thursday the 12th** (with Tom Smothers and Carol Kane) and **Saturday the 14th** (with Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss), two black comedies which bump off Tab Hunter, Eve Arden, Kaye Ballard, Donald O'Connor and other cameo victims.

On the more serious side is an upcoming SF romance, **The Next**, filmed in Greece, starring Keir Dullea and Adrienne Barbeau. "I play the widow of an American astronaut," Barbeau says. "She moves to a Greek island to avoid the progress and technology which killed her husband, and she finds an amnesiac washed up on the beach. It's Keir Dullea, and he tries to convince her that he has come from *another time*."

Barbeau also stars in a segment of **Creepshow**, the currently-lensing George Romero-Stephen King paean to EC comics. Barbeau, her college professor husband, Hal Holbrook, and friend Fritz Weaver discover a mysterious horror from another age enclosed in *The Crate*, the only sequence adapted from a previously published King story. The other four tales were written especially for the screen.

Once a year, on *Father's Day*, eccentric Aunt Bedelia (Viveca Lindfors) comes home to visit family members Ed (**Knightriders**) Harris and Carrie Nye—and her father's grave. This time, there's another visitor. Could it be dear ol' dad? Maybe.

They're Creeping Up on You dissects a disagreeable, wealthy old man whose life and penthouse apartment are bugged by cockroaches. Another segment, shot on New Jersey beaches, instead of Romero's Pittsburgh home ground, stars Leslie Nielsen. His affair with a married woman ends on a very wet note when he's trapped on a beach as the tide returns in *Something to Tide You Over*.

After a cameo in **Knightriders**, Stephen King takes the lead in *The Lonesome Death of Jordy Verrill*. Bumbling mechanic Verrill sees a meteor land. He greedily claims the asteroid for its priceless mineral rights, and as the title suggests, gruesome events ensue. King's **The Dead Zone** may also begin production this fall under director Stanley (**Saturn 3**) Donen and screenwriter Paul Monash for Lorimar. And Avco-Embassy has apparently gained film rights to **Firestarter**, and is paging John Carpenter to bring the property to the screen.

A discarded Carpenter project may be dusted off and headed toward production. Director Joe (**The Howling**) Dante told **PREVUE** he is considering **The Philadelphia Experiment**. Carpenter ran into problems with this true story of a ship which disappeared in 1943. "I couldn't make it work," Carpenter explains. "It didn't have a third act. It was a very evocative stranger-than-science kind of idea that didn't go anywhere." Dante hopes to solve the narrative riddle with a new script which *won't* follow historical events to their actual conclusion.

Carpenter's occult western, **El Diablo**, is still under studio consideration as production begins on his new version of John W. Campbell's *Who Goes There?* The property was filmed as **The Thing from Another World** by producer Howard Hawks and Christian Nyby (who received directorial credit). As in the original story, Carpenter's extraterrestrial will be a shape-shifter who can imitate any form after he eats it. He could be *anybody*. The nightmare begins when an American scientific expedition stumbles across a flying saucer and unleashes the sleeping "thing" within—death follows.

After their successful **Escape from New York**, Carpenter and star Kurt Russell have reteamed for the $13 million feature. Bill Lancaster wrote the script; Dean Cundey repeats as Carpenter's director of photography.

Effects are in the hands of a team of all-stars: Roy Arbogast will create traditional special effects, such as explosions; the legendary Albert Whitlock will execute special visual effects (undoubtedly involving matte paintings); and Rob (**The Howling**) Bottin will design the alien's special make-up effects. At one point, it appeared that several fx experts, including Rick Baker, would divide the latter task; each concentrating on a few key shots. Instead, Bottin is doing the works. Baker explains, "They talked to me about doing it—and I was *very* interested. It's one of the best scripts I've ever read. I couldn't do it, because of the scheduling conflict with **American Werewolf in London**, so I suggested Rob. He's brilliant and doing it all."

Earlier this year, the company lensed a helicopter chase over Juneau ice fields, an exciting sequence echoed by real-life events. While scouting locations in Alaska, Carpenter's plane made an unscheduled touchdown. *It crashed.* Nick Castle, who co-wrote **Halloween** and **Escape from New York**, was a passenger. Neither was hurt.

Filming of interiors is now underway on Hollywood soundstages, with Bottin supervising the "monster unit." The company moves to British Columbia for exteriors at a specially-built encampment in November—"to catch that snowbound look." The remaining effects should be completed by Christmas. **The Thing** is scheduled for a summer 1981 opening.

John Landis, one of our favorite directors, talks elsewhere in this issue about **An American Werewolf in London**. Several new Landis properties are now in development. Waldo Salt is adapting **A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court**. Production is several years away for this Landis dream project, which promises to faithfully re-create the Mark Twain classic on screen.

The bearded director is also tackling Chester Gould's hard-boiled comic strip detective for Paramount and Universal. The film was once announced as **Dick Tracy and the Halloween Gang** for writer/director Floyd (**Hollywood Knights**) Mutrux, who will now executive produce with Art Linson. "There have been five scripts written on **Dick Tracy**," Landis says, "and they all stink. Nothing in those scripts has anything to do with me. I'm writing it, and *if* I get the deal I want, I will be making **Dick Tracy** next year.

"But, I don't really know what I'll be doing next. I just had the development deal at Universal signed for **The Creature from the Black Lagoon** remake. After **Animal House**, it was like, 'OK, Landis, anything you want.' I said, 'Let's remake **The Creature**. I'll be the executive producer.' They went, 'Fine, fine.' Then, they thought about it. *'Never mind.'*

"Now, monster movies are back at Universal—a studio built on monsters, including **Jaws**, **Frankenstein** and **Dracula**—with my **American Werewolf** and the remakes of **The Cat People** and **The Thing**. So, now, they are going to do **The Creature**.

"I hope we can get Rick Baker for the effects. He's doing **Videodrome** for David Cronenberg. Rick has been offered so many pictures; I don't know if we can get him. And I don't think we'll go back to how the Creature looked before, though. I mean, why? We do intend to have *more* than just the Creature in that Black Lagoon. There will be a few surprises."

A new script is currently in preparation. For a director, Landis has returned to the source: Jack Arnold, who helmed the original film and its sequel, **Revenge of the Creature**, as well as **The Incredible Shrinking Man**, **Tarantula** and **It Came from Outer Space**. "This is a unique opportunity," Landis says. "This isn't Steven Spielberg fooling around with his movie. It's nearly 30 years later, and Jack Arnold is going to make another version of *his* movie. Very few directors ever get to do that. That's what makes the new **Creature from the Black Lagoon** so incredibly *exciting*—and something worth seeing." ★

David McDonnell

INSIDE TRACKS

(continued from page 13)

songsmith agreed. **Bad for Good** hit the stores in the spring, complete with a Rich Corben cover.

In 1980, Steinman wrote seven songs for a new Meat Loaf album called **Dead Ringer**. Meat went into the studio and found his voice had returned, but without the sort of control that characterizes a truly stunning vocal performance. "I thought my problem was mental," Meat Loaf explains, "but it turned out to be physical. I tried several different vocal coaches; one claimed she was the only person who could help me and asked for $300,000. I told her I'd rather *not* sing again than be blackmailed by her.

"My wife is a friend of singer Maria Muldaur, who recommended an LA vocal coach named Warren Berrigian. He's well known in the community, having worked with Tom Petty and Jackson Browne. His methods are unconventional, though, so not everyone believes in him. Bette Midler went to him three times and said he was crazy. Well, I found him to be a true genius. He works with you to relieve tension and stress, which he feels causes most singers' problems. He studies your diet and other physical problems, has you do tension breathing exercises, uses 'pounders' to work out muscle knots. I worked with him from August to December, and not only did he bring back my singing voice, he *improved* on it."

Since then, Meat worked nonstop with producers Jimmy Iovine, Stefan Galfas, Jim Steinman, and his band, which includes musicians from Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel, and Elton John's back-ups. It's an all-star cast for an album that's currently climbing the charts. The first single is titled *I'm Gonna Love Her For the Both of Us*.

But, this time, there's something different: no Rich Corben cover painting. Meat says, "Jim Steinman got Corben for the first cover; Jim is a comics fan. I love Rich's art; it's hanging in my house. But, I didn't want Rich for the new album. It would have looked too much like the last one. A friend of my manager recommended another artist. After I heard he was illustrating the new Stephen King book, **Cujo**—Stephen's my favorite author—I knew he was right for me."

Dead Ringer's artist is Berni Wrightson, popular among fans for his art on DC's **Swamp Thing**. His cover extends the previous album's theme by including the lion-tressed man on a motorcycle. This time, his bike, adorned with a man-eating fish head, launches out of the water. Clinging to our hero are three identical women; hence, the title **Dead Ringer**. "Berni did a great job," Meat concludes. "Unbelievable."

As with **Bat Out of Hell**, Jim Steinman makes a cameo appearance on **Dead Ringer** with a dramatic reading, titled *Nocturnal Pleasure*. Another "traditional" element in evidence is a sweaty male/female duel-duet, following the pattern set by *Paradise by the Dashboard Light* and **Bad For Good**'s *Dance in My Pants*. But there's a slight personnel change: now that chanteuses Ellen Foley and Karla DeVito have moved on to other things (Foley has a blossoming solo career, marked this year by the successful **Spirit of St. Louis**, and DeVito, who replaced Linda Ronstadt in **The Pirates of Penzance** on Broadway to rave reviews, has her own album forthcoming, **Is This a Kool World or What?**), this time the title cut pits Meat Loaf against the irrepressible Cher.

His album completed, Meat Loaf is readying a massive world tour, which commences the first week in October and will continue through the US until Christmas. After a brief break, he'll go overseas, blitzing Europe, New Zealand, Japan and Australia through the spring.

Portions of the tour will be filmed for a movie, appropriately dubbed **Dead Ringer**. Linking the concert footage is a storyline conceived by Meat Loaf and written and directed by Allan Nichols, a Robert Altman protege, who wrote **A Wedding**.

"I play two characters in the film," Meat Loaf reveals. "One's myself, and the other is a birthday party clown who looks just like me. He's obsessed with meeting me and follows me around, just missing me wherever I go. Eventually, we meet. That's all I can say. It's not going to be **Apocalypse Now**, just an entertaining movie."

Songwriter Jim Steinman is also working on a film, an update of **Peter Pan**, called **Neverland**. In a display of imaginative casting, Meat Loaf will play Tink, the film's version of Tinkerbell. "This movie has been on the burner so long, and it's *still* light years away," Meat laments. "It's Jim's pet project, but, if it's out by 1988, we'll be lucky." Steinman will be keeping busy; he'll open the show on Meat Loaf's tour with tunes from his own album.

Life's good for Meat Loaf these days; he has his voice back, an album, a tour and a film planned. But no one's life is perfect, even Meat Loaf has complaints. "If people find out who I am, they want to give me a 'deal' and charge me *twice* as much as anybody else. Disguises don't work; they draw people to me, and they figure out who I am faster than if I were myself.

"But, I'll tell you what the worst thing about being Meat Loaf is right now: I'm so busy I don't have time to play softball—and I *love* softball!" ★

Jeff Gelb

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A Look Back: add $5.00 foreign postage; **Magic Planet Portfolio**: add $4.00 foreign postage; **Tomorrow and Beyond—Garcia**: add $3.00 foreign postage; ALL OTHER PORTFOLIOS: Canadian orders add $2.50 postage, all other foreign add $3.50 postage.

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13. SUPERGRAPHICS *guarantees satisfaction on all items* offered by us in this magazine. Should you need to write us concerning an order, please include all details, including dates, items involved, and xerox copies of checks or money orders. The matter will be handled to your satisfaction.

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Mediascene	
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☐ 25 ☐ 26 ☐ 27 ☐ 28	each $2.50B
☐ 8 ☐ 17 ☐ 22	each $5.00B
☐ 15 ☐ 29 ☐ 30 ☐ 31 ☐ 32 ☐ 33 ☐ 34 ☐ 35	
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☐ C	☐ J	☐ S	☐ 2D	☐ 2N	☐ 3I	☐ 3O
☐ D	☐ K	☐ T	☐ 2F	☐ 2O	☐ 3J	☐ 3P
☐ E	☐ L	☐ U	☐ 2H	☐ 2Q	☐ 3K	
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☐ Heroes Inc 1	$5.00A
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SPACE C: Postage—see chart on previous page ____________

SPACE D: Optional insurance—60¢ ____________

SPACE E: Foreign Order Charge—25¢ per item ____________

SPACE F: Total amount enclosed ____________

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name

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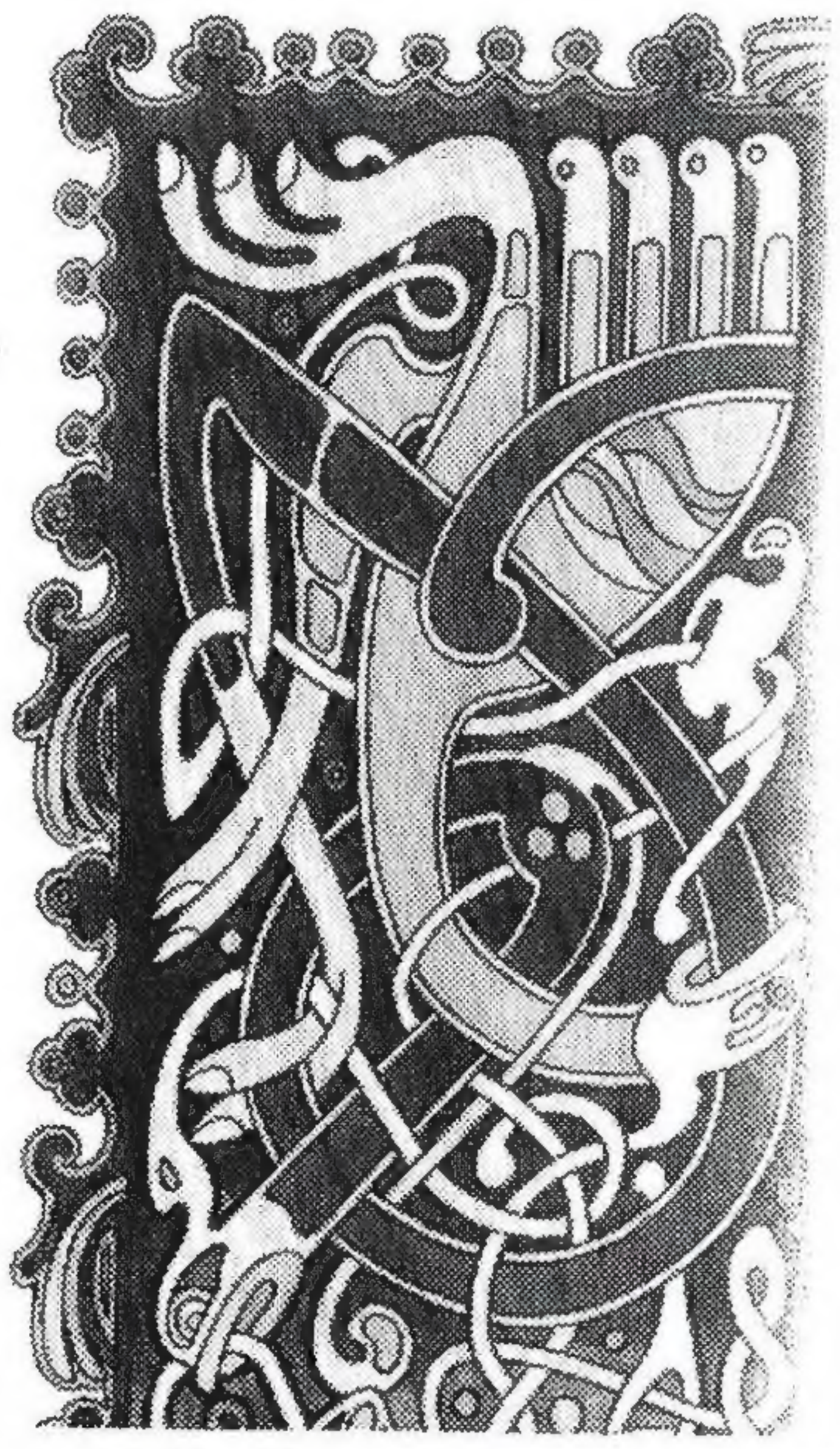
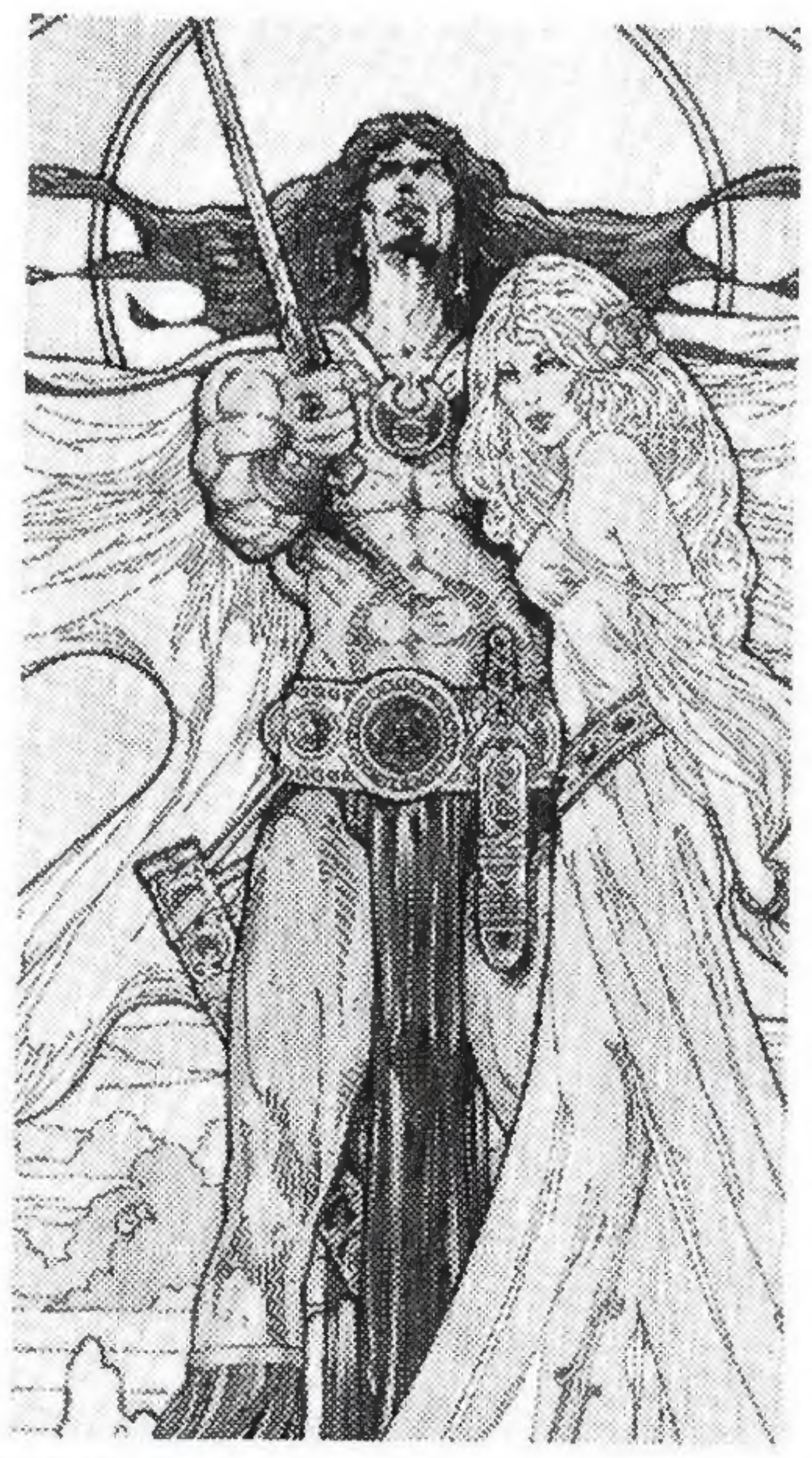
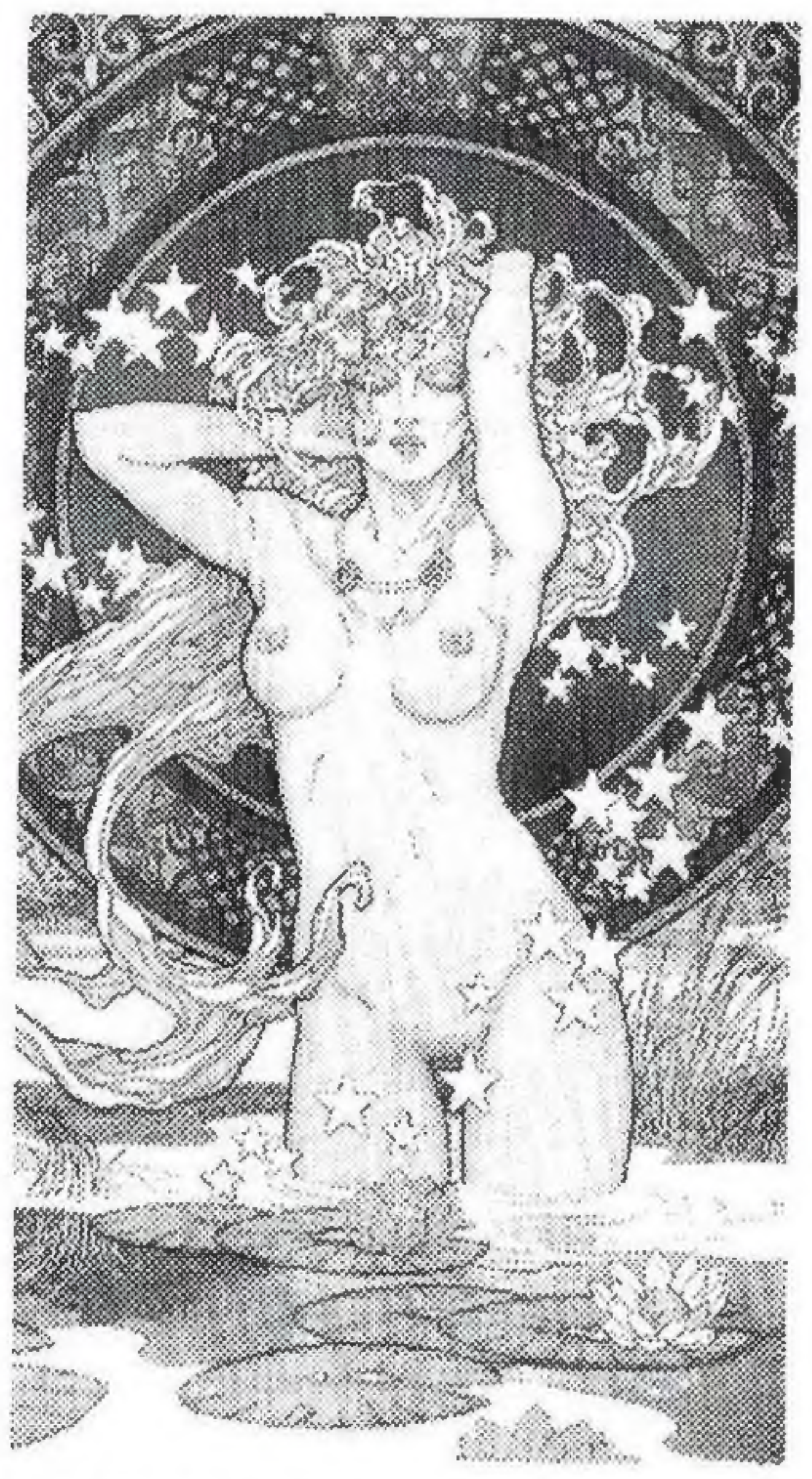
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

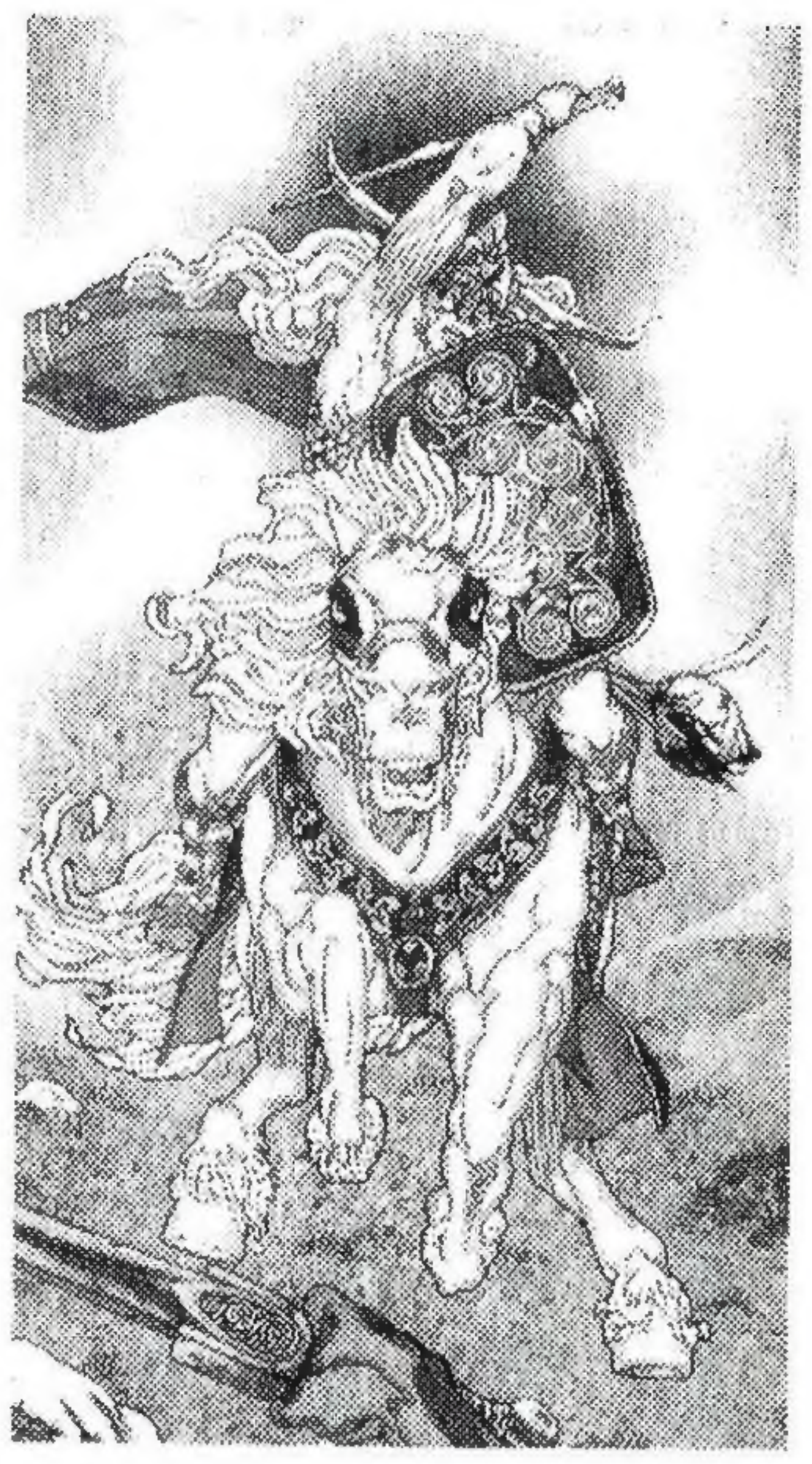




ART OF JIM FITZPATRICK

This new art portfolio is easily the *outstanding production of the year!* Mythical Irish warriors and women come alive in eight intricately illustrated and brilliantly colored plates of epic warfare and dazzling scenic panoramas. The portfolio is a staggering 12x17" on high quality stock, and comes enclosed in a *full-color, silver-embossed folder* which relates the stories behind the art. Imported from Ireland, and signed by the artist. $15.00.





ALL NEW BOOKS, POSTERS & PORTFOLIOS THIS ISSUE

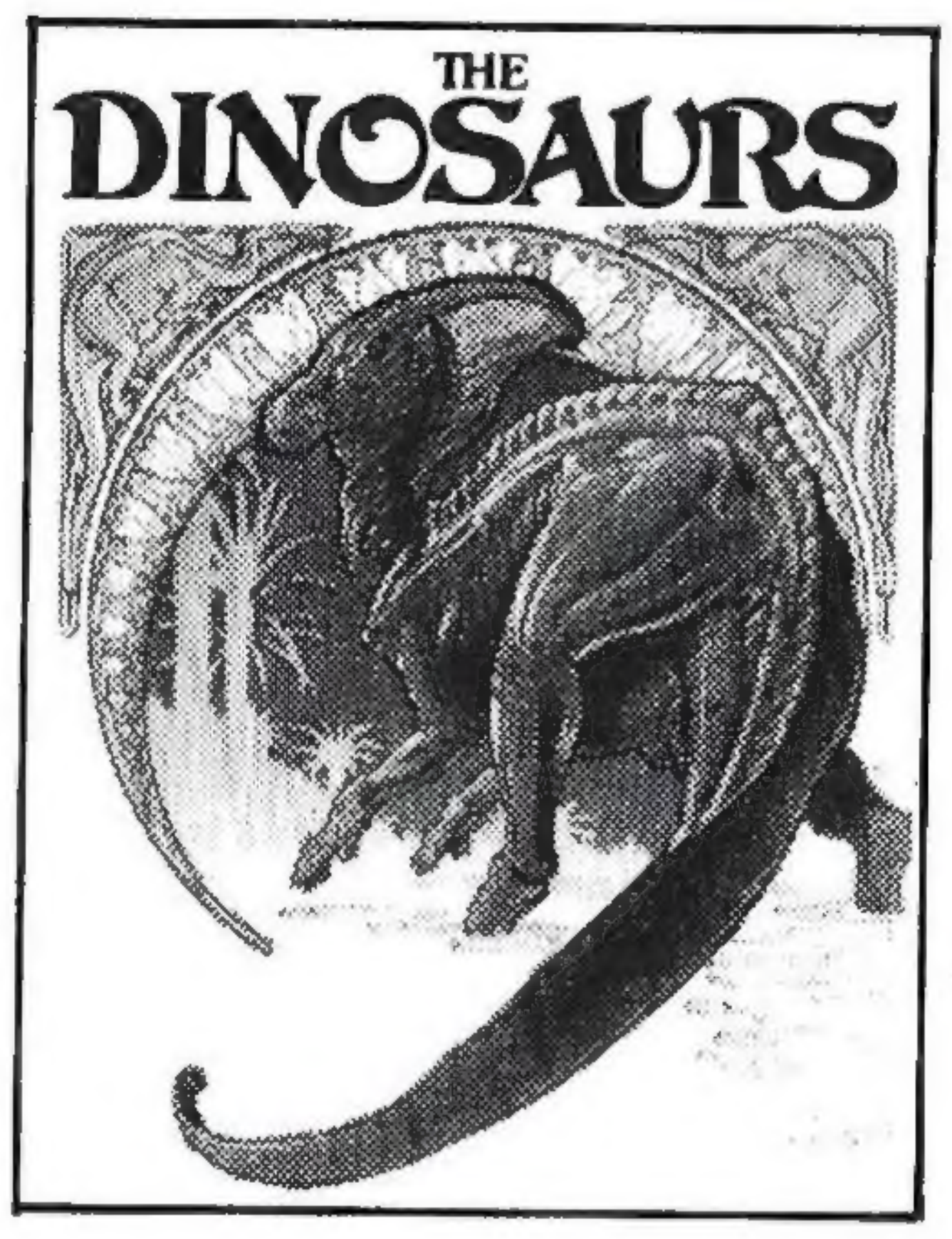
The Dinosaurs is a spectacular recreation of a lost age by William Stout. *In 75 full-color and 50 black-and-white renderings* (many in magnificent double-page vistas), prehistoric life is portrayed with remarkable drama, humor and authenticity. Available in softcover at $12.95, and in a special signed, numbered hardbound edition at $39.95. A great *gift book* for everyone!

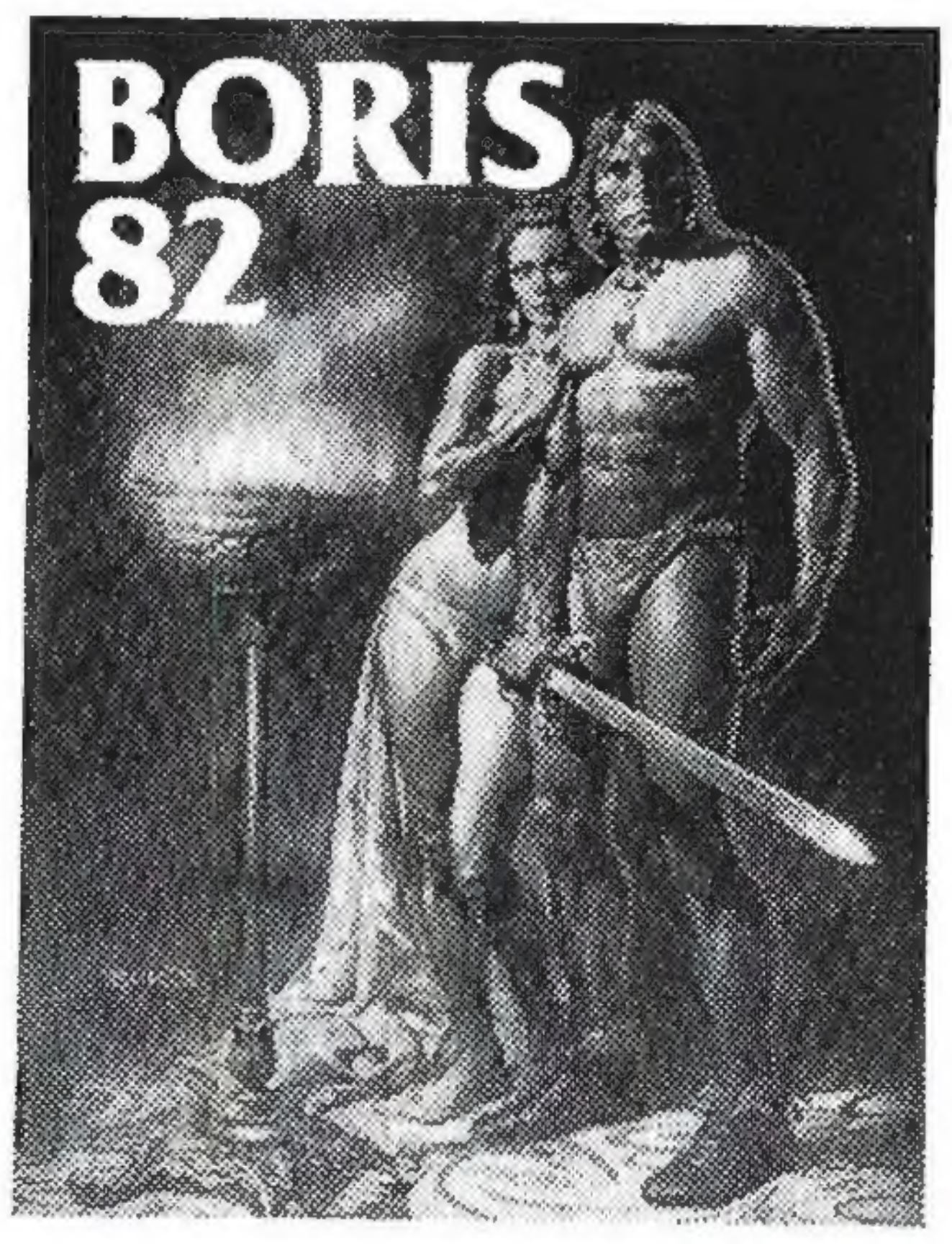
The 1982 Boris Calendar has been a sell-out success for the past three years. This year's offering is even better. The popular master of fantasy and science fiction art presents a *full year's worth of wonder*, in a spectacular series of new paintings that showcase the ultimate in high adventure and imaginative drama, sensual figures in exotic settings, visual dynamite. $5.95.

The 1982 Frank Frazetta Calendar is the latest offering by America's foremost fantasy artist. Savage swordsmen, dark wizards, voluptuous maidens and unearthly demons are explosively and colorfully presented in 12 full-color paintings—plus a bonus double-sized centerspread! Quality reproduction and oversize format have made previous calendars collectors items. $6.95.

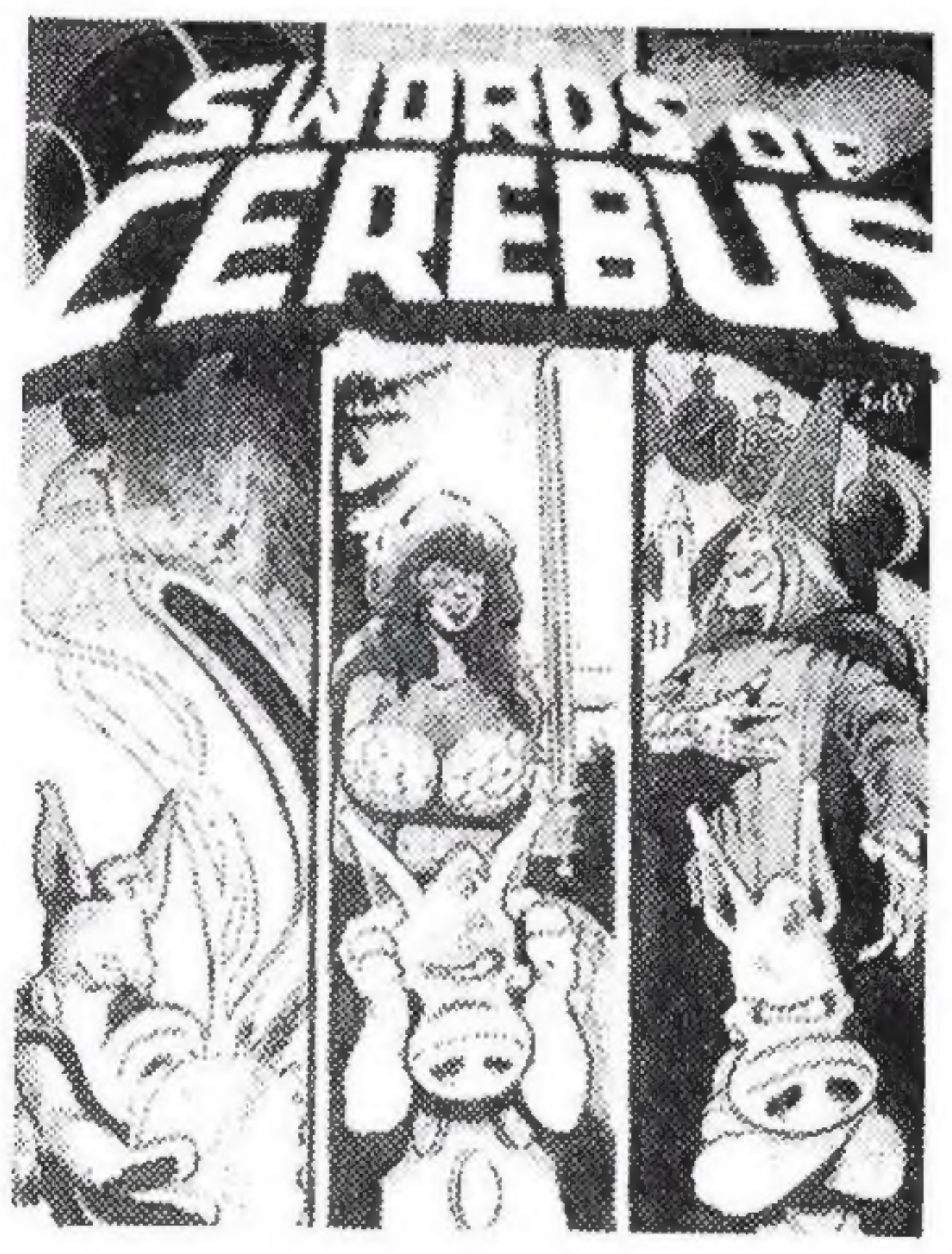
Swords of Cerebus reprises the irrepressible Aardvark in a new volume that collects his first four adventures. In a hysterical send-up of *Barry Smith's classic Conan tales*, the little warrior encounters the gorgeous Red Sophia, Elrod the Albino (and his black rune-carved sword, Seersucker), and more skullduggery than Roy Thomas could shake a mace at. *More than 100 pages*. $5.00.

Fanfare 4 features a host of offbeat, but well-written articles designed to delight nostalgia and media freaks: Charles Biro's Crime Comicks, Huckleberry Hound, a Graham Ingels portfolio, the 3-D craze, Vargas, James Cain, LA architecture in pop fiction and much more. *Back issues* are also available of this unusual and extremely literate journal. A steal at $2.95.


THE
DINOSAURS



FRAZETTA
82


SWORDS OF
CEREBUS

Fanfare
A HOUND CALLED
HUCKLEBERRY
DASHIELL HAMMETT
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AS A BLUEPRINT
FOR FICTION
STEREO VISIONS:
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PLANETS
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GRAHAM INGELS
DAREDEVIL, BOY
CRIME DOES NOT PAY
CHARLES
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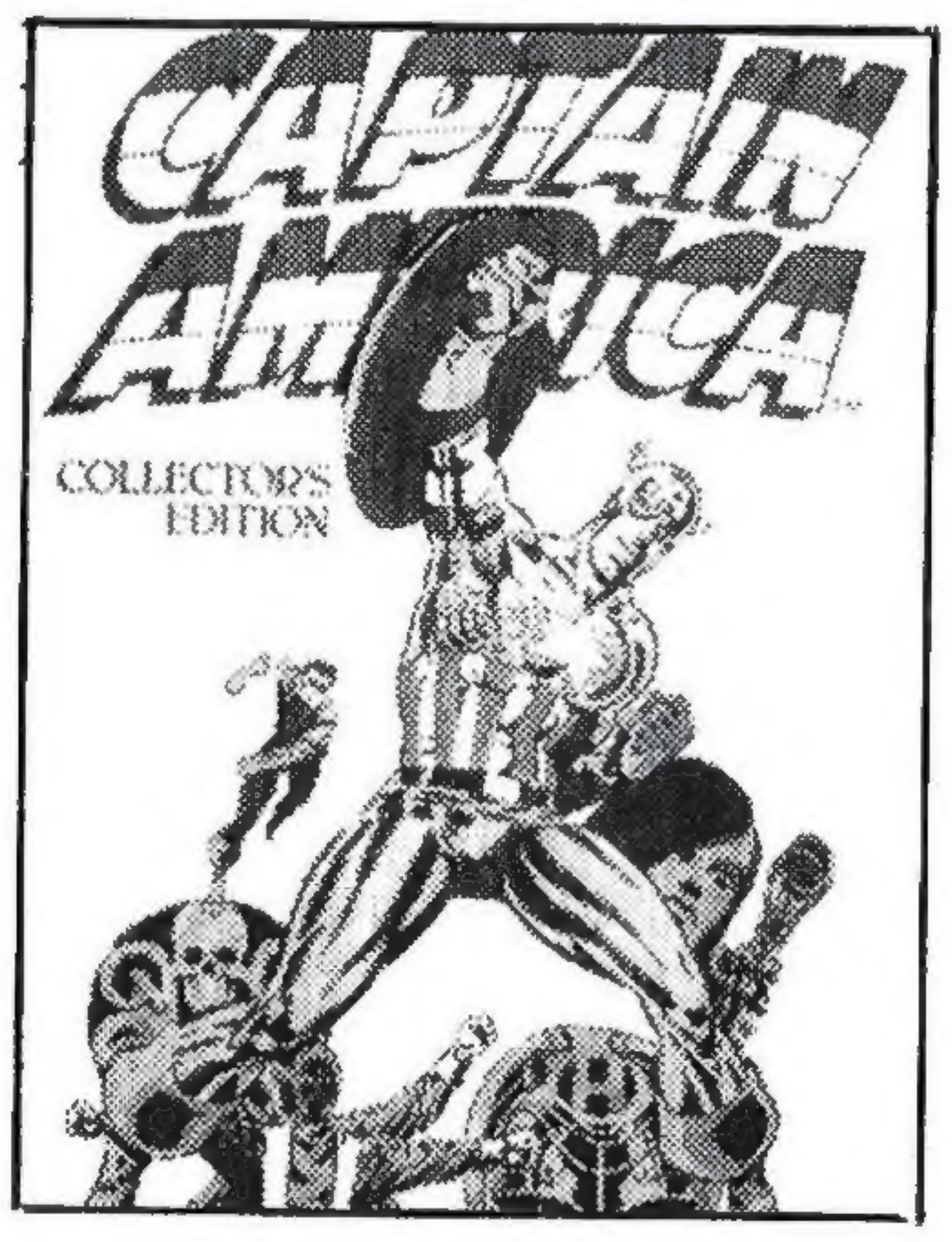
A REMARKABLE
STORYTELLER
NEWAVE
1980s:
COMIX IN
REVOLUTION
Vargas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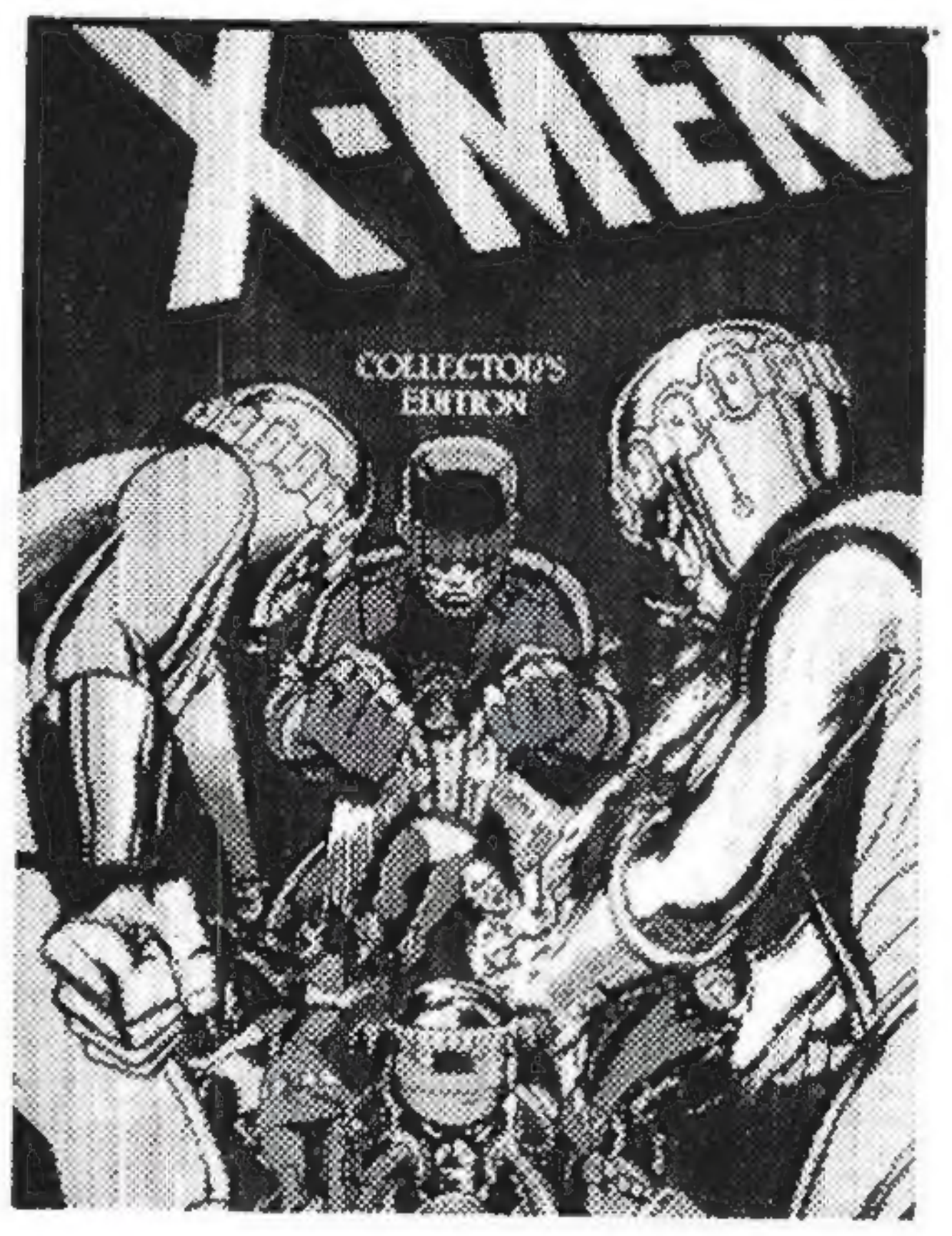
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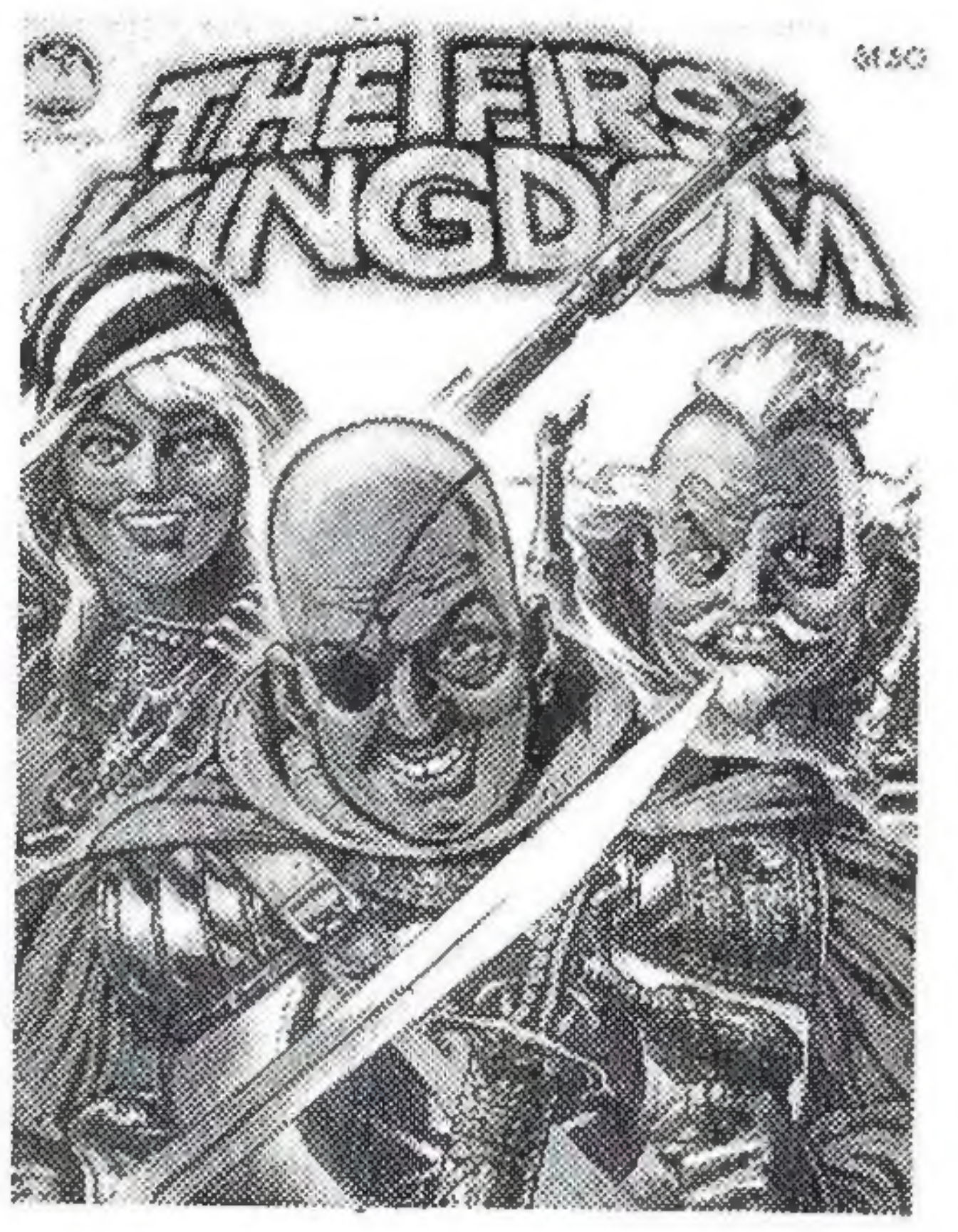
THE FIRST
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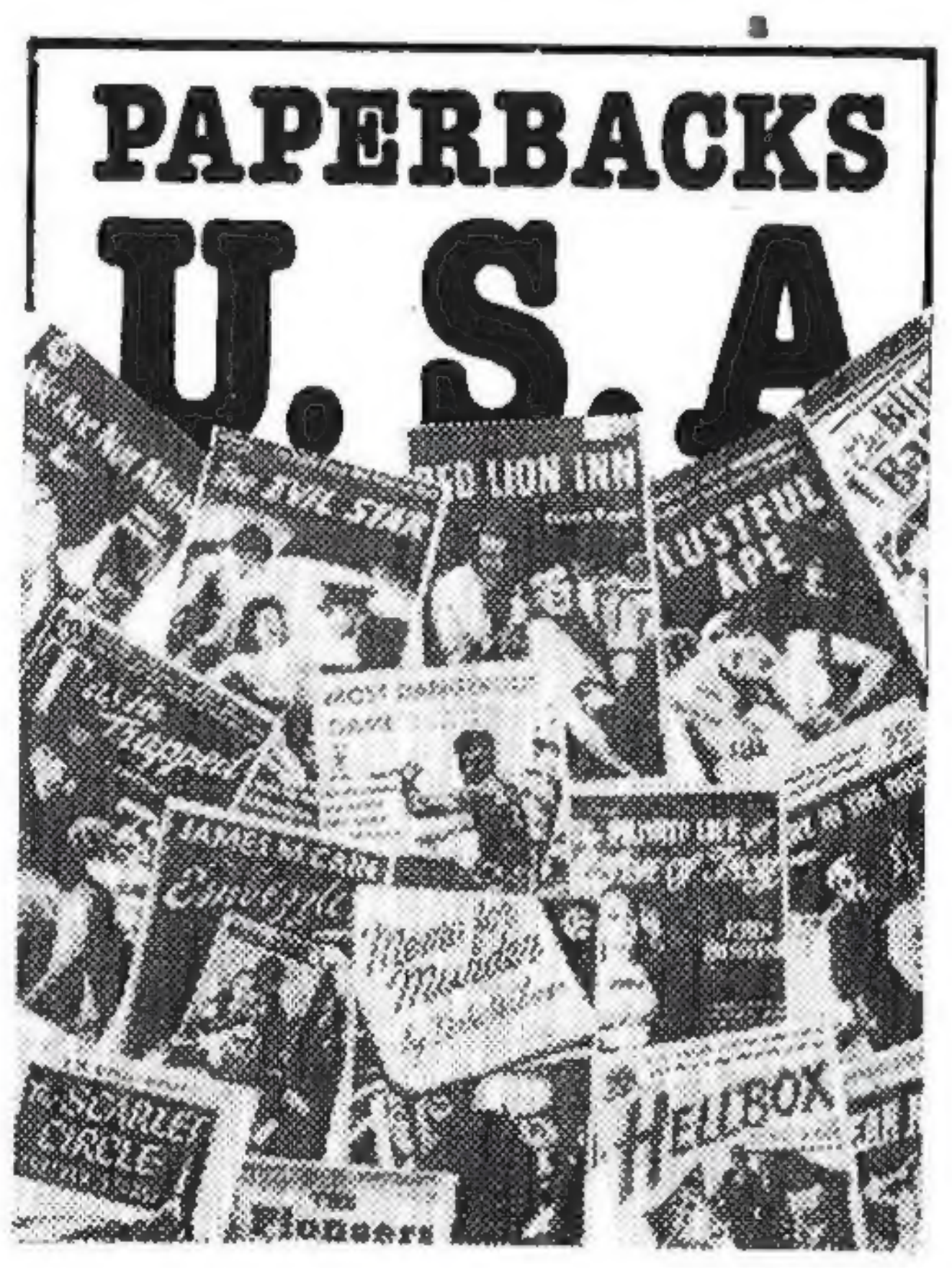
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